VOLUME 54
No. 10

McCLURE'S
S. S. McCLURE, Editor

DECEMBER
1922

Lincoln the Comforter

By Captain Gilbert J. Greene

(Recorded by Charles T. White)*

FROM boyhood Abraham Lincoln was a comforter to people. They loved to have him around. They gathered where he tarried.

In the brief narratives published here emphasis is laid on the comforting quality of Abraham Lincoln's character, because, in the judgment of the writer, this particular characteristic of Lincoln is brought out with beautiful distinctness in these incidents witnessed by Gilbert Greene, the young Springfield printer who was a personal friend of Lincoln's from the winter of 1850–51 to the close of the President's career. Captain Greene's narrative follows.

IN the summer and fall of 1850 I was second clerk on a Mississippi steamboat plying between St. Louis and New Orleans. On the down trip in October were a gentleman and his family who had been spending the summer at the North. They lived near Jackson, Tennessee, where they had a large plantation. They were old friends of the captain of the boat. They desired to engage a teacher for their children, to make one of their family until they went North the following year.

This looked like pleasant employment. The captain recommended me as a competent person, and I accepted the situation, agreeing to meet a member of the family at Memphis on the return trip of the boat from New Orleans. This I did, and found everything quite as good as I had reason to expect.

The inevitable debating society of that period held forth in a neighboring school-house. I was quite as ready then as now to argue either side of any question that needed defenders, as my bump of egotism was well developed at that early day.

The absorbing slavery question was not long in being brought to the front. Having spent some years in a Free Soil printing office, I probably was more familiar with the question than my opponents suspected, and doubtless brought arguments against the institution they had never heard and were quite unable to understand. Considering the time and circumstances, I doubtless was very indiscreet.

Repeated threats had been made, to which I gave no heed, and violence attempted which I had been able to repel. Another meeting was appointed for a few nights before Christmas. The warnings to keep away made me the more determined to be present. A riot ensued, as had doubtless been prearranged, and I was obliged to fly for safety. The road to my residence was patrolled by armed men, and I could not approach it to procure aid, or even so much as to get an overcoat.

I had a small sum of money. I got to Memphis, only to find that the steamer was laid up in New Orleans with a broken shaft. The only boat going up the river was an Ohio River boat. In my anxiety to get away I took passage on it to Cairo, and arrived there to find both the Mississippi and the Ohio frozen over and all navigation suspended.

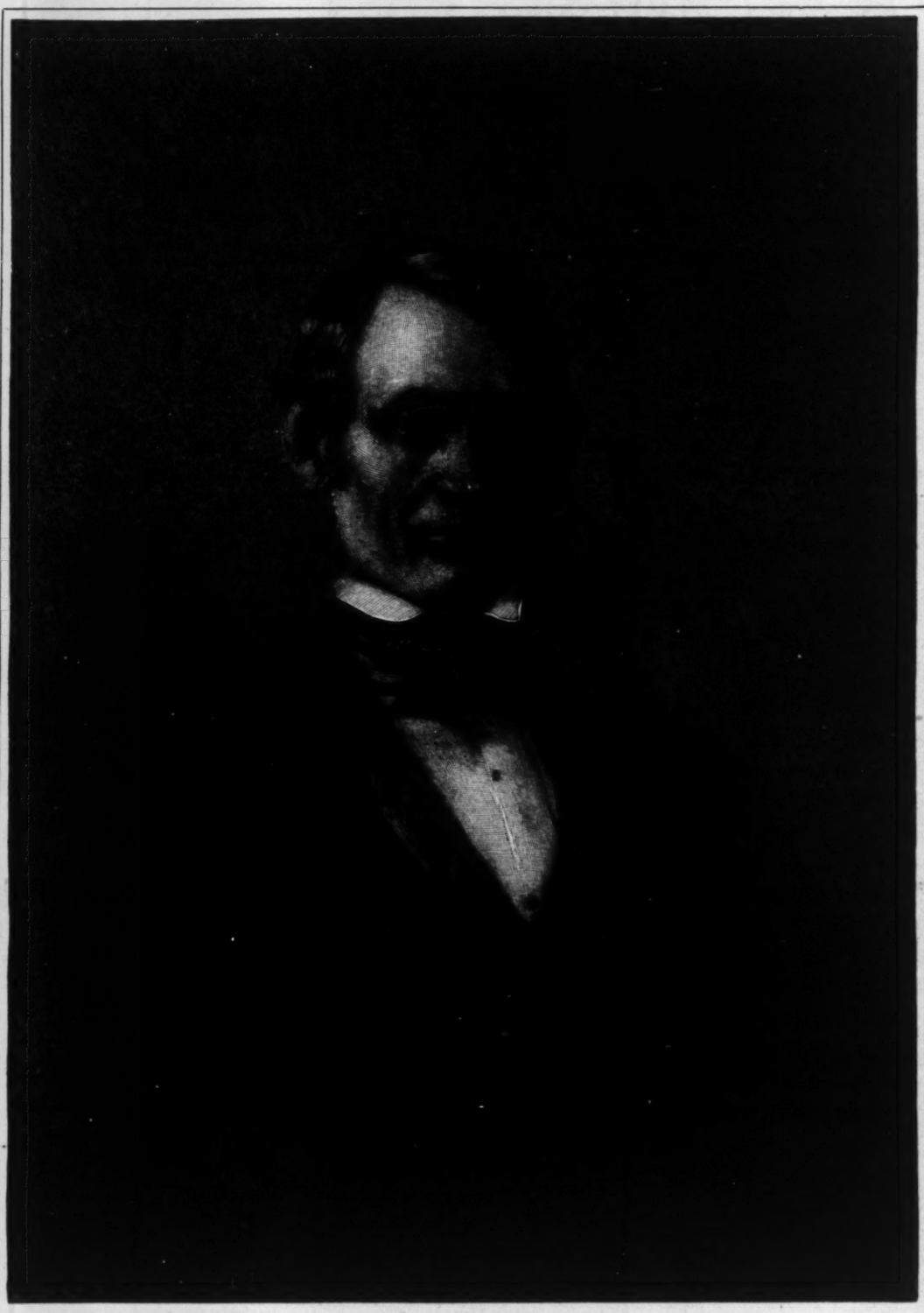
My home was in the extreme northern end of the State of Illinois, within five miles of the Wisconsin line — over seven hundred miles from Cairo at the mouth of the Ohio River. There was no railroad at that time in that part of Illinois, or any that ran in that direction. I was determined, however, to go home. The weather was uncommonly cold. I was scantily clad, and had but a few dollars in money. After thinking the matter over for a day or two, I set out upon the journey, and never faltered for an hour.

It was a terrible experience. I was a mere boy, unused to much physical exertion. My money gave out before half the trip was over. To many hardships hunger, too, was often added. The long, depressing journey was illumined by a single incident that, to my mind, amply compensates me for all the suffering I endured. I made upon this journey the acquaintance of Abraham Lincoln!

As I approached the middle of the State, after walking an entire day through corn-fields, I applied at nightfall at a large farm-house for shelter. I soon learned that it was the home of Jacob Strawn, at that time the largest farmer in the West. Finding that my route carried me to Springfield, the capital of the State, Strawn told me he would keep me overnight if I would carry some papers to "Abe" Lincoln, who attended to all his legal business.

"Don't know him? Well, anybody in Springfield can tell you where his office is — up by the court-house. He's just the smartest lawyer there is in this State, and he would be Governor yet if it wasn't for his infernal politics," said Strawn.

*Mr. Charles T. White, political editor of the New York *Tribune*, obtained, dated, and recorded these episodes from the family and the papers of the late Captain Gilbert J. Greene. The first reminiscence was originally published in the Atlanta *Constitution*. The second in the *Christian Herald*. Both stories appeared in a little book entitled "Lincoln the Comforter," privately printed by Mr. White, and it is to his generosity that we owe their appearance here.



THE EARLIEST PORTRAIT OF LINCOLN

This is Lincoln as he looked at the time of the episodes here recorded. The picture was first published in McCLURE'S MAGAZINE *for November, 1895, through the courtesy of Robert T. Lincoln, from a daguerreotype taken when Lincoln was about forty years of age.* McCLURE'S *plate was unfortunately destroyed. The portrait appears here through the courtesy of The Century Company, which in 1897 made a wood engraving after the daguerreotype.*

I started the next morning at sunrise. The distance to Springfield was thirty-five miles. I saw some heavy marching during the war, but no single day's journey ever exceeded the wearisome monotony of this long, level road. I arrived in the city before nightfall. The first man I asked said:

"You will find 'Abe' Lincoln's office on the west side of Court-House Square, in the only building that ain't got any paint on it."

And so I did. The entrance was in a hallway.

A. LINCOLN, ATTORNEY

was on a plain strip of black tin on a door to the left. I knocked, and a loud, cheerful voice instantly responded, "Come in!" I timidly opened the door, and, entering, I observed a man sitting in an old-fashioned splint-bottomed chair before a blazing wood fire, his feet against the mantel higher than his head, and reading a copy of the Louisville *Journal*. He never looked up, but as I advanced towards the fire, which at the moment attracted me more than the man, he said:

"Well?"

"I have some papers here which I brought from Jacob Strawn, near Jacksonville," was my reply.

Down came the feet and up went the head, and as he took the bundle he said: "Didn't think the old codger would send a horse out such a night as this."

When I told him I had walked the entire distance, his interest in me became so great that he never stopped questioning me until I had told him my whole story.

As he rose from his chair he seemed to undouble like a pocket rule, his legs and arms disproportionately long, his hair disheveled, his clothing seedy, and his general appearance quite unprepossessing. But he had not talked to me ten minutes in his quiet, sympathetic way before I thought him about the handsomest man I had ever seen. I grew warm and cheerful in his presence, forgetting my great hunger and fatigue.

He manifested great interest in my adventure, and discussed the slavery question from standpoints that were quite new to me. He condemned the system on moral, political, and financial grounds, but it was hard for me to tell for whom he had the greater sympathy, the slave or his master.

"Slavery," Lincoln said, "exists only by the tolerance of Christian people; but its advocates are determined that Christianity shall not only tolerate but approve it."

Continuing, he said it was a conflict that could not last forever, and it could have but one ending. It must cease to exist. If during the last twenty years its advocates had held an annual convention to determine upon something they would do in the following year to annoy or incense their opponents, they would have proposed about what they had done, and if it were continued, as it had been in the past, there were plenty of people then living who would see the end of human slavery. He said he was quite sure it would not outlive the century. It seemed to him that gradual emancipation, and governmental compensation, would bring it to an end.

Finding that I had no money, he took five dollars from his pocket, saying:

"Take this. I will charge it up to that old codger."

Taking up the newspaper he had laid down, he wrote on the white margin in a line eighteen inches long:

"Take care of this boy until to-morrow, or longer if the weather is bad, and send the bill to me. A. LINCOLN."

Tearing this off and handing it to me, he pointed

(*Continued on page 88*)

The Earliest Portrait of Lincoln

Here are a few of the opinions expressed at the time of the first publication of this picture

THE late Charles R. Miller, for nearly forty years editor-in-chief of the New York *Times*, on seeing the picture of Lincoln on the opposite page, wrote, under date of October 24, 1895, this note to the editor of MCCLURE'S MAGAZINE:

Dear Mr. McClure:

It is surprising that a portrait of such personal and historic interest could so long remain unpublished.

C. R. MILLER.

The late Major Powell, for many years head of the United States Geological Survey, who knew Lincoln as a young man, wrote:

Washington, October 24, 1895.

My dear McClure:

This portrait is Lincoln as I knew him best: his dreamy eye, his pensive smile, are the characteristics which I best remember; and I can never think of him as wrinkled with care, so plainly shown in his later portraits. This is the Lincoln of Springfield, Decatur, Jacksonville, and Bloomington.

J. W. POWELL.

From Murat Halstead, who knew Lincoln well, for many years editor of the Cincinnati *Commercial Gazette* and later editor of the Brooklyn *Standard-Union*:

Brooklyn *Standard-Union*,
S. S. MCCLURE. October, 23, 1895.

My dear Sir:

It is surprising good fortune that you have this most interesting and admirable portrait. It is the one thing needed to tell the world the truth about Lincoln. The old daguerreotype was, after all, the best likeness, in the right light, ever made. This is incredibly fine. It shows Lincoln to have been in his youth very handsome, and the stamp of a manhood of noble promise is in this. There is manifest, too, intellectuality. The head is grand, the mouth is tender, the expression composed and pathetic.

MURAT HALSTEAD.

Woodrow Wilson, at that time Professor of Finance and Political Economy at Princeton, in a letter to the editor in October, 1895, said:

Princeton, New Jersey,
October 24, 1895.

My dear Mr. McClure:

I thank you very much for the portrait of Lincoln you were kind enough to send me, reproduced from an early daguerreotype. It seems to me both striking and singular. The fine brows and forehead, and the pensive sweetness of the clear eyes, give to the noble face a peculiar charm. There is in the expression the dreaminess of the familiar face without its later sadness. I shall treasure it as a notable picture.

WOODROW WILSON.

From General Francis A. Walker, President of the Massachusetts Institute of Technology:

S. S. MCCLURE, ESQ. Boston, October 24, 1895.

Dear Mr. McClure:

The present picture has distinctly helped me to understand the relation between Mr. Lincoln's face and his mind and character, as shown in his life's work. It is far away the most interesting presentation of the man I have ever seen. To my eye it explains Mr. Lincoln far more than the most elaborate line-engraving which has been produced.

FRANCIS A. WALKER.

The Woman Accused

A Remarkable Detective Story

By Roy Vickers

Author of "The Rose of Destiny" and "The Vengeance of Henry Jarroman"

Illustrations by O. J. Gatter

He had been told, then, after all! By Joseph —or Quentin?

SEVEN o'clock on a mild spring evening in the prosperous and leafy little English suburb of Rubington!

Aileen Buckram was standing in the porch of "The Cedars," waiting more than a little anxiously.

"If he has caught the six-fifteen he ought to be here at any minute," she was telling herself.

And if he had not caught the six-fifteen it would mean that he would be working late again, and that in turn would mean he would soon inevitably have a breakdown. But surely in that case he would have telephoned before now! Perhaps the six-fifteen was a little late. And what was the use of their making money if it was to be at the sacrifice of Geoffrey's health?

Aileen was worrying.

There had been a good deal of worry in the last year — the second of their married life. The first year had been heavenly, though money had been rather tight.

Then Joseph Blenkiron, the financier, had taken a house on the outskirts of Rubington.

At one time, when he had lived in the provinces, Aileen had been Joseph Blenkiron's secretary; and on the strength of this he had called, in open defiance of the etiquette of suburbia. In spite of Aileen's shrinking reserve, he had cultivated a business friendship with her husband, and this friendship had entirely transformed their prospects. It meant a vast amount of work for the young solicitor, certainly, but that, although it took him away from long, happy hours with Aileen, delighted him — spurred him on. The material benefits that followed — a little automobile, an extra servant, the redecoration of "The Cedars" — seemed to Aileen to be very doubtful compensation.

And always, at the back of it, there was Joseph Blenkiron. One never knew—

Aileen darted down the three steps and along the miniature drive: she had heard Geoffrey's footsteps.

"I was just beginning to give you up," she said, and, opening the gate, she linked her arm in his. "I was standing in the porch so that I shouldn't hear the telephone."

Geoffrey Buckram laughed.

"A lot of good that would have done, kiddie. Sorry I'm late. I've been dawdling from the station."

"You're tired out, I expect," she said soothingly. She looked up searchingly into his face. The dark, fine eyes were clouded, she noticed, the mouth tightened to a line thinner than usual.

"You've got one of your headaches again — I can see it by your eyes," she said in a frightened voice. "Oh, Geoff, is it worth it? You know Doctor Adams said you would always have to be specially careful and remember your wound."

"Adams is a good sort, but he's a bit of an old woman," said Geoffrey. "That tap I got on the head is ancient history now. It's simply plugging in the office that brings on these attacks. I admit I've got the devil of a headache, but I'm going to get rid of it before dinner."

"Parradine?" she asked, anxiously.

"Only a small dose," he answered. "Give me a kiss and don't look as if you thought I was a drug fiend! I'll just have a wash and I'll be down in five minutes, as fresh as paint."

HE walked heavily up the stairs. Aileen went into the dining-room. On the sideboard was a whisky tantalus. She locked it up and put the key on the clock, to prevent Geoffrey from absent-mindedly taking a drink of whisky on top of the parradine. He had done it once before in one of his headaches, and had afterward been unconscious for five hours and unable to remember anything that had happened.

Aileen shook her head at herself. She was positively cultivating her troubles! Why assume that an unpleasant experience must be repeated? She used not to gloom like this. Never until old Blenkiron had come to live at Greenhill had things seemed to brood over her so. She shivered and hurried into her chintz-hung drawing-room.

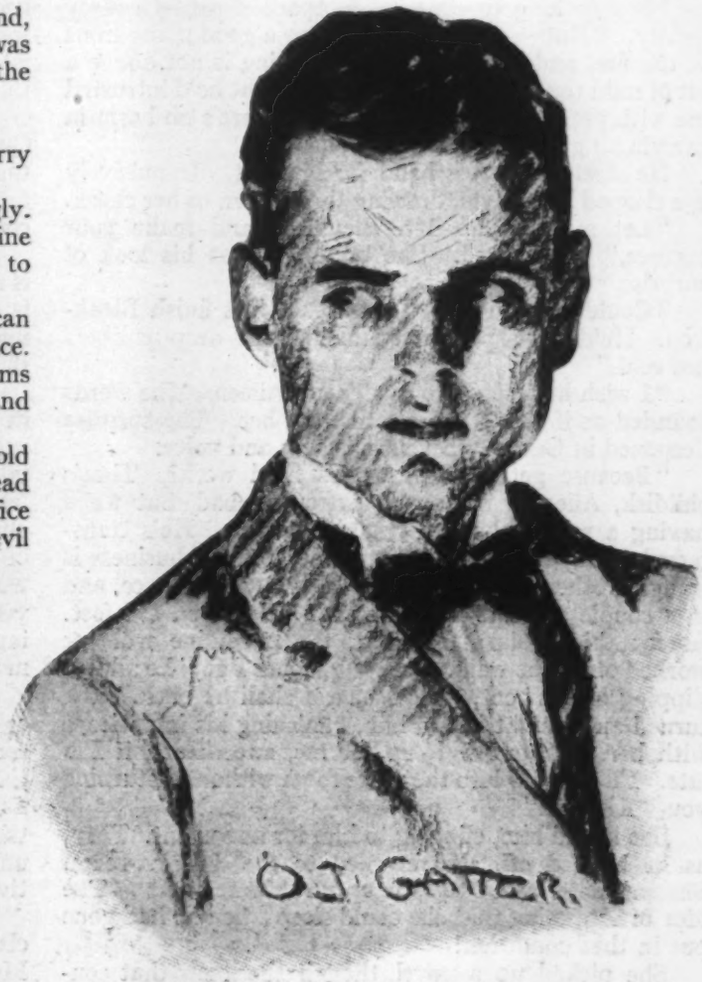
There was a beautiful oval mirror there, a wedding gift. She walked close up to it, smoothing her hair back with her hands to allow of a more intent scrutiny of her white forehead. No, there were no wrinkles yet; but there soon would be if she didn't stop worrying! She stood back, regarding herself impersonally.

Hers was the delicate beauty of turquoise-blue eyes, corn-gold hair, and rose-flush coloring. So dainty she looked, so porcelain-fine, that many assumed a butterfly nature in her. They admired her, but treated her like a lovely hothouse flower, too frail for the wear and tear of life. It was because Geoffrey had never treated her like a pretty toy that she loved him so. She was his friend and his partner; she had his full confidence, and he had hers. Or — or almost so.

Again she had to drag herself back from her thoughts. The next moment his step sounded on the stairs. She smoothed a fold of her simple lace frock and went eagerly to meet him.

Geoffrey Buckram made but a pretense of dining, but he declared that the parradine had driven out the pain and his manner grew in vivacity. By the time they reëntered the drawing-room he was able to prescribe a little music for himself. He dropped into a low chair and Aileen seated herself at the piano.

Without premeditation her fingers slipped into the prelude of a song. It was a wistful little lullaby, and



The dark, fine eyes were clouded, the mouth tightened to a line thinner than usual

she began to sing it softly, with a note of sadness. She was thinking of this unending work of his, and his flushed face, and of Joseph Blenkiron. Why had Joseph Blenkiron decided to make their fortune for them at such a price? Was it a desire to atone, or was it something else? Something cynical and cruel and —

Her voice wavered and broke as the telephone-bell shattered the melody.

"That's a confounded shame!" said Geoffrey, rising. "It's spoiled it. Suppose I'll have to answer it."

He strode into the hall. Her heart seemed to miss a beat in a sudden apprehension. Her hands slipped from the shining keys into her lap.

"Hullo!" she heard him say. "Oh, it's you, Mr. Blenkiron? . . . Oh! . . . Of course, if you wish it. . . . Right-ho, then. Expect me in about twenty minutes."

AILEEN was on her feet and in the hall, but it was too late. He had already hung up the receiver.

"Geoff, you aren't going out to-night feeling so ill!"

"My dearest girl, I'm not 'so ill.' My headache vanished before dinner. I can feel the effect of the parradine, but it's very slight. Old Blenkiron has some very special business he must see me about at once. I shall have walked myself clear-headed by the time I get there. Just a minute!"

Buckram hurried into the study, unlocked a drawer in his desk, and slipped a revolver into his pocket. Aileen watched him from the hall.

"Why are you taking that, Geoff? I thought the footpad scare had died down."

"It's nothing to do with footpads!" said Geoffrey lightly. "But — er — Blenkiron has a good many irons in the fire, and one crowd he's opposing is not above a bit of mild thuggery. And if they thought he'd intrusted me with papers they wanted — well, there's no harm in carrying a gun, anyway."

He stretched out a hand for his coat. Impulsively she clasped his fingers, drawing them down to her cheek.

"Let me ring up Mr. Blenkiron and make your excuses," she begged. She bit her lip at his look of surprise.

"Couldn't be done! That would just finish Blenkiron. He'd call it petticoat influence and drop us like a hot coal."

"I wish he would drop us!" said Aileen. The words sounded as if they were forced from her. The surprise deepened in Geoffrey Buckram's eyes and voice.

"Because getting rich means hard work? That's childish, Aileen! Times are extremely bad, but we're having a regular boom — thanks to him. He's transferred nearly all his business to me, and his business is bringing other clients. I've doubled my insurance, and in a couple of years' time we shall be well on our feet. As for this business to-night, the parradine will get worked off in the walk. And the sooner I go," he added, slipping on his coat, "the sooner I shall be back." He turned and caught her to him, banishing his impatience with her. "Don't wait up for me, sweetheart, if I'm late. I'll just slip into the spare room without disturbing you. Kiss me."

She kissed him, clinging to him for a moment. Then, as he hurried off, she returned to the drawing-room. She was determined to wait up until he returned. The idea of supposing that she could sleep when he had gone out in that condition!

She picked up a novel, though she knew that concentration would be difficult. She began to turn the pages, when again the telephone rang.

"Yes?"

"I want to speak to Mrs. Buckram."

It was Joseph Blenkiron. Aileen drew a quick breath. She had to force out the words:

"This is Mrs. Buckram speaking."

There was a second's pause. Then the rasping voice began again, with a distinctness that she found terrifying.

"Your husband is on his way to my house, Mrs. Buckram. We're going to have a little chat together. Do you ever feel uneasy when you know that he and I are together?"

Aileen made an incoherent sound.

"Oh, well," the grim old voice continued, "I told you that perpetual uneasiness would be part of the price, didn't I? I won't keep him very long. Mrs. Buckram!"

"Oh!" gasped Aileen. "Yes?"

"Do you know what day this is?"

"I — no."

"The anniversary of my Quentin's death. I apologize for disturbing you. Good-by."

Chapter 2

AILEEN went back to the drawing-room and dropped into a chair. The novel lay unheeded face downward on the floor. She was staring before her with eyes that rent the veil of years.

She was again in the office of the financier, Joseph Blenkiron. His broad shoulders filled the back of his swivel chair. The wide-set, colorless, determined eyes beneath the beetling brows were turned upon her, his secretary.

"In the last six months, Miss Dennison, you have been very frequently to my house upon one business task and another. Upon each occasion you have met my son Quentin. May I be permitted to ask what you think of him?"

It was a startling question. She had thought of Quentin Blenkiron that his manner was too gallant — that it might easily become offensive.

"I — really, I — Mr. Blenkiron has always been very courteous," she faltered.

"I am very glad to hear that," said Blenkiron. "He is a courteous man — he is a good man at heart, but he is a little wild. He needs a good woman's steadying influence." Joseph Blenkiron stopped for a moment; then:

"There should be no embarrassment to either of us in what I have to say," he went on. "I am going to suggest that you allow Quentin to pay his attentions to you with a view to matrimony. One minute — please let me go on. I am putting the matter to you because one of those very qualities that I most desire in the wife of my son makes a normal courtship impossible. You would eschew the society of a rich young man, however you might feel toward him, for fear of his family regarding a possible union as a misalliance. That is why it is necessary for me to state my views at this stage.

"I have turned up your record, Miss Dennison. I — er — knew your father slightly. You come from the same class as myself — you are of an old City family that has been impoverished for two generations. Your poverty has compelled you to cultivate all the qualities that are most desirable in a wife. Yet you are obviously unfitted for the position of wage-earner. You are sensitive, you are delicate; you need the shelter of a home.

"I myself have no social aspirations beyond my own class. I will not tolerate the patronage of titled drones. My son told me some time ago that he wishes to marry you. He apparently expected hostility from me. On the contrary, I fully approve his choice."

SHE remembered telling him she was honored. She had not spoken ironically. The old man's manner had been perfectly courteous, and he had honestly believed he was making an honorable and satisfactory proposition to her. She had told him that she had no thoughts of matrimony, and when such thoughts came to her no consideration would be given to the man's position. She had tried to disabuse his mind of the conclusion that because she was *petite* and blonde she must be anxious to "settle down."

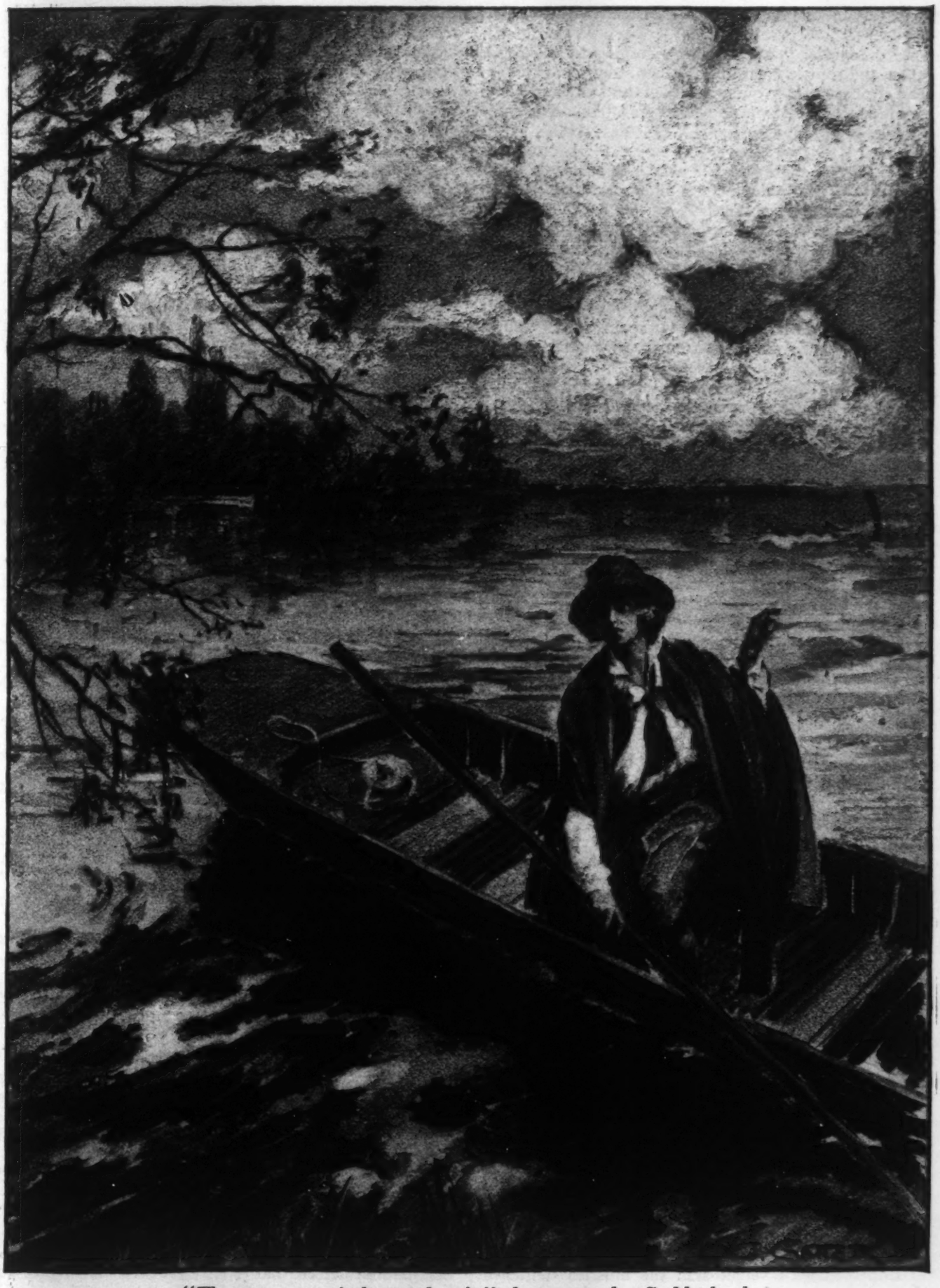
Blenkiron had not pressed the discussion, but in the six months that followed he had contrived that she should see a good deal of his son. He did not tender her invitations that she could refuse, but always sent her to his house on genuine business to which she could not object.

These visits were an ordeal. Quentin Blenkiron, tolerable enough before, now became intolerable when she was compelled to think of him as a prospective husband. She began to dislike his society.

Quentin Blenkiron wooed her stormily. He was handsome in a theatrical way, with lips a trifle too full and eyes set a trifle too close together. He pursued her unmercifully with his love-making.

"The Blenkirons have always got what they want," he bragged, when she tried to appeal to his reason. "You've got both of us bent on your accepting me, so what chance have you? The guv'nor wants you to marry me more than anything in the world."

"But why — why?" cried Aileen. "There are dozens of girls in my circumstances whom he would find just as suitable for you."



"The current can't have taken it," she muttered. Suddenly she started, every nerve tense, as she heard a twig snap on the land. Dread clutching her heart, she looked up

"But no one I would look at, having seen you, Aileen —"

She repulsed him wearily. She guessed that both father and son were surprised at her strength of character. From blue eyes and golden hair and Dresden-china loveliness they had not expected this. In despair she resigned her post; and then —

THE scene shifted to her own lodgings in Bloomsbury — three years before, a few days after she had handed in her resignation. It was four o'clock in the afternoon, and she had been crying, and had refused to see Quentin Blenkiron when the landlady had brought his name — and he had come into her sitting-room, nevertheless.

"You see, Miss Dennison, I told you you wouldn't have a chance with two Blenkirons against you! You've got to marry me now. You *must*, or you'll lose your reputation."

"Can a woman lose her reputation by a sordid trick?" she flamed. "I went to the bungalow with your father and Mrs. Fairclough to clear up some work with him before I left his employ. I did not know you were in the bungalow until breakfast this morning — and we had nearly finished breakfast before I knew that your father and Mrs. Fairclough had left the bungalow last night after I had gone to bed, so that I was alone with you."

"There are others who know it," exulted Quentin Blenkiron. "There's a photograph of you and me having breakfast together on the balcony. Shall I show it to you, Aileen, you little struggling bird?"

Her hand, flung up against her lips, checked the cry that was in her throat. Shaking with loathing of him, she watched him take a square of glass from his breast pocket. He held it up, and there — grotesque in inverted black and white — she saw herself seated at table with him.

Her fury leaped up to match her fear. She clenched the hand that was still at her mouth and drove forward with it, smashing the plate against his face. The fragments of glass fell tinkling to the floor.

"You darling little vixen!" laughed Quentin Blenkiron. He stanched a cut in his lip and his eyes gloated over her. "Who'd have thought the baby doll had such a temper? And it's all wasted, too! There are two prints of it. My father has one and I have the other."

She retreated to the table, desperate in her cunning. Behind her back her hands reached for the ink-pot that stood there.

"I don't believe you. I don't believe you have a print. You are not above lying to me!"

"Stand away from the table!" he ordered, still laughing, "and I'll show you." She moved slowly aside, the ink-pot held clumsily behind her. "There now!" He put the slip of paper down on the red-plush cloth, holding it securely on each side. "Ah, would you?"

She had not been quick enough. The ink-pot had struck his hand and spilled only a portion of its contents on the snap-shot. Her dress and part of the background had been obliterated — that was all.

"Lord, you've got spirit!" cried Quentin Blenkiron. "You've made me want you a million times more than I did before." He seized her in his arms.

Under Aileen's velvet skin the muscles tightened. Not only her mental strength should surprise this young bullying brute! Before entering upon her secretarial training she had been a keen athlete. She wrenched herself away from her tormentor with a skilful twist that was utterly unexpected by him.

"If you touch me again," she panted, her hand on the low window-sill, "I swear to you that I will fling myself down into the street!"

Quentin's laugh had held a trace of uneasiness as he swung out of the room.

The next day brought old Joseph Blenkiron. He forced himself upon her privacy as his son had done.

"How dare you come here!" she whispered. "You trick me vilely — inhumanly — and you come to me —"

"I admit the trickery, Miss Dennison. But it was intended benevolently. Surely we can make friends and forget it. I have made a will leaving my entire property to you, because you are better fitted to have control of it than my son is; and upon your marriage I will settle fifty thousand pounds upon you. Are we not friends?"

"Friends!" Aileen's eyes blazed in her white face. "You and your son are the bitterest enemies I could possibly have. Go! Go at once! I — if I ever see you or your son again, I think I shall go mad!"

"It is always very unwise to make enemies," said Blenkiron, ignoring her. "If we were your enemies, for instance, we could use this little incident, with the photograph and other proof we have carefully accumulated, and prevent your marrying the only kind of man you would consent to marry."

"If I ever wish to marry I will tell the whole truth to the man who asks me. And if he does not accept my word against yours, I will gladly lose him."

"That is an old boast," sneered Blenkiron. "Every woman who finds herself in this particular difficulty says that. But she never keeps her resolution. She never keeps it! Instinct warns her that no man would believe her. You see, too many girls who have made that mistake tell that tale. Every man knows it by heart. He may love but he does not marry the woman who tells it to him."

"Go!" repeated Aileen, hoarsely. "You can't force me to marry your son. Will you never understand that? Neither by bribes nor by threats! I would rather die!"

Joseph Blenkiron fixed his queer, light eyes upon hers, and for a terrible moment he was silent. In that moment, she knew, he admitted defeat.

"Incredible!" he said, half to himself. "Quentin could kill you with a blow, and I could starve you to surrender — and we can not break your will. Well —"

He rose and made his way stiffly to the door. There he looked back at her.

"If a Blenkiron can not win what he wants, he takes it; and if he can not take it, he destroys it so that another shall not have it," he said. "Beware of my son, Miss Dennison. I will admit that I myself am afraid of the consequences of this act of yours — to all three of us."

"I am not afraid of your son or of —"

"Wait. We have another saying — 'He who crosses a Blenkiron digs a grave.' Beware of me also, Miss Dennison."

So he, too, left her, and presumably he persuaded his son that their cause was lost, for the insane persecution ceased. Aileen found other work, other friends, and — a year later — Geoffrey Buckram.

AILEEN had not succeeded in forgetting the Blenkirons, but she had succeeded in laughing at them. She assured herself that if Geoffrey were to propose to her she would tell him all about them.

Geoffrey Buckram proposed to her, but she did not tell him at once. He gave her no opportunity in that sudden impassioned declaration of his love. On two separate occasions she tried. She began by telling him about her work for old Joseph, but she never reached her

point. Gradually it presented itself to her as an ordeal. It sounded, somehow, so fantastic.

The man never marries the woman who tells it him.

What, after all, had she to tell? That by a sordid trick she had been made to appear the lover of a man who had never actually kissed her! She would make it quite clear, of course, that Quentin Blenkiron had never even kissed her.

No man will ever believe her.

And so she had never told. They had married and been divinely happy, and she had actually forgotten all about it.

And then Joseph Blenkiron had come to live in Rubington.

She felt again the shock that had run through her when Geoffrey had made the announcement. "Guess who has taken Greenhill, Aileen. Your old boss, Joseph Blenkiron! Met him at the Powers' this evening, and he went out of his way to be pleasant. It would be a great thing for us if he gave me a helping hand. He's a big noise still, you know. I dare say he'll call. He asked after you."

Somehow — somewhere — she must get rid of that bag on the way home

Joseph Blenkiron did call. He was most elaborately polite to Aileen, and she could be no less to him, since her husband was present. But before he left he had her to himself, Geoffrey's attention being absorbed by another caller.

"You remember my son Quentin, Mrs. Buckram?" he asked. His voice had sunk to a low monotone that was just audible to her.

Without waiting for her strained assent, he went on:

"The consequences of the — er — crushing disappointment to one of his sensitive and somewhat wild temperament were even more serious than I had feared. I will not bore you with details. I will content myself with admitting that Quentin lost his head. He quarreled with me, Mrs. Buckram. Your sympathetic nature will enable you to guess the state of my feelings when I found myself driven to assisting the forces of the law against my own son."

Aileen made a gesture of helplessness.

"I am very sorry to hear that, Mr. Blenkiron," she said quietly, and taxed her ingenuity for a means of changing the conversation. She glanced at Geoffrey, but he was talking golf and suspected nothing.

"It would have been an ordeal to give evidence against him that, I think, I could scarcely have hoped to survive."

"Then you didn't —" said Aileen, with relief. "It all blew over. Why do you tell me of this, Mr. Blenkiron?"

"It would hardly be accurate to say that it blew over, Mrs. Buckram," corrected Blenkiron. "I was saved from the ordeal by the fact that my son committed suicide."

"Oh!" gasped Aileen.

"The medical evidence," continued Blenkiron, in the same dull monotone, "successfully established the fact that

he was temporarily insane — the result, it was supposed, of some shock. The—er—legal complications did not come to light."

"I am sorry," she repeated. "Very sorry indeed." Then she felt forced to add: "Please believe, Mr. Blenkiron, that any feelings I may have cherished against your son are now blotted out. I shall remember only his tragedy."

"Yes," said Blenkiron, slowly. "You will remember only his tragedy — and you will be generous enough to forget its cause."

Aileen shivered. She could not tell whether he were speaking in irony — whether he meant no more than he said — or whether some strange sinister meaning lay behind his words. That colorless gaze had almost destroyed her self-control. She read in it an echo of the threat —

"Beware of me also, Miss Dennison."

She had thrust the fear of Joseph Blenkiron's revenge into the undercurrent of her thoughts. She was conscious of it whenever she realized afresh that it would be appalling for her husband to get to know about Quentin now that she had made a secret of it. Geoffrey, she was convinced, would take her word against the world's, but — but —

Chapter 3

"AILEEN!"

Aileen Buckram came very slowly back to reality. So absorbed had she become in her memories that she was cold and cramped. She stirred, vaguely conscious that her long, long thought had been broken by something. The fire had burned low.

"Aileen!"

The voice came from the French windows behind her.

She turned lazily in her big chair. It was Geoffrey, of course. Was it late? Had she been asleep?

"Geoff —"

The word died on her lips. A man stood by the long window, holding it open behind him; but it was not her husband.

It was Quentin Blenkiron.

"Back from the dead, eh, Aileen? They were all fooled, you see, even my father — too eager to accept the most plausible explanation."

Aileen was rigid. She felt as if speech and movement had been struck from her. It was not merely that she had been told that this man had ceased to exist, or that he had come stealing out of the dark like a thief. The terror he brought was not a matter of startled nerves. It was something deeper, something that gripped her heart with icy fingers.

"No, I didn't die, little Aileen; and yet, in a sense, I did. A new name, a new fortune, even a new past — ha, ha! — that sounds like a new life, doesn't it? There isn't so much as a stroke of the pen left of Quentin Blenkiron. You couldn't bring him back again if life and death hung on it. Remember that, Aileen. Don't look for Quentin Blenkiron, for you won't find him."

She was aware that she had stumbled to her feet and stood facing him. She noticed that he was dressed in a leather coat, lined and collared with fur, that his lips had grown fuller and his eyes duller, and that, without her permission, he was drawing at a cigarette and letting the ash fall on her carpet. She heard herself say:

"I can not imagine myself making the slightest effort to renew our acquaintance. Will you please leave my house?"

Quentin did not stir. He looked at her, his eyes narrowed, his lips twisted.

"You say that to-night," he gibed, "and to-morrow you will be on your knees before me. Aileen, you are as lovely as ever, and I still want you, although I hate you so for denying me that I've taken my revenge on you. I've wrecked your life."

"Leave my house!" she commanded again, and in the same breath added: "What do you mean?"

He laughed, and the cruelty in the laugh was as vivid as the greed in his eyes.

"I'm a Blenkiron," he reminded her, as if that explained everything. "When a Blenkiron speaks of revenge, it *is* revenge — the real thing. Why not run up to Greenhill and see?"

A dozen separate agonies flashed through Aileen's mind. He had told Geoffrey his horrible lies. Or Joseph and he between them had done it. Or —

"Your father —" she choked.

"My father's dead. Shot fifteen minutes ago," he cut in, throwing his cigarette out into the garden. "I shot him."

Aileen made a convulsive movement.

"Your husband? He's still there, in the room. I've cast him for the rôle of murderer, as you will have guessed. A true Blenkiron revenge! Every detail is arranged, even to his motive. I supplied him with it as I left.

"After he's hanged, you can come to me, little Aileen. But remember that I'm not Quentin Blenkiron any longer. You can never find Quentin Blenkiron, however hard you try."

He stepped back through the window and was gone.

Chapter 4

MRS. BUCKRAM could not afterward recollect her actions on finding herself alone. Mocking fragments of sentences rang in her ears: "My father's dead . . . shot . . . your husband cast for the rôle of murderer . . . even to his motive . . ." And then the memory of another voice, old but ominous: "Beware of my son, Miss Dennison." Her reason was hammering some message on the portals of her brain, and they were opening slowly — slowly.

Then, without surprise, she found herself out on the drive, bareheaded, running across the lawn to the garage, fumbling with the fastenings. Greenhill was a mile and a half away. Geoffrey usually walked; he had walked to-night. He would have reached the house by half-past nine. She was lighting the head-lamps now, and their light beat upon the watch at her wrist. Only twenty-five minutes past ten now — less than an hour since Geoffrey left the house!

She ran the car out. There was no chauffeur to reckon with, and the kitchen was at the back of the house. It didn't matter whether she made a noise. Then she found that, in her excitement, she had forgotten the gate of the drive. A maddening half-minute of delay followed while she sprang down and opened the gate.

At last she was upon the uphill road that led to Blenkiron's house.

She drove slowly, peering ahead in the hope — or was it fear? — that she might meet Geoffrey on his way back — drove little above walking pace. There were two turns and then a short straight run. She encountered no one. A damp stillness hung over the trees, so that the purring of the engine seemed as the roar of waters.

Blenkiron's house! In darkness, save for one room

on the ground floor, where badly drawn curtains made pencils of light through the French windows.

She stopped the engine of the car, sped up to the door, and rang the bell. There was no answer. She rang again, and then, concluding that the servants had gone to bed, knocked. Knocked again. Still there was no answer. She stepped across a flower-bed to the French windows, and knocked with her knuckles upon the glass.

The window moved slightly at her touch. It was unfastened. She pushed the window and called:

"Mr. Blenkiron! Mr. Blenkiron!"

In the silence that followed something seemed to go dead within her. She had the sensation of frozen air being laid against her spine. She stepped on to the sill and thrust aside the curtains.

Joseph Blenkiron lay upon the floor, most horribly dead. There was that about his shirt-front which left no doubt as to the manner in which he had been killed. She stepped forward into the room. Lying on his face on the floor was her husband.

At sight of him her scorching excitement left her. She was alive only to his need of her. She stooped over him, turned him, and he moaned.

"Geoffrey! Geoffrey — Geoffrey!"

There came no answer. Something crunched under her feet. It was a fragment of glass, and she became conscious of the smell of whisky.

Geoffrey, then, had taken whisky on top of the parradine. That, no doubt, had made him unconscious. But what had happened before that? She remembered old Joseph's words to her on the telephone. If only she could discover whether he had begun his vile story before Geoffrey took the whisky!

AILEEN looked desperately round the room. The safe was open. In a second she was searching the drawers inside. As she understood it, Joseph Blenkiron as well as his son had a copy of that fatal snap-shot: he would use it to prove his lies! She gave a gasp. She had found it in the smallest drawer of all. She took it out and stared at it.

There was no fire in the room, and she could not see a match-box. She thrust the snap-shot into the front of her gown and turned back to Geoffrey.

"*Cast for the role of murderer.*"

Quentin Blenkiron had said those fiendish words in her drawing-room at — what time? A few minutes past ten, she thought. He had said that he himself had shot his father fifteen minutes before. Did not that argue that at that time Geoffrey was already unconscious? By ten o'clock, then, he had fainted. And he could not have reached this horrible house before half-past nine.

For half an hour he and old Blenkiron had talked, but the snap-shot had not been taken from the safe.

"*I even supplied him with his motive.*"

If her husband were not found here after all, would not the whole black treachery crumble?

She dragged him to a sitting posture. If she could get him to his feet she could manage the rest. There were three vain attempts to get him to his feet; then at last she managed it, supporting him against the table. As he lolled forward she slipped his arms over her shoulders, as a hospital nurse had once taught her to do. Then, by leaning forward, she could just lift his weight.

The window was a formidable task, but she managed it. On the grass outside she rested by raising her shoulders until he stood partly upon his own feet. She must conserve her strength. On no account must she try to hurry, or she would probably faint under the strain.

With one more rest, she got him to the car and tumbled him into the bottom of it. While she recovered her breath her brain worked with lightning rapidity.

They would be able to prove that he had gone there that night. The telephone people might come forward. Joseph Blenkiron had servants; they might be abed now, but they had probably admitted Geoffrey. If they could prove that he had been to the house, what else might they not prove that was false? What else might they not prove that was true?

SHE was back in the room of horror, feeling now no repugnance. She went to the safe and pulled open a drawer, and found it stuffed with papers. Another drawer — a litter of jewelry upon which doubtless Blenkiron had advanced money. That meant the safe had not been forced. No burglars had been there. The police must be led to think that burglars *had* been there.

For a moment she was nonplussed. She could not possibly carry those iron drawers to the car. But there was that old kit-bag in the car. She went back for it. Geoffrey was lying on it. She tugged him out of the way and snatched the bag.

Back in the room, she emptied the drawer containing the jewelry into the bag; then a drawer containing papers; then three more drawers containing papers. She loaded in virtually the entire contents of the safe, got the kit-bag outside, and swung it into the car.

In her mind was a half-formed resolution to get rid of the bag somehow — somewhere — on the way home.

Strange that in the drive back, with Geoffrey unconscious in the body of the car, the bag full of articles looted from Blenkiron's safe, she should feel no trace of the horror that had been with her before.

She ran the car up to the door of the house, entered with her latch-key, went upstairs to open the spare-room door and turn on the light there, as in the hall. The servants were in the kitchen.

The stairs very nearly beat her. When she had reached the top of the first flight, she stood still. She judged that she must have remained thus for some five minutes before she completed the journey to the spare room and dropped him on the bed.

She stood staring at him. He did not move. Something was clutched in his hand. She tried to open the hand, and could not; and presently she abandoned the attempt. She turned off the light and, going softly out, locked the door. She put the car away and was about to lock the garage.

"The bag!" A horrified whisper broke from her. She had forgotten it! She had faked a burglary in order to start a false trail away from her husband, and had brought the evidence to his very door!

(*Continued on page 82*)

COMING NEXT MONTH

Muscle Shoals
By Samuel Crowther

Why Farmers Want Ford to Have Muscle Shoals
By Gray Silver

The Big Idea for Turkey

How the Problem that Confronts the World in the Near East Must Be Solved

By Robert Dunn

Aide for Intelligence to U. S. High Commission, Constantinople, Lieutenant U. S. Navy (1918-22)

Wide World Photos

Mustapha Kemal Pasha, commander of the Turkish Nationalist Army

A GORGEOUS mountain-land. Oriental poppies; pink, yellow, and white roses; forget-me-nots, a blue glaze below the June snow-drifts. Nightingales singing and singing.

It was Zangezour, Transcaucasia, cradle of the Armenian race. Here its heathen enemies through the centuries drove, but never conquered, that enduring people. Living with shepherds more primitive than any American aborigines, I was crossing Zangezour with Merrimanoff, aide to General Dro, the guerrilla Armenian chief, to join him in his unending war against the Tartars.

A vacant, deadened upland. In Sharour we had passed heap after heap of scattered stones. "Tartar village," Merrimanoff explained as we paused by one, cutting at his neck with a horizontal palm to show how his people had killed its denizens. I had seen more razed Tartar homes than standing Armenian ones. We had breakfasted on roots and black bread.

Thus I entered the heart of the little Armenian Republic of 1918–1920, recognized by the great powers and the United States, a first-hand observer at the core of the Armenian question, that popular "cause" of post-war history.

A week later, at six o'clock in the morning — since four we had been groping upward through fog — I rode beside a stocky little man whose plain belted blouse had the Russian look of a shirt-tail not tucked in. A pleasant round dark face he had, with a heavy mustache and trimmed beard. He was Dro — Dro, the bandit-general, so feared by his government at Erivan, who had seized the mantle of the patriot Andronik. He wore no uniform. To his officers and men alike he was "Dro" — the humanest inhuman being I knew during my three years in the Near Eastern caldron.

"A health to you!" he would shout, passing a company resting at ease.

"To you a thousand healths!" would come back the chanted answer.

We were ten thousand feet above the sea. Behind, on the trail cut into a sheer wall, single-filed a hundred horsemen, heterogeneously garbed, carrying every kind of inlaid knife and rifle known to the Orient.

We came out on a level crest. Ready mounted were two three-inch American-made mountain guns. How they got there was a mystery. The fog still hid the Tartar village of Djul, two thousand feet below, in a pocket among the peaks. Dro's plan was to wipe out its eight hundred inhabitants, a salient in the Tartar area to south and east; then to cut toward the Persian border between the Bolsheviks pressing from the north and the Tartars already leagued with them. Scattered firing reached us.

"The clouds made us late, but there is still resistance," said Merrimanoff. "Our companies attacking from the other sides are there."

I understood. "Our soldiers do not shoot — only the bayonet," he had told me before, theatrically jabbing a Mauser. When I asked him why, he had added: "For morale. We must preserve the Moslems' terror of our fierceness."

"What becomes of the civilians?" I wondered.

"All the civilians are soldiers in uniform, and armed."

"But the women and children?"

"They fly with the others — as best they may."

I had had misgivings, but never dreamed I should see what I did see. The night before Dro had harangued his men in Russian. I had caught the word for "plunder."

Now our mounted horde filed down and disappeared into the fog. It soon cleared magically, showing Djul set afire below. We descended into the village. Every Armenian soldier was leading away a lamb or a calf to kill for supper. Built of rock and wattle, Djul was burning slowly. The sack was still on. The first corpse I saw was that of a little Tartar girl about fourteen years old, prone in a patch of wheat. Flour from the sack she had been carrying was scattered all around her. She had been bayoneted in the back, and her breasts were crushed. The second was a boy of ten or less, lying in

the path outside a hovel. He had been bayoneted through the spine just below the neck. I examined five bodies, all but one outside the houses. Most of the massacred lay inside them. I entered only one.

As we had approached the village, an Armenian officer rushed up to me and said: "We have killed a Turkish officer in uniform!" A Russian captain from one of the other companies had also heard this, and he took me inside the hut where the "Turk" was — a man about fifty years old. The skull had been battered in, and he was terribly mutilated. His clothes had been stolen. His features and headdress were Tartar. He was not a Turk. The statement was an untruth, to make me believe that Turkish officers had been in the village. My Russian, who had led in the attack, had seen nobody in any sort of uniform. He estimated the murdered at thirty.

I slept that night near Dro, in the open near the smoldering charnels. Day brought swarms of Armenian women, ghouls from neighboring villages. They picked at the plunder like ravens on a carcass — carried off copper pots, pack-saddles, spinning-wheels, every vestige of food and clothing. They ripped open bedding to the last scrap, searching for hidden gold. They drove away some two hundred sheep and cattle.

This is a one-sided picture, but it is neither unfair nor prejudiced. I might have accompanied a Tartar force and beheld exactly similar atrocities. Small difference exists between the methods and mentalities, morals, honor, or human instincts of any Near Eastern race — Turk, Greek, or Armenian.

Such a massacre, no matter on what scale, is invariably prepared for by either side. Secrecy, surprise, and success are first assured. The Oriental, Christian or Moslem, never takes a sporting chance. More important, a "justification" must be provided to offset condemnation by watching foreign powers. Charge is made of a previous offense committed by the intended victim, against whom the present attack is a "reprisal." Whether the injury is real or invented does not much matter. Thus an endless tissue of specious causes and effects is formed, a vicious circle.

There is no evidence that the Armenian race, living its normal life, is in the least superior in morals, intelligence, or ability in government to the Turanian, Tartar, or Russian Aryan. No need to dwell upon how all this darkens and blights the picture of a future greater Armenia.

Evidence secured by the American Embassy at Constantinople regarding the Russian-Armenian government was in the main:

"The most reliable reports from our representatives state that the present Armenian government is made up of a socialistic, weak, and unintelligent group of politicians with a few able and honest men. The claims regarding Armenian intelligence and energy are true in comparison with certain other races in the Near East, but in no way according to our standards. In spite of all that is said of the capability of the Armenians for self-government, the real fact is that they are making a failure of their government."

No part of the old Turkish or Russian empires, except parts of Arabia occupied by Arab tribes, comprises a majority of any one race, except in isolated spots. It has never been possible even to project on paper an Armenia with real geographic or ethnologic frontiers, no matter how its boundaries were drawn. It is at present impossible, owing to religious law, defective registration, and other causes, to get any true vital statistics in the Near East. Even were a house-to-house inquiry practicable, fear and suspicion from different angles might prompt an Armenian to call himself a Turk, a Turk to call himself a Greek or an Armenian.

In the four years of our High Commission at Constantinople we tried to get at least fair estimates by fixing the percentage of reliability in rival statistics, judging sources and motives, by observation and inquiry in the field, in

THIS article by Mr. Dunn deals with the permanent forces and conditions in Turkey in terms of actual occurrences, presenting the plan to ameliorate more than four centuries of Turkish misrule in Europe and Asia Minor according to ideals essentially American.

Mr. Dunn's abstracts of official opinion are made entirely upon his own initiative, and he alone is responsible for the views expressed in this article.

In no part of the world in all history have racial and religious animosities been carried to lengths more cruel than those found in Turkey to-day.

The Turk is not fit for self-government in the Western sense, nor to govern any other races in any sense. All of the Christian peoples living in former Turkish territory are equally unfit for government. Neither peace nor justice is possible within the territories of the Turkish Empire under the rule of any of the races that compose it to-day.

This article was written before the recent defeat of the Greek forces in Asia Minor.

THE EDITOR.

Wide World Photos

King Feisul of Mesopotamia, who rendered great service to the Allies during the World War

CASE LIBRARY.

Wide World Photos

General Ismet Pasha, commander of Kemal's forces in Asia Minor and a leader in the Turkish Nationalist movement

order to strike a fair average. Such are the few figures I give. The Armenian population of the six eastern vilayets (states) of Turkey, before the deportations of 1915, was was about 24 per cent. At present very few Armenians live there. Armenians formerly made up a majority in the towns of Bitlis and Van. In Cilicia the pre-war Armenian population was 14 per cent. In the Transcaucasus they have never been a normal majority, even in the districts of Erivan and Kars.

To set apart any of the eastern vilayets as an independent Armenia, without violence, is possible only by first garrisoning the region with from 50,000 to 100,000 foreign troops (estimate of Harbord Commission and United States High Commission to Turkey), even before the intention to make the partition is known. To arm any native element would be both absurd and criminal. Turks will not submit to Armenian rule except by force. Armenians, like Turks, do not know how to rule except by force. Without foreign troops, a fight would start between Turks and Armenians in which the latter, being in the minority, would be wiped out.

Turkish Rule Intolerable

THE mass of all the native races of the Near East is ignorant and has no ideas except those inculcated by corrupt rulers and more corrupt priests.

Nothing can be said in favor of Turkish rule. The law is good, even as to religious toleration; but its administration, when not scandalous, is criminal. Yet the fate of the Christian in Turkey is only endangered by continually harping upon its evils, generally by lies, always by exaggerations, and by incessantly crying for revenge.

One fundamental fact that keeps the West from truly grasping the questions of the Near East is that none of its peoples understand the difference between truth and falsehood. To all there the end always justifies the means.

Armenians of the peasant or working population, taken into an American orphanage, refuse to do manual work, such as making their beds or chopping wood. Why? Because, even as children, they believe that they have been lifted from one class, whose fate is menial, to another class, the "intellectual" one, which is degraded by work.

An official report exists among British Intelligence records of an Armenian village raided for a ransom by Moslems. The inhabitants knew in advance that the plot was to secure gold and silver, or children to marry and proselytize. They swallowed their coins and trinkets and handed over their babes to the marauders. Why? Otherwise the parents themselves would have been killed!

The attempt at independence of the Armenians of eastern Turkey and the Transcaucasus has been paralleled in the extension of Greek rule into western Asia Minor. The military side of this movement was ostensibly carried out by soldiery from old Greece. But such forces were joined by the Greek native inhabitants of the country for whom self-government and a nominal union with Greece was intended by the Peace Conference. The influence and conduct of these indigenous Greeks largely determined the character of Greek control wherever it succeeded Turkish rule after Athenian troops landed at Smyrna in May, 1919.

At Aidin in September three Allied generals and an American admiral sat around a long table in the *konak* (municipal building). This was the Inter-Allied Commission of Inquiry, appointed by the Paris Supreme Council to investigate the violence that followed the Greek occupation. I looked out of the window upon the ruins of a Turkish city of forty thousand inhabitants, three quarters burnt and almost wholly plundered. It contained fewer than five hundred of its thirty thousand Moslem inhabitants. The day before we had rummaged through a score of Turkish homes, robbed and wrecked in the search for gold and trinkets.

We were taking testimony about the street fighting in Aidin in June between Greek and Turkish troops.

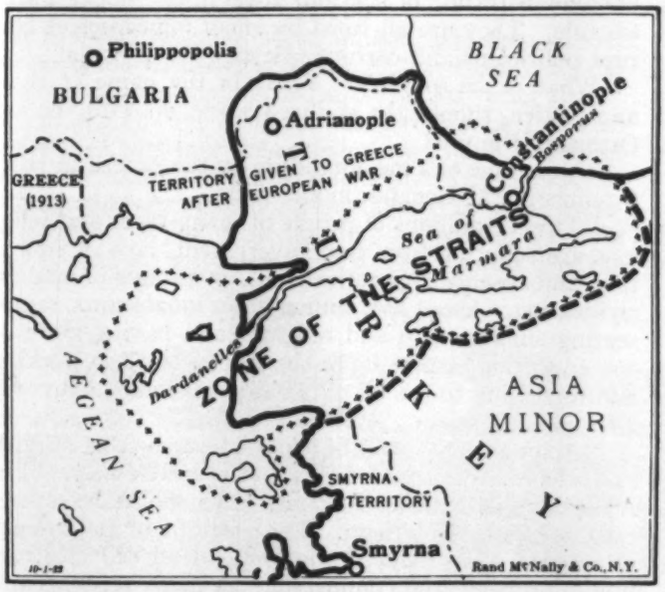
Civilians of both races had joined in the sack and burning. Six veiled Turkish women had just raised their *yashmaks* (veils), sworn on the Koran, and testified to violation by Greek soldiery. Now the diary kept by Sister Mary, Daughter of Charity in the French Roman Catholic mission, was submitted as evidence. So impartial a witness wrote in part:

"The Greek troops had placed machine-guns even on houses in the Jewish quarter, and fired on the Turkish quarter as it began to burn. The Turks tried to escape, but were held in their houses, where they were attacked at the point of the bayonet. . . . Many were massacred. . . .

"*June 29.* Toward seven in the evening, Greek soldiers brought us about 500 refugees. The officer in charge, to whom we showed surprise that they were not taken to a Greek church, said: 'We are saving them from the *evzones* [Greek regulars], who would massacre all of them.'

"*June 30.* The Turkish irregulars reentered the city with rage in their hearts, finding everywhere the bodies of their people. They found only heaps of ruins in their quarters. In reprisal they set fire to Greek houses, killing and pillaging. . . . But if the Turks committed atrocities, they only did so after having ascertained

Territory in dispute is shown on the map by the thick line; the neutral zone by the small crosses; land taken by Greece in 1921 is outlined by the dot-and-dash line



Greece's expansion at Turkey's expense caused a new Near Eastern war, as Mr. Dunn predicted; the Turk recaptured the Smyrna area and demanded control of Adrianople

those which the Greeks had previously allowed themselves in a region which they occupied illegally."

The entire vilayet had suffered in like manner. The Commission saw in large areas hardly a Turkish house or village standing. The fields were empty, the crops rotting. Thousands of civilians of both races had been killed at the point of the bayonet by regular troops, both Greek and Turkish, and by the volunteers of each race who had joined them. Worse, the nuclei of two armies were facing

Less than one hundred years ago the Ottoman Empire stretched west to the Adriatic and north of the Danube. In 1913 the Balkan States united and drove the Turk across the Bosporus, but while they fought over the spoils he returned and recaptured European territory as far west as Adrianople

each other in the field, the Athenian Greeks and the Turkish *zebecs*, or irregulars, who immediately had sprung to arms. The *zebecs* were the core of the Turkish Nationalist forces, which under Mustapha Kemal have continued the ever-increasing war that has lately brought Europe to the verge of another world conflict.

The Greek landing at Smyrna had been conducted as a pageant of the Orthodox Church. A triumphal arch had been erected on the water-front. According to a British Army Intelligence officer who had witnessed this:

"*Q.* Was the immediate effect of the landing to create disorder in contrast to what had existed before?

"*A.* Oh, yes. The Greeks seemed to take the landing as giving them a free hand and the license to get back at the Turk for all that they had suffered in the past.

"*Q.* Was order better before or after the Greek occupation?

"*A.* Disorder was infinitely greater after, . . . and kept up so within a radius of thirty kilometers until the Greek troops reached the surrounding villages."

Turkish Prisoners Maltreated

FOLLOWING is the testimony of a lieutenant-commander of the British Navy regarding the treatment of Turkish prisoners:

"They were brought to the quay singly or in groups. In many cases they were treated with the utmost

A Turkish Nationalist soldier is a veritable walking arsenal

Wide World Photos

brutality by the *evzones*. The chief form of this was repeatedly to beat the prisoners over their heads with rifle-butts. No troops were with the prisoners in many cases, but they were in charge of civilians armed with rifles and bandoliers. No army officer had any control over his men, nor seemed to have any desire to interfere with his men's brutality."

The fighting at Smyrna when the Greeks landed began as their troops reached the Turkish barracks just back of the quay. About five hundred persons were killed, almost all unarmed Turks.

The excesses of the Greek invasion into Asia Minor were few until the spring of 1921. Then, after a conference in London between the Allies and both belligerents had failed to secure peace, the British declared their own neutrality and that of the Constantinople zone — neither of which was really kept. After the defeat by the Turks at Inonou, the Greek army attempted elimination of the Turkish population of the Gemelik peninsula, on the Sea of Marmora. It disarmed the entire Turkish civil element, and turned its weapons over to the Greek civilians, allowing them a free hand. The result was that some three thousand Turkish inhabitants were massacred. Many were driven into boats and drowned at sea.

Three high Allied officials — British, French, and Italian army officers — were sent to report on this. They confirmed the atrocities.

The Greek of Asia Minor, an Ottoman subject, called in the Near East the true Greek, is very different from the inhabitant of the Hellenic peninsula. The Hellene is a trader or merchant, alert, clever, and able. The Ottoman Greek is more honest and industrious, in the main a peasant. He differs little in education and religious fanaticism from the Moslem, whose civilization has largely absorbed him.

The Ottoman Greek does not want to be governed by the Hellene. But, if sufficiently stirred by his politicians, he is willing to attempt violence against Moslem government. He desires Hellenic rule only as a means of escape from Moslem rule.

In the parts of Thrace and Macedonia turned over to Greece, its administration has not been successful with any non-Greek element, and a policy of extermination has been carried out over the remnants of the Turkish population. In 1913 Venizelos declared that any one who advocated Greece's taking over eastern Thrace was an enemy of his own country.

Largely in reprisal, the Nationalist Turks around the town of Samsoun, in the Pontus on the Black Sea, began to burn Greek villages and to deport the Greek inhabitants. Many Greek and Turkish civilians were killed. The Allies permitted Greek warships to violate the declared neutrality of the Bosporus and enter the Black Sea, where they bombarded open Turkish towns, though they gained no military advantage.

Five per Cent Literate in Ottoman Empire

THE old Ottoman Empire contains about twenty-five million people, of whom not more than 5 per cent are literate. Of the total population, not more than five million (20 per cent) are non-Moslems. All, irrespective of religion and nationality, have long suffered from the maladministration of law and government under Turkish rule. They are all ruled by small minorities of corrupt politicians and corrupt priests.

What is the solution? What, in the name of right and justice, should the civilized world do with the old Ottoman Empire?

The outline of a memorandum by the American High Commission at Constantinople said:

"Twenty millions of people of many races and religions are suffering from bad government, lack of education, and absence of practically all advantages of modern civilization. About five million other inhabitants, representing similar races and religions and having more or less education, aspire to be the rulers, and are working and intriguing to set up nationalities whereby they will gain political power.

"Among this would-be class of rulers the Turkish rulers have demonstrated their utter worthlessness. The Armenians in Russian Armenia have shown how little can be expected of them. The attempt of the Greeks in Smyrna has produced continual bloodshed, destruction of property and commerce, with many refugees and much starvation. The Arab tribes of Mesopotamia are fighting against the rule of England and of King Hussein, and also amongst themselves."

Thus no communities formerly belonging to the old Ottoman Empire are fitted to govern themselves, even with the assistance of a mandatory power.

The American High Commission further indicated in 1920:

"The policy pursued by the Allies toward the solution of the Near Eastern question has been characterized by the violation of the armistice terms and deceptive methods in allowing Greeks to occupy and continue in nominal control of the Smyrna district. An authoritative and definite statement that Greeks shall not in any

way dominate Turks in the Smyrna area would open the way to solve all problems without violence."

Further memoranda of the American High Commissioner may be summarized:

"If the European countries continue to carry out the program they have in mind for the partition of Turkey, the greatest suffering will be brought upon the non-Moslem races, and a peaceful solution of the Turkish question may be impossible. No European nation has any just claims to any portion of the Ottoman Empire, except by conquest, or for the extension of empire, or for special commercial advantage."

No mistake of post-war diplomacy in the Near East could be greater than that of so partitioning old Turkey for the imperialistic desires of European countries, including Greece, with the purpose of exploiting it commercially. Cutting up the country would simply concentrate the races and intensify the hatreds between them. The Turks would never become repentant for their dastardly acts.

If Europe does not consider Turkey a good neighbor in Europe, how can Turkey be any better neighbor for the countries of Asia? To re-establish Turkish rule in Asia would merely repeat the wrong that has so many times been done by Europe in its past settlements with Turkey.

In the opinion of the American High Commissioner, since the fundamental cause of all troubles in the Near East has been the misrule of the Turk, and since no race in that part of the world is capable of correcting that misrule, some power must be called in from outside to abolish Turkish rule and to substitute good government for all the races within the old Ottoman Empire. This, and this alone, will bring peace to the Near East.

Further, for the last four years the American High Commissioner, Rear-Admiral Mark L. Bristol, U. S. N., has advocated good government for the entire old Ottoman Empire, including Mesopotamia; and this without any partition whatsoever, either for the benefit of individual European nations or for particular racial claims. He has advised that Turkish administration be abolished everywhere, and that the entire country be placed under an administration according to modern and civilized ideas.

Such a government must be supplied by some European nation or by America, and it must take over Turkey with all its former boundaries. It must give the people, all of them and everywhere, universal education and absolute freedom of religious belief. Finally, when they are sufficiently educated to know how to vote, they should be allowed to ballot for the determination of the boundaries of such autonomous states as they desire, under the form of government that they decide upon.

That is the big idea. To-day in Constantinople the representatives of the powers admit it, but with a far-away smile, as of a dream beyond their experience or capacity to grasp. Their politicians in London, Paris, and Athens, blinded by their immediate squabbles and acquisitions in the Near East, murmur, "Impossible!" and continue to dicker and fight on, with the results that I have narrated. But, mark me, some day, and perhaps not in the far future, they will turn to this solution, cry out for it, adopt it — because it is the only one! As a final summary:

"We should stand for the whole of the old Ottoman Empire under one mandate, without partition of any kind; for the replacement of the old Turkish administration by good government based on the principle that eventually it shall be a government by the people, for the people, with equal rights and privileges and absolute liberty of religious belief, without distinction or preference as to race or creed; the removal of international intrigue and corruption by placing the old Ottoman Empire under one powerful nation, and abolishing the influences of all other nations except to assist that one nation to carry out its task; and the requirement that universal education be made a necessary condition of future self-government.

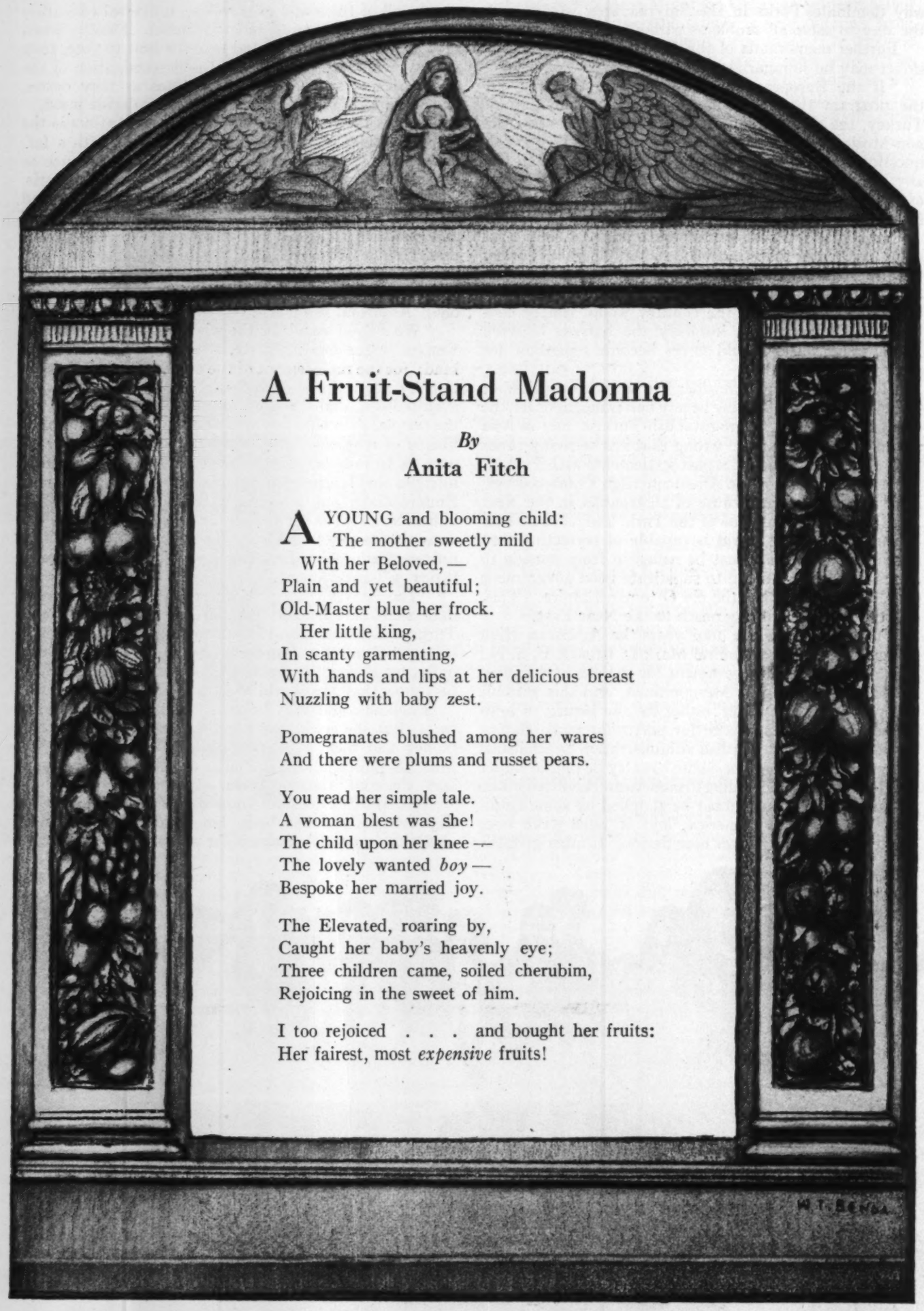
"The fundamental principle must be that any mandate shall be exercised for the sake of the people of Turkey as a whole, and for them primarily, in order to bring relief and restore order in the Near East, and eventually, by giving the greatest good to the greatest number, show that the World War was not fought in vain."

England could do it. She has the trained administrators. But she could not at present carry the burden in money and men. America could do it. She has the financial power, and if she lacks the trained administrators, she could develop them.

But America does not know the facts of the situation; like Europe, she has been long and wofully deceived about them. And America is far away and does not care.

Wide World Photos

The picturesque evzones, flower of the Greek army, every one of them more than six feet tall



A Fruit-Stand Madonna

By
Anita Fitch

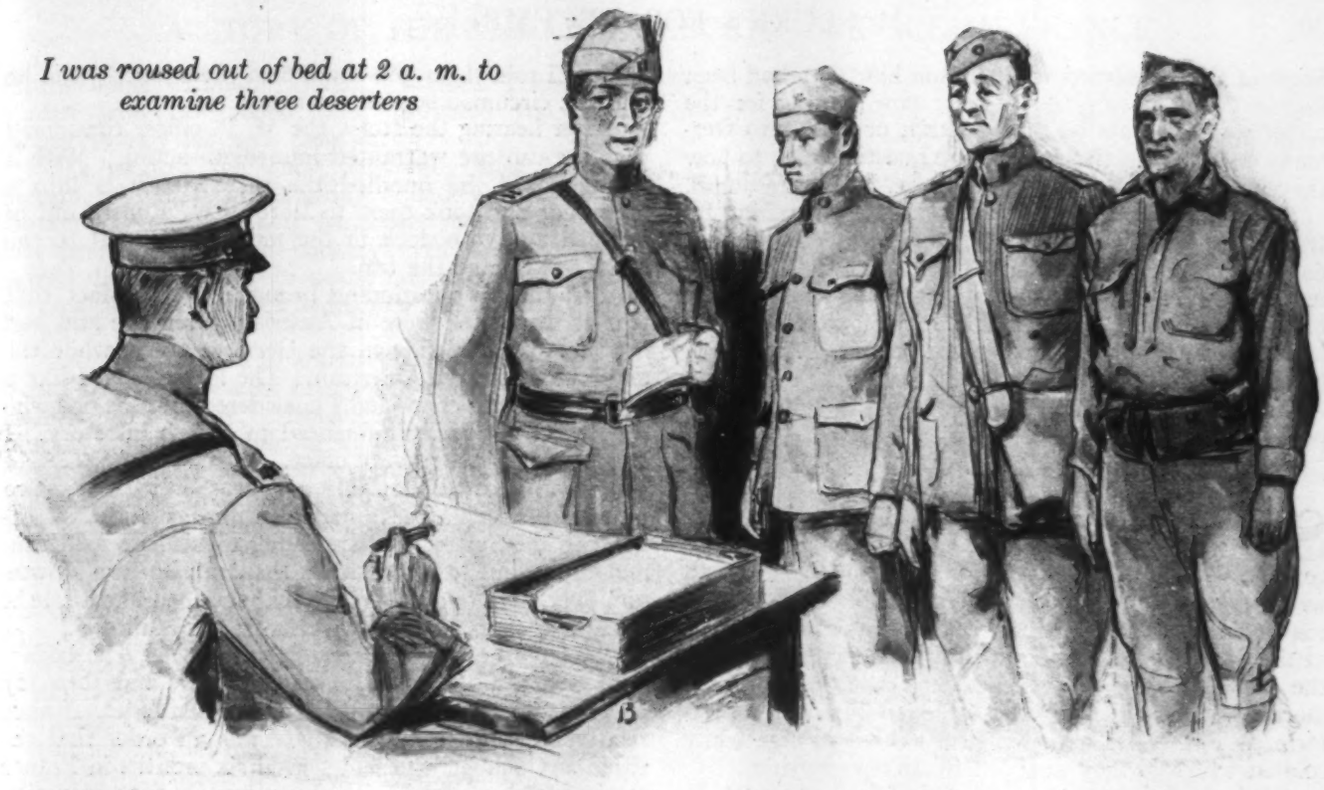
A YOUNG and blooming child:
The mother sweetly mild
With her Beloved, —
Plain and yet beautiful;
Old-Master blue her frock.
Her little king,
In scanty garmenting,
With hands and lips at her delicious breast
Nuzzling with baby zest.

Pomegranates blushed among her wares
And there were plums and russet pears.

You read her simple tale.
A woman blest was she!
The child upon her knee —
The lovely wanted *boy* —
Bespoke her married joy.

The Elevated, roaring by,
Caught her baby's heavenly eye;
Three children came, soiled cherubim,
Rejoicing in the sweet of him.

I too rejoiced . . . and bought her fruits:
Her fairest, most *expensive* fruits!



I was roused out of bed at 2 a. m. to examine three deserters

The Underground Railroad

A Story of the American Secret Service in France during the World War

By Major C. E. Russell

Author of the Secret Service Stories now appearing in McCLURE'S

Illustrations by H. S. Benton

"MAJOR, if you didn't break Spanish neutrality wide open this time you most certainly put a deep crack in it. Spain was furious at what they considered an unwarranted invasion of their territory when you arrested that man. They claimed he was a Spanish subject, as you know, and if you had not had an iron-clad case against him, much as we would have hated to, we would have been forced to offer you up as a sacrifice."

That was the first and last rebuke my Chief gave me while I served under him in France.

My offense resulted from a message reading:

Intelligence service in Spain reports large influx American deserters into that country. Stop exodus.

From time to time, on our trips into Spain, we had encountered scattered American deserters; but this was a more serious matter. We knew that Germany was spending millions of dollars in an endeavor to buy and hold Spanish friendship (I write of World-War times), though one faction was ardent for the Allies. There were also monetary reasons why Spain was not coöperating with us in keeping her frontier tightly closed: she was making money out of our deserters!

When one of our soldiers escaped into Spain, her officials interned him, and the United States was forced to pay the Spanish government for feeding him. And the Geneva Conference required that all interned soldiers be paid. Then, too, the exchange favored Spain. Worse still, — a real danger, — Spain was overrun with German spies, and by cultivating the acquaintance of these deserters they were able to obtain valuable information.

A draft army obviously must contain many non-fighters, or men who, having blood relations among the enemy, never intended to fight their kinsmen. Many of these succeeded in escaping before they could be sent overseas, while others watched their opportunity to desert after they landed in France.

The southern part of Base Section No. 2 included the French-Spanish frontier extending through the Pyrenees Mountains, with many a road leading into that district. Early in the war the Allied commanders, realizing the potential danger from German spies in this territory, had closed it for all troops except the forestry regiments. At each of the frontier towns the French had stationed a small detachment of partially disabled soldiers whose duty it was to arrest any of her soldiers, or even civilians, who did not have proper credentials.

Lieutenant Hodson, who spoke Spanish fluently, was sent to Spain to check up on the activities of the deserters and to obtain first-hand information. In civilian clothes and posing as a Mexican, he studied the situation. When he returned to our headquarters, his report convinced us that, if there was not an organized effort to assist Allied soldiers who wished to desert into that country, at least there was a well known path that the majority followed.

Some of these deserters told Hodson how they had been supplied with passports and were now waiting for the opportunity to pass on into Austria, or even into Germany. But when these men were questioned as to how they managed to travel across France, they were dumb.

Without doubt the deserters traveled mainly by train. So our first idea was to cover all the trains that passed through our section and, at some point on the line, to search and arrest every passenger who did not have credentials. We even went so far as to requisition more police, to enable us to place one M. P. on every train. But before we got to that something happened.

One night, at St. Sulpice, one of our negro military police arrested three white soldiers.

The Deserters' Mistake

ST. SULPICE was one of our large supply depots on the way to the front. There we had many troops, all colored. This night there had been a bad wreck between St. Sulpice and Bordeaux, and the railroad officials had stopped the night express from Paris at the St. Sulpice station, with the intention of bringing the passengers by motor-trucks into Bordeaux in the morning. Our colored M. P. was standing on the platform, when he was approached by three strange white soldiers who said they were ordered to report to him.

"What for are you to report to me?" asked the M. P.

"We are from Paris, and we were told that you were to look out for us until you could send us into Spain!"

"All right, boys! Don't talk, but just you come along with me and I'll find you a nice, warm place to sleep."

He surely knew his business, this lad. He led them to headquarters and, opening the door, pushed them inside, face to face with the Military Police officer in charge of that district.

"Captain, here's some boys who want to get into Spain. I told them you could help them out." And he told the circumstances of the arrest.

After hearing the story, the M. P. officer considered that the capture warranted immediate action. With a strong guard, he bundled the three deserters into a motor-car and took them to Bordeaux. Roused out of my bed at two o'clock in the morning, I went to the office to examine the trio.

Preliminary questioning brought out the fact that two of these men were of Austrian parentage and had near relatives fighting in the German army, while the other was a native American. The latter looked like a clean-cut young chap, and I considered him the one who could be most easily influenced to tell us his story. I took him into my private office.

I soon learned that this man was only twenty-two years old, a volunteer, and had a mother and a sweetheart in the States. By appealing to his love for them, and promising to help rather than punish him, I won him over. He told us a story that sounded like a tale of Civil War days with its "Underground Railroad."

"I have been over here for six months," he began. "I fought all through Château-Thierry, and then my regiment was sent out of the line to a rest billet. I have relatives in Paris; and as there was an order that entitled any soldier who had served six months in France to a seven-day leave, I asked my captain for permission to take my leave and visit them. My captain refused to allow me to go, although he granted leave to others.

"So, right after pay-day, I stole away and went A.W.O.L. I knew, of course, that the roads leading to Paris were guarded by the Military Police, but an American chauffeur carried me by them all, hidden in his truck. During my stay in Paris I was not once questioned. I intended to see my relatives, take my seven-day leave, and then return and face the music. But it was the old story: I was having a good time, and the days passed all too quickly, and suddenly I remembered that I had been away more than ten days and, without a doubt, by this time was posted as a deserter."

In time of war a soldier absent ten days without permission is classed as a deserter, and may be shot for such desertion — although this was not done in our armies in France.

Graham watched the deserters from the hay-stack

How to Get to Spain

"I WAS standing on a street corner in Paris, debating what was the best thing to do, when a civilian came up and spoke to me in English. He introduced himself as M. Moreau. His easy manner led me to believe he was the gentleman his appearance indicated. Altogether he won my confidence. I did not question when he told me he belonged to an organization the members of which devoted their spare time to seeing that American soldiers on leave in Paris had a pleasant time.

"He invited me first to have a drink. One drink led to another, and somehow, before I knew just what I was doing, I was telling him all about my troubles. Moreau sympathized with me.

"'If you return to your regiment now, you may be shot for desertion,' he said. 'I would not like to think of a friend of mine being shot, so I suggest that you escape into Spain. After the war your government will undoubtedly pardon you, and you can then

return home without trouble. I think I know of a man who can assist you, provided you have money to pay for such assistance.'

"He painted the worst so vividly that I could picture myself facing a firing squad, and my poor mother at home breaking her heart over a son who had been false to his country. In desperation I agreed to allow him to assist me, and turned over to him all the money I had, three hundred francs.

"Moreau took me to a house near a railroad yard, and there he introduced me to a man named Mornay. Moreau told me that Mornay would hide me in his house until the chance came to send me into Spain. While I was waiting for that time to arrive, these other two men were brought in by Moreau.

"Shortly after their arrival we were taken out in the night and put aboard a train for Tours. We were placed in the baggage-car, and Moreau told us that the baggage-man would take care of us until we arrived at St. Pierre des Corps, where we would be met by a man who would hide us in his house until we could be passed on to the next guide.

"Sure enough, when the train arrived at St. Pierre des Corps, the man climbed aboard the baggage-car and, after a few minutes' conversation with the baggage-man, motioned for us to follow him. Guided by the light of a lantern, we stumbled across the fields until we came to his house. Here we stayed two days and one night, and then we were put on a train for Bordeaux, in charge of the conductor, who was to turn us over to an American negro at Bassens, across the river from Bordeaux. He was to see us on the last part of our journey. We all fell asleep, and when we awoke the conductor was nowhere to be seen, the train had stopped, and when I looked out of the window and saw that colored M. P., I thought we had arrived at Bassens and that he was our guide, so I roused my two companions and we all left the train. You know the rest."

One at a time, the other two prisoners were brought in and questioned. We first related the story as we knew it, and then asked them if they had anything to add to or subtract from it. No, we had it all straight. But not one of them could assist us in locating the places where they had been secreted.

Checking Up on the Story

So Lieutenant Hodson, with six men, went to Paris to follow the story through. Three were put in uniform and set to wandering the streets in the hope that Moreau might spread his nets for them. The other three, in civilian clothes, were detailed to shadow the first three. Although the men walked the streets and frequented the cafés for more than two weeks, they could not get a nibble. As a last resort the men were shifted and a new group were put on the streets.

On the third night after the change, Hines, one of our men, was approached by a man who introduced himself as M. Moreau! He told Hines the same story about being the head of a committee to entertain American soldiers in Paris. Taking Hines into a café and buying him several drinks, he asked the supposed soldier if he had a pass allowing him to be in the city.

Hines admitted that he had run away for a good time. "I am not going back to the front for a long while, if I can help it," he declared. "I'm about fed up on the fighting!"

The deserters at last reached a farm, and followed their guide up the ladder to a garret

To this Moreau replied: "If you really want to get away from all this fighting, I can arrange with a friend of mine for you to go to Spain without fear of being arrested."

"All right," said Hines. "Can you fix it for me?"

"If you have money to pay for the trouble," replied Moreau, "I think it can be arranged. It will cost you five hundred francs."

Hines paid over the money and urged quick action. Telling Hines to follow him, Moreau paid the bill, and both left the café. Moreau led Hines by a circuitous route through many streets. After what seemed an unending walk, they finally passed a railroad station and came to a house that backed up close to the railroad yards. Moreau gave the secret signal, and when the door was opened, Hines and Moreau disappeared inside.

Rich and Graham had had them under surveillance. Leaving Graham on guard, Rich now hurried back to the hotel and reported to Hodson.

Hodson at once sent more men to assist Graham and Rich in covering the house and to pick up the trail of Moreau and discover where he lived. Graham swears to this day that Moreau did not come out. Nevertheless, in some manner he succeeded in getting away, and it was days later before his trail was picked up again.

Only too well realizing the uselessness of trying to shadow the house in the day-time, Hodson had Graham disguise himself as a French laborer and hire rooms in a house across the street. Graham, speaking French like a native, had no difficulty in renting three front rooms. Graham explained to the landlady that he had two

friends who would share the rooms with him. There, behind the window-curtains, the three alternately kept continuous watch on the other house. By the time the watch was over we had a very complete description of every caller going through this door.

Meanwhile we were combing the city for Moreau, while Hines, in the mystery house, was being initiated into the secrets of the Spanish road. Allowed out only at night for exercise, he became impatient from delay; but he was told that he would have to wait until there were at least three in the party before they could go forward. To satisfy him, they gave him full details of the system and instructions as to what he should say and do on the trip. Then one night he was overjoyed when three more soldiers were brought in — especially as among them was Rich.

The next night the four left the house, crossed the railroad yard, and climbed into the baggage-car of the Paris-Bordeaux express. The baggage-man hid them behind a pile of boxes.

Calling them from their hiding-place after the train had been under way for a few minutes, he informed Hines that the first stage of the journey would be finished at St. Pierre des Corps, about two miles outside of Tours. Here, he said, they would be met by another member of the organization, who would take care of them until he could put them on a train for Bordeaux.

Hodson left them and went in search of a telephone

When Graham from his window saw the party leave the house, he notified Hodson; so when the train arrived at St. Pierre des Corps, besides the apparent deserters it carried Hodson and Graham, who left the train on opposite sides, each ready to take up the trail.

Graham saw the deserters swing off the car and, in charge of a peasant, start across country. He called to Hodson, and they both trailed along as closely as they dared. Luckily for them, the peasant had brought his lantern with him. Stumbling and floundering around in the darkness, chasing that will-o'-the-wisp of a lantern, — through bushes, falling into ditches and mire, wet to the skin and chilled by the night air, — they finally ran their quarry to earth in an ill-smelling French peasant's cottage. While Graham kept watch on the house, Hodson started off in the darkness across country in search of a telephone, to warn us that the chase was on.

It was well after daylight when Hodson, dirty, footsore, weary, and wet from sudden immersions in numerous ditches that he could not see in the darkness, finally reached St. Pierre. Making his way to the American camp there, he told the commanding officer who he was, and at once communicated the situation to us at Bordeaux.

The deserters, when they left the train, were cautioned not to make any unnecessary noise and to follow behind the guide in single file. When at last they reached the farm-house, they followed their guide up a ladder and into the garret of the barn, where they threw themselves on makeshift beds and were soon lost in the sleep of utter exhaustion.

Poor Graham on the outside, after hunting around, finally located a hay-stack. By dint of hard work he dug himself a nest, and, crawling in, he too was soon sound asleep. The next morning, before any one else was stirring, Graham succeeded in finding an empty bottle, which he filled with water to sustain him in his lonely vigil. That night Hodson returned, bringing food, and for the first time in twenty-four hours, Graham had something to eat. The two got what comfort they could in their hay-stack, and prepared to spend that night there and as many more as were necessary until the deserters again started on their journey.

The second night came; and at one o'clock in the morning Hodson, who was on watch, heard the men talking, and soon saw them start back across the fields toward St. Pierre. Waking Graham, they both quietly slipped out of the stack, and once again took up the trail. The procession made its way to the station at St. Pierre.

Once again the deserters boarded the train, but this time riding with the other passengers, and, under the care of the conductor, they started on the second leg of the journey. Telling Graham to follow them to Bassens, Hodson left him and, going to the camp, again tele-

phoned us at Bordeaux. When the train arrived at Bassens, we were there, ready to pick up the trail and follow it through. Graham took a much-needed rest.

At this time there was employed as a janitor at the American post-office in Bordeaux an American negro who had lived in France for about five years. Greatly to our surprise, this negro was the man who took charge of the deserters when they arrived across the river at Bassens. He piloted them to the outskirts of the town, and there, in his own house, he secreted them. This was the negro the three soldiers whom we had caught at St. Sulpice expected to meet.

The next step of the journey was from Bassens to Henday, a border town near the Spanish line. From Henday they were to be sent across the border. Again there was a delay until the right man made the trip to Henday. This time the deserters were in for a hard ride. No more passenger expresses; the man who acted as the guide on the Bassens-Henday section of the Underground Road was only a conductor on a freight train.

Every freight-car on the French roads has a small hut built on one end, resembling as much as anything the seat on some of our drays. In these cubby-holes the deserters were placed, one in each. Jolting and bouncing around in these small coops, swallowing smoke, with cinders continually in their eyes, unable to sleep for fear of falling off and being crushed under the wheels of the train, each alone with his own thoughts, these men certainly passed a most miserable night. It came to an end in time, and as the first rays of the sun appeared over the Pyrenees the train stopped. The conductor, approaching the side of the train, instructed the deserters to follow him. A short distance down the track, in a clump of bushes, they were greeted by an old white-haired man. This old man was the fourth member of the organization. It was his duty to hide them until such time as he could supply a guide and send them over the Pyrenees into Spain and safety.

Allowing his charges to rest a day or two before attempting the long journey on foot that was still ahead of them, the old fellow watched the weather for a suitable night. The third night — dark, and with a mist from the mountains — proved ideal. With a guide, they started up the trail into the mountains. Arriving at the same old hut we had seen filled with cocaine smugglers[1], the deserters were met by a man from the Spanish side of the boundary and were turned over to him, and soon they were safe in Spain. After guiding them down the Spanish side of the mountains, this man turned them over to Spanish government officials, who interned them, paroling them to the limits of the town.

Hines and Rich, both having made the entire trip and now knowing the workings of the system, were naturally anxious to return to us in order to give us the details we lacked. Careful inquiry disclosed the fact that various deserters had gone on to Madrid; so Hines and Rich announced that they, too, wanted to go to the capital. They secured permission to do this, and, bidding their friends good-by, they started, ostensibly to take the night train for Madrid. Instead, they slipped up into the mountains and made their way back to us.

We now had followed their system through, and knew the people who were implicated in it; but we were determined to get the ring-leader out of Spain. We had to be very cautious, because Spain was jealous of her neutrality, and we did not want to cause trouble between her and the Allies. Furthermore, I knew if I made a slip, I would be turned over to the Spanish for trial, even if I were doing excellent work; and, while I wanted that crook, I wanted my liberty more. Knowing full well, however, that if he went free we could not say that our work was successful, I determined to go and get him. Putting on civilian clothes, I crossed over into Spain.

Guided by the description furnished by Hines and Rich, I soon met the man I was after. I cultivated his friendship, and finally told him in confidence that I myself was a deserter from the American army, and that I had stolen fifteen thousand dollars, but had been suddenly forced to escape so quickly one night that I had left it behind with a woman in Paris, who would join me as soon as I sent her word. I told him that I was puzzled just how to get word to her, for I was refused the privilege of sending a message at the Spanish telegraph office. This man then suggested that I take a chance, return to Henday, and send the message from there. He also said that he would give me a letter to a friend of his who would help me and keep me hidden, and assist me in returning after arrangements had been made. This was exactly what I wanted him to do, for it gave me a chance to make final arrangements with the French Secret Service to capture him.

Closing the Trap

I CROSSED back into France and went to the office of the French Secret Service. Here plans were made for one of the Frenchwomen attached to their office in Paris to be instructed and sent down to help close the trap. After making these arrangements, I presented the letter I carried to the friend of the Spanish crook in Henday, and he assisted me in returning to Spain. He also promised to meet the woman, send us word when she arrived, and pilot her to the hut in the mountains, where I was to meet her.

Word came through that the woman had arrived at Henday and that on the next night she would be at the hut. I wanted to get my man, the chief of the whole scheme, out of Spain; so, when word came, I pretended to be ill, and asked the ring-leader to go up to the mountains and meet the lady in my place. I was certain that the chance to get the money and double-cross me would overcome his caution about crossing the border into France. The eagerness with which he accepted the suggestion that he go in my place convinced me that I had judged rightly.

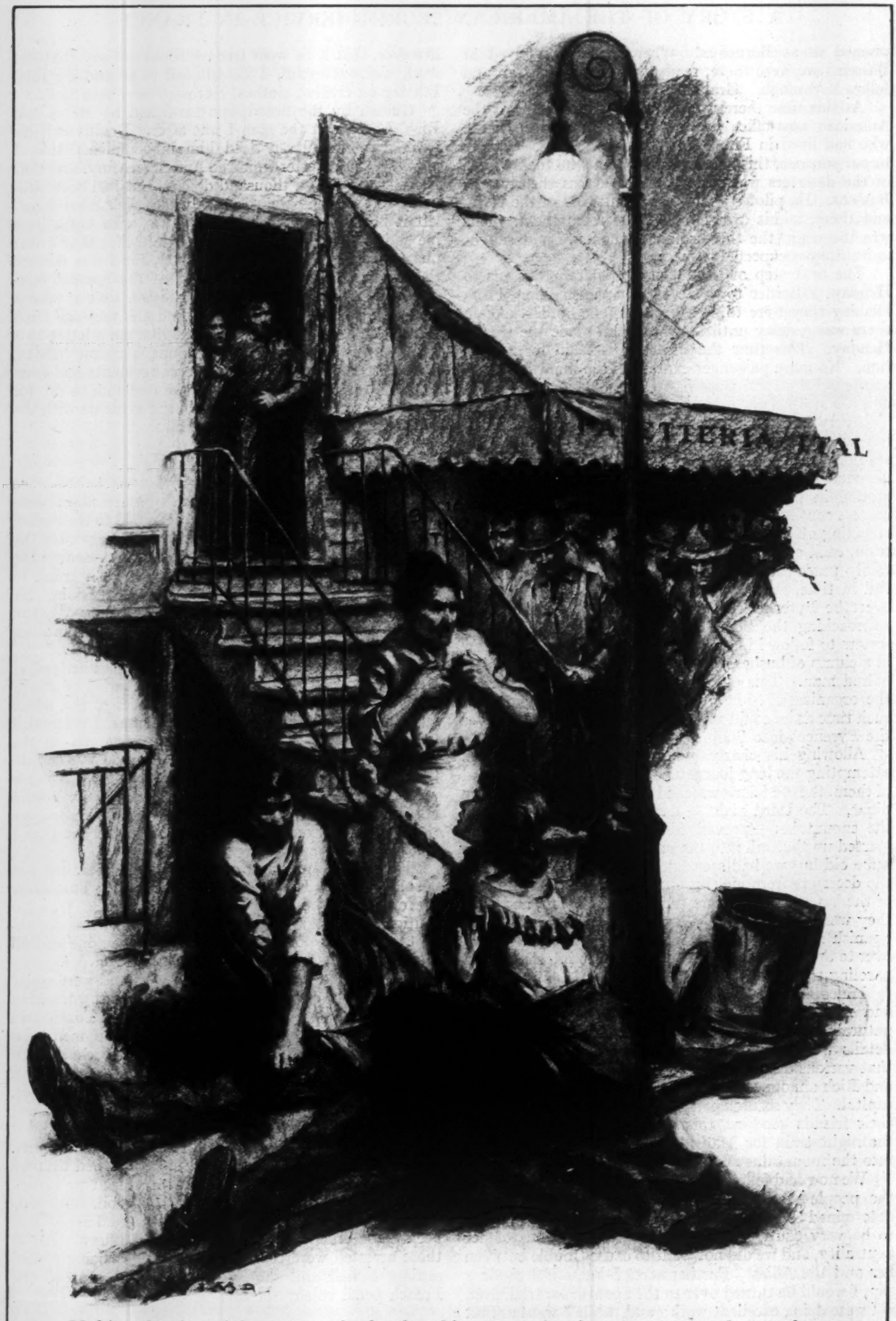
The night came, and off he started. I trailed not far behind him. Eventually he arrived at the hut. Here the crook hesitated. Did he smell a trap? Was his caution returning? Well — there were no witnesses except the French police, and at the trial they one and all swore that they arrested him on French soil.

We now had the Spanish ring-leader, and were ready to finish the work and arrest the entire crowd. Men were detailed to cover the houses in Paris, Tours, and Bassens, while others were to shadow the men who worked on the railroad, a time being set to close in on them. We were successful: our first raid netted us a total of twelve prisoners. A careful search of the houses, coupled with the breaking down of some of the members, who confessed to save their lives, gave us an additional list of other members of the gang, including five women.

At the trial the Spanish government claimed that we had violated her territory and demanded that we return the prisoner we had arrested on Spanish soil. Our witnesses, however, soon proved that the actual arrest had been made on French soil, and they withdrew. All of those arrested were convicted, the leaders being placed against a wall and shot. The rest were sent to the French penal colony for life.

[*"The Train Robbers," another Secret Service story by Major Russell, will appear in January.*]

[1]The story about "The Cocaine Smugglers" appeared in the October McClure's.



Making the sign of the cross on forehead and bosom, crying for vengeance on the murderer

Little Sicily—the district of the vendetta, ruled by fear

MARKED

A Story of the Black Hand

By Edward J. Doherty

Illustrations by W. C. Nims

"IT'S no use, kid, they never talk. A hundred ginnies saw this murder, but not one of them knows a thing. That blue-eyed kid of yours can tell more about it than all of Little Sicily."

Detective Sergeant Timothy Daley carefully removed his black slouch hat, quickly turned it upside down, and made a selection of the cigars it contained. He chose a long fat one, the blackest of the lot.

Having pinched the end gently, he held out this odd cigar-box to his partner and brother-in-law, Detective Sergeant Billy O'Brien.

"No, thanks," O'Brien said impatiently, because his partner had interrupted his thoughts. "I can graft my own."

Daley carefully replaced his hat, first taking a match from inside the leather band. He had been in uniform so long that carrying cigars and matches in his hat had become second nature. The habit had clung after he had been "put in plain clothes." Policemen have no room in trousers pockets for cigars. There are pockets in the coat tails — but you sit on them.

"Well," Daley said, "are we going to stand here and chin all night, or what?"

"Just a minute," said O'Brien.

His eyes were fascinated by the sight of those women dipping their hands in the blood of the murdered husband and father, making the sign of the cross on forehead and bosom and shoulders, screaming, crying up to the stars for vengeance on the slayer. He had never seen anything like this, had never even dreamed that Chicago could show him anything so dramatic.

A little crowd of men slouching in the shadows, hats pulled low, hands in pockets—the corpse lying on the sidewalk — the three women staining their white shirtwaists with crimson stains.

The moths buzzed around the arc light overhead. Down the street a concertina played.

"Let's get out of this."

It was an old story to Daley.

THEY stepped into a saloon a few doors away. It was empty except for an old man, the proprietor. He did not look at either detective, pretended to be busy back of the bar.

The two sat down at a table.

"Got any ideas?" asked O'Brien.

"The young must always be busy," sighed his partner. "But it's no use, as I said before. All we'll ever know is this—take out your little book and put it down."

O'Brien found the stub of a pencil, wet it, and held it ready over the memorandum book.

"Name," said Daley, hesitating—"name's Gianni Alongi. Spell it the best way you can. Them ginney names give me a pain. 'Alias, the Silver King. Killed

by gunshot wounds in head and body. Six feet two. Two hundred and sixty pounds. Eyes, brown. Hair, black. Sawed-off shot-gun found in passageway near scene of murder. Piece of green string tied to stock. Same in possession of — put our names there. Above shot in front of his home, Milton avenue and Hobbie street, at 8:35 p. m. by unknown man.'"

Daley looked at the bartender as though he'd like to eat him.

"Might add," he said to his partner, "'no witnesses.'"

O'Brien pocketed book and pencil.

"Don't you ever clean up one of these Black Hand murders?" he asked. He was a young man, new to the precinct, a little intolerant of the old methods of doing police work, and a bit disappointed in Daley's easy-going ways.

"Never," said Daley. "I tell you these folks never talk. They aren't Italians, Billy, they're Sicilians. They live — and die — just as if they were still in the old country. They won't have anything to do with the police.

"We've filled the whole cell room with 'em time and again, packed 'em in like sardines, sweated every one of them. Had the Black Hand squad talk to them in their own language. They don't know a thing. There was the time Manuscalsco and Dugo were bumped off. Me and Sandy Hagen had the dope. We knew Tony Cardinelli did it. But we couldn't prove nothing. Cardinelli got a load of slug shot between the eyes two weeks later.

"It'll be the same in this case. This Alongi has been the terror of Little Sicily for years. He's been at the bottom of all the Black Hand doings you read about in the papers. But there ain't no Black Hand. Some of the reporters up at the station started that stuff — Con Rourke, Charley Johnson — dead now, poor fellow — Hilding Johnson, a chap named McClelland, and a few more.

"It's just a series of vendettas. Who killed Alongi? Maybe the relative of some one he killed, or marked. Maybe somebody whose grandfather was killed by his grandfather, back in Sicily. The barkeep here knows; and those women you saw taking the blood oath, and everybody else but us. We won't know until he's been shot in the back."

"You said marked?"

Young O'Brien scented a clue.

"Yeah, marked with a dagger — stiletto they call 'em. It's been done frequent."

"Say, I saw a man in the crowd to-night, marked. Had a cross cut into the palm of his hand. Thin fellow, ragged, frightened to death too, I'll bet."

"Huh. That so? Probably Alongi's son-in-law. Never saw him, but I heard about the affair. He kidnapped the old man's youngest daughter, and the King cut him. Name's Sam Feroni, I think. Yes, sure it is. Sam Feroni. Forget where he lives, but I'll get you the dope to-morrow, if you want it. But I don't think you'll get anything out of him."

"Might try it, anyway."

"All right, let's beat it out of here."

THE ambulance had come. The body had been placed on a stretcher, and four men had lifted it into the vehicle while the women screamed more terribly than before.

The driver turned the ambulance, struck the gong with his foot, and started away, the women running, stumbling, panting, screaming after it, trying to keep up.

Daley and O'Brien pushed through the crowd that had gathered, and started down Milton avenue on their way to the Chicago avenue station.

A curious silence went along both sides of the street, keeping pace with them.

"They got no use for coppers," Daley said. "See how they shut up when they see us coming, and start chinning again after we go by!"

O'Brien glanced at the groups on porches and front steps, the heads sticking out of second-story windows. Likable people, he decided. Most of them clean. When they wore white it was real white. Most of them happy.

And yet there was abiding always with them that great fear of the mysterious, that dread of the bomb, the dagger thrust, the roar of the sawed-off shot-gun.

"Even the kids are tongue-tied," said Daley. "It's a shame, eh? But it's wisdom."

"The next generation, maybe — "

"Not in a hundred years," said Daley emphatically. "Little Sicily will always be ruled by fear. Little Sicily will always be the district of the vendetta. Little Sicily will always hold its tongue. Look at the place. A passageway between each house. A rabbit-warren. A neighborhood of a thousand get-aways. No place in the world is better built for murder and escape."

A POLICEMAN'S wife is to be pitied. She spends the night alone, or with her children, while her husband is out in the bad-lands, running through dark blind alleys, shooting and shot at, visiting dives where danger lurks, risking his life every hour for a hundred dollars or so a month.

She cannot sleep. She worries. Every minute she expects to hear the ring of the telephone, bringing some dreadful message. Her mind paints a hundred gruesome pictures as the hours go by.

So they'd have you believe, the folks who do not know her. Perhaps it is true in some instances. Perhaps it ought to be true in all instances.

But it wasn't true with Billy O'Brien's wife. She had felt a little timid when she was first married, but she had become as brave as her husband since she had taken his name. She took the loneliness of the nights as a matter of course, and after Billy Junior arrived there were no lonely nights.

She fixed a little cold lunch, set it out on the table, put coffee in the coffee-pot, half filled it with cold water and placed it on the gas stove. And if there was a little pudding in the ice-box she left a note on the table. Then, after seeing that the baby was still sweet and beautiful and adorable and wonderful, she switched out the light, went to bed, and fell asleep at once.

Bill would let himself in quietly at about two o'clock in the morning, tip-toe past the door to the little bedroom, go to the kitchen, throw hat and coat on a chair, close the kitchen door, prop the first edition of the morning paper against the sugar bowl, start the gas burning under the coffee, and look for the little note.

"Dear Mr. Husband," it usually read, "If you will look in the bottom of the ice-box, right-hand side, you'll find a little surprise. Don't make yourself sick. Your loving wife."

Maybe it was the pudding. Maybe it was a bit of pie — Bill would eat pie at any time. Maybe it was a slice of melon, a dish of sliced tomatoes, or a plate of fudge.

After his stomach was happy Billy would smoke and read until he felt like going to bed. And maybe before he turned out the light he would scribble a note to Sheila.

"Sheila dearest. Pudding fine. Your Bill." — or "Pie great." Something like that.

Once Sheila had left a bottle of beer on the ice for him, and he had called her "Dearest bootlegger." It

was his nearest approach to levity, and Sheila was flattered. A very serious young man, Billy O'Brien.

This night of the Alongi murder, however, the usual routine was altered. There was a light in the house. Billy saw it when he turned the corner. And he was frightened. Burglars? Wife sick? The kid— Billy ran the hundred yards in less than ten seconds, jerking his revolver out of his coat pocket as he ran. By this latter incident you will see he was not one of the old-school cops whose guns are always in leather holsters tucked in back pockets hard to reach.

His wife opened the door to him as he came bounding up the steps. She was excited. But at sight of his white face she checked the feelings that had almost overcome her, and produced a smile.

"It's really nothing to worry about. Billy," she said. "Boy's just a little sick."

"What's the matter?"

Sheila, who had been walking the floor for hours, who had felt like screaming at the top of her voice, who had clenched her hands until the nails bit into her flesh, had suddenly become extremely calm. Strange what the presence of her husband accomplished. Or is it?

"I phoned the doctor at eleven o'clock," she said. "He was out, but his wife expected him in shortly. She said she'd have him call me. I called again at twelve and got the doctor and he said he'd be right over. But he hasn't come yet."

"I'll get him," said Bill. It was a threat, said that way. "But what's the matter with the lad?"

He stooped and picked up one of the youngster's soft white shoes, and squeezed it — hard.

"Just a little fever, I guess. But he cried so. He falls asleep for a few minutes, then wakes up and frets. He's been asleep about five minutes now."

Bill bent over the little white bed, took up a little red hand, muttered under his breath, and then almost ran out of the house.

He returned with the doctor in exactly twenty minutes, and it was plain the doctor had come unwillingly, but hastily none the less.

He mashed some white pellets in a spoon, poured a little water into the mixture and gave it to the baby.

"Been overfeeding him," he said. "That's all."

Bill didn't see the doctor go. He was holding his son. He held him until dawn, crooning to him, keeping him warm. In fact, he fell asleep in the rocking-chair. And woke to hear the baby cooing.

Bill smiled and whispered to Sheila, and she came over to the two Bills and kissed them both.

"Guess I'll turn in and get a little sleep," said the older Bill.

HE was indignant when Daley came into his bedroom that afternoon and hit him with a pillow.

"Get out of here and let me nap," he said. "Been up all night with the baby."

"Three o'clock p. m." said Daley.

O'Brien leaped out of bed and began dressing at once.

"Tim," he said, "you don't know how much you think of a kid until it gets sick, eh?"

"Or you lose one," said Tim, the father of seven. "I got that wop's address for you. Want to buzz him?"

"Sure."

"All right, go to it. It's half a block from the

There is no place in the world better built for murder and escape than this Italian quarter of Chicago. It's a rabbit-warren—a place of a thousand get-aways

Dutchman's and I'll meet you there at 4:30. But it's time wasted, kid. You won't get nothing on him, or out of him."

"What you going to do in the meantime, Tim?"

"Mosey around the pawnshops. Been moseying all day. Must have bought that gun in one of them places. The green string was still on it, remember. Must have been a price-tag. Probably tore off the tag."

"Think so?" O'Brien was half hidden behind a cloud of lather. "I got another hunch."

"What is it?"

"Tell you later. If it doesn't pan out, you won't have the laugh on me."

Sheila had prepared a big breakfast, but Bill was in a hurry and ate hardly anything. He was, if you must know, a little excited. He had a hunch he'd clean up the Alongi murder that afternoon.

"I'll call you up, dearest," he said as he was going. He picked the baby up and covered his face with kisses.

"'Bye, you little old son of a gun," he said. "And don't you get sick again, or your old man will go batty."

"'Bye," said the baby; "'Bye, daddy—'Bye."

Sheila carried him to the front steps, and he waved his fat hands and shouted, "'Bye" until daddy disappeared around the corner.

SAM FERONI lived on the West Side, in another precinct. Detective Sergeant O'Brien should have gone to the commander of that precinct and put the matter up to him, asking that one or more detectives be sent with him to the house.

But he did nothing of the sort. He went to the place alone. He figured that in clearing up a murder anything is permissible, and he didn't intend that detectives from another station should get credit for arresting a man for murder in his territory.

It was a ramshackle house, a two-story frame affair, narrow and long, housing more than a dozen families. He entered boldly, as though he lived there. He walked up the front steps, went down a corridor, stopped at the second door, and rapped.

A woman called out something in a foreign tongue, and O'Brien entered.

It was a big room, dark, dingy, disordered and dirty. At the right was an iron bed. The woman lay there, a baby in her arms. A quilt of many colors was turned down at her neck. Her hair was unbound. Her face was thin. She looked ill. At the foot of the bed was a stove with a drunken pipe. Near it was an empty coal-scuttle—not that it was winter.

On the left was a table covered with oilcloth. Two battered chairs were at either end. In the center of the room was a rocking-chair. Above a little stand at the other end of the room — about opposite the stove — was an unframed mirror, a few faded photographs, a comb and brush, a piece of black soap, an empty whisky bottle, a crucifix, and a half-burned candle.

Between table and stand was a shallow clothes closet without a door.

O'Brien studied the room before he closed the door. He opened one of the two windows — so he could breathe. It required some effort to raise that window, but Bill was strong.

"Where's your husband?" he asked.

"He went out for medicine. He ought to be back soon."

"I'm a policeman," O'Brien said, showing his star.

"I know," she answered.

She spoke quickly, and with the aid of her hands; but there was no trace of foreign accent in her speech.

"Sit down, please. Take the rocker."

"Mind if I look through your husband's clothes first?" he asked.

"What do you want?"

"Just a little piece of string."

"Oh! It's in the drawer over there."

She pointed to the stand, and lay back, closing her eyes. O'Brien pulled open the drawer, took out a ball of green string, and placed it in the center of the table. Then he stepped to the clothes closet, rummaged a bit, and found what he sought, a vest with a bit of green string dangling from a button around which it had been wound.

"Is this your husband's?"

"Yes."

"Did Sam have a shot-gun?" he asked suddenly.

"I don't know," she answered. She seemed to grow paler, thinner. Her eyes blazed. She began talking in Italian, quickly, loudly.

"If you're trying to warn somebody," O'Brien said, "it won't do any good, Mrs. Feroni. The place is surrounded."

She stopped talking, began to weep. The baby added a thin little wail to hers.

"Don't take my man away," the woman begged. "Look at this place. Look at me. Look at my little Gianni, my poor little baby. My man is good. He never did anything bad in his whole life. He — "

The door was opened and Sam Feroni stood there, scowling.

O'Brien stood up quickly.

"I'm sorry, Sam, but the captain wants to see you," he said. That was a little formula he used. It was nicer than saying, "You're under arrest."

"Whatsa mat? I no talka da Eengaleesh."

O'Brien's smile was just the ghost of a smile. He reached out, and before Sam knew what the detective intended, O'Brien was holding his right hand, palm up.

"Sam," he said, "you talked English very well last night. I heard you distinctly. Your father-in-law didn't like you, Sam, and he marked you. So you got your shot-gun, tied it to your vest with a piece of green string, took him home, told him good-night, called to him, and when he turned you fired both barrels. There's the vest with part of the string on it. We've got the gun, with the rest of the string. Now, Sam, I'm not going to ask you anything you have to answer. You know, anything you say will be used against you. But it will go easier with you if you come clean."

THE baby's wail was the only answer. Sam, asking permission with his eyes, went over to the bed, patted the baby gently, making a cooing noise in his throat.

He was on his knees. He turned his head to O'Brien, and silently motioned him to come look at the baby. O'Brien obeyed, but warily. He never took chances.

Sam pulled down the bright-colored quilt a little way, took the baby's right arm gently by the wrist, and turned it so the palm was upwards. On the baby's hand was a tiny red cross.

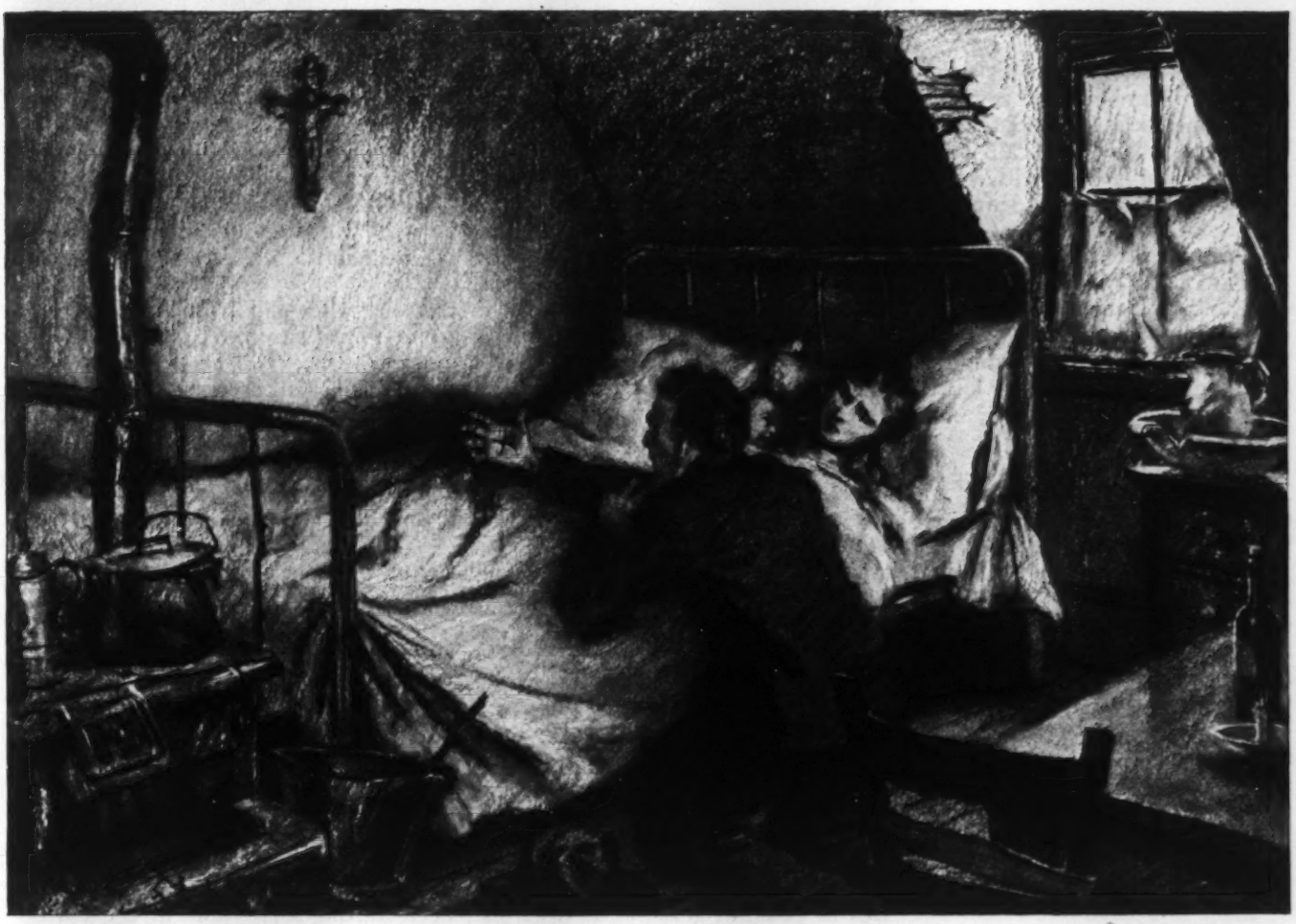
Sam put his own right hand next to the baby's. O'Brien looked from one to the other. He nodded.

"Birth-mark," he said.

Sam swept his soft round hat to the floor and began to weep.

"Sit down, please," he said. "I tell you everything. I killed my father-in-law just like you say. I kill him dead. And I am no sorry. Sit there. And I sit here, so. I tell you everything."

He had lived next door to Lina back in Sicily. He had loved her then. They had promised to marry. He had wept for a week after Lina and her folks had gone



"Then my baby is born. And—Sapristi—he have the cross curse on his sweet little hand!"

away in the big ship bound for New York. He had saved up his money and followed her as soon as he could. His folks had needed him. He waited until they had died, and then he had come to the United States. He came in the steerage. He saved every penny he could. And one day he came to Chicago and found his Lina.

He got a job, digging. It was good pay. He saved money. He took his sweetheart to movies, to dances. He brought her flowers. And then, when he had a hundred dollars in the bank, he asked her father if he might marry her.

"Her father was mad. He say the daughter of the 'Silver King' shall marry a man with money. He laugh at me and throw me out of his house. He hurt me so I cannot work. I lose my job. I hunt again, every place. And finally I find me a job in a greenhouse. I save.

"I wait until I have five hundred dollars. Then I kidnap my Lina. I steal her away, and marry her. She is very happy. I am in heaven."

"Yes," the sick woman sobbed, "we were happy—happy!"

Feroni told next of their forced wandering from place to place, the money spent in railroad fares, in boarding-houses. Always the fear of the 'Silver King' was with them. Strange men would come to visit the wife when the husband was away. Vague questions. Peculiar glances. And the lovers were off on another journey.

"We could stand it no more," said Feroni. "We thought we should come back and see my wife's father. Maybe he would forgive. Maybe he would love to know so soon he was to be grandpa. Maybe I could get steady job.

"We came. We went to his house. He laughed at us. He knocked me down with his great fist. And while I lay on the floor he marked me — here. He cut down. He cut across. There was much blood. My Lina, she faint. It was his mark he made. The way he sign his name. With a cross.

"'Now,' he say to me when he has stopped the blood and wrap my hand in cloth, 'now, every time you look at your hand, you will think of me. You will read my name, and curse me. And every time you curse you will feel my anger. When you eat, when you work, when you pray, when you wake up at night and look at your hand, a hundred times a day you will curse. People will look at your hand in horror, and you will curse again. Get out of here!'

"He drive us out. And he laugh. Laugh much.

"AND what he say is true. I curse him every time I look at my hand. I curse him every time I lift it. I curse him so much that life is very bitter. Even when I pray to God, I curse that man. I curse his name, his mark, his cross cut into my hand. I think of him so much I am no good for work. My family—myself—we starve. We live like pigs.

"Then my baby is born. And — *Sapristi* — he have the cross curse on his sweet little hand! It make me cry. It break my heart. It drive me mad.

"Mr. Police, I send a letter to my baby's grandfather. I ask him to come to my baby's christening. I tell him we call my little boy by his name, Gianni. He come. We have the christening. I spend everything I have for food and wine and beer, and one pint bottle of the whisky.

"I never leave my father-in-law all the day. I am at his side, telling him how nice my baby is. I show him the cross curse on my baby's little hand. He laughs. I show him my own hand, that he cut. He say all that is forgotten now. He will get me good job—street-cleaner. He drink much wine. I drink whisky. I laugh too, all day. And I curse.

"Gianni Alongi kiss his daughter and his grandson, and I take him home. I say good-bye at his house, and while his back is turned I take out the gun.

"'Gianni Alongi,' I call. He turn. 'Gianni Alongi, the hand you marked with your mark, that is the hand that pulls the trigger.' I pull it twice."

Feroni bent his head and looked at his hand.

"Curse him!" he said.

Then quickly the hand went to a pocket and came out, holding a revolver.

THROUGH O'Brien's mind there flashed the warning, "I'm going to be killed. Sheila will miss me. My baby — what will he do? I can't die with him needing me so!"

Quick as the thought was the action of his big right hand. It closed instinctively into a fist. It swung up even as O'Brien rose. It hit Feroni. And Feroni fell, stunned, the gun discharging a bullet into the ceiling.

O'Brien kicked the weapon into a corner, and flourished his own revolver. He was perspiring. He was shaking. He was shivering with fright. He felt cold all over, and sick.

What if he had been killed! What would become of that adorable Billy Junior? What would become of Sheila?

He stood over the man on the floor. The hand that held the revolver trembled.

There was no sound save the crying of the baby.

The thought came to him, "What will Sam Feroni's widow and baby do — when he is hanged?"

What would they do?

He was ashamed of that thought. It should have no place in a detective's makeup. But he couldn't get rid of it. He was ashamed of himself.

Why should he care? The law was the law. The law demanded a life for a life. The husband and father had killed. He must be killed.

"Get up," he said.

Feroni arose, but dropped to his knees and begged.

O'Brien looked upon him with disgust, took out a pair of handcuffs.

"Put out your arms," he ordered.

Feroni wept, but obeyed. O'Brien winced as he saw that ugly cross scar on the right palm, but he locked the cuffs on the wrists.

"Come on," he said, taking a grip on Feroni's right sleeve, and picking up the vest with the green string, and the ball of string itself.

"I go," said Feroni. He straightened up. He wiped his eyes with his bare hands. He stooped, picked up his hat and put it on.

"You let me kiss my wife—my little *bambino?*"

O'Brien hesitated. This was going to be hard.

"All right," he said.

Feroni threw himself on his knees, his locked hands caressing his wife's wet face, his lips covering the baby's cheek with kisses.

"My poor Lina! What you goin' do now? What you goin' do? What become of my little son?"

O'Brien's own thought!

OUT of the tragic little family on the bed there was thrust a little hand. A red cross glowed on the palm. The hand waved — as the hand of little Billy had waved when he said good-bye to daddy an hour ago.

Angrily O'Brien jerked Feroni to his feet, viciously he spun him around. Then, in a moment, he had unlocked the handcuffs and put them in his own pocket.

He shook the man roughly. "You keep still about this," he said. "If you say a word I'll have you hanged. Understand?"

He walked to the door, turned, doubled up his fist.

"You go pawn that gat of yours and buy some food. And get a job. You hear?"

O'Brien had been waiting some time in the Dutchman's when Daley sauntered in. He was smiling.

"Just been talking to my kid," he said. "He talks over the phone now. Knew my voice right away. What do you think he said? He said 'Bye, daddy. 'Bye, daddy.' Just as plain as you could say it."

"You and your kid!" taunted Daley. "Get anything out of Feroni?"

"He won't talk," said O'Brien.

"They never do," said Daley. "And they never will!"

When I Found You

By
Patrick O'Shea

WHEN I found you—all nature seemed to call;
The silence of the years that crept along
Now burst into a madding lyric song,
The very skies took on a different hue
When I found you.

A little rill that lay within my heart,
All frozen over with the pain of years,
Broke from its dam, and like refreshing tears
Swept through my being — bringing hope anew
When I found you.

The pagan "I" now stole away in shame.
The angels seemed to peep from every space
And all the sunbeams mirrored your dear face.
At last I knew that God sent rain and dew
When I found you.

And so you brought unto my darkened soul
A wondrous light—a knowledge of great things;
Then all the evil spirits took to wings
And I at last to my own self was true,
When I found you.

The only child is likely to be a spoiled child

From a photograph by Jessie Tarbox Beals

The Spoiled Child

By Ruth Danenhower Wilson

THE scourges of motherhood and childhood that pursued the older generations were hideously hidden things of physical infection.

The mother of to-day no longer draws back in silent fear of those varied specters that followed in the shadows of the stork's wings during her grandmother's day. If she considers them at all it is with that condescension which she reserves for all old wives' tales, or she wonders a little at what she considers the gross ignorance of a generation that unsuspectingly allowed death to ride in on the unsterile instruments of the kindly little black bag, that permitted thousands of new eyes to be blinded to the light of their mothers' faces for the want of a drop or two of nitrate of silver.

For older generations, the path of the infant from birth to childhood lay through the jungle of an infected land.

"How vastly stupid they must have been," I heard a young mother say not long ago. "Fancy my grandmother's country doctor — and oh, how she adored him — presenting himself at the door of a modern maternity ward!" Her hands went up in amused horror. "His instruments washed, if cleansed at all, as one might rinse the supper dishes."

So always through the hindsight of the new generation does the foresight of the older generation appear incredibly blinded. This situation is not new. It will probably continue as long as one generation follows another. Fifty years hence this complacent new mother will sit in the grandmother's chair and quite—oh yes, quite — by chance overhear *her* granddaughter applying those same epithets of stupidity to her and her generation.

If I were to mention this probability to this same delightful mother now she would dismiss me with a brief lift of an amused eyebrow. "Look at my children," she would probably demand. "Look at those plump bodies, those red cheeks, those clear eyes. Note the vitality in their games, look at their teeth, their hair. Put a stethoscope to their little hearts, their lungs. How are you going to improve on that?"

And my quick answer would be, "I do not see how any generation could do much better — with their bodies."

For to me there is no more amazing thing in all science than the contribution of this early twentieth century to the breeding and rearing of the physical child. No, that future grandmother's scorn cannot point here. The children that I see all about me who are brought up under the new régime are really astounding little

After reading "The Spoiled Child" in manuscript Dr. G. Stanley Hall wrote: "The author gives a very careful résumé of the views of all the investigators without prejudice and has put her case strongly and well. The article is well up to date."

"The Spoiled Child" is the first of four articles prepared for McCLURE'S by Mrs. Wilson, the other three of which are to follow in successive issues: "The Backward Child and the Prodigy," "The Too Imaginative Child," and "The Savage State from Eight to Twelve."

creatures. Undoubtedly we are beginning to understand their little bodies and the hideously subtle things that prey on them. The explorers in this field of child study have worked well into their territory, leaving us plainly marked trails and sign-posts that point with unerring fingers. This we may confidently affirm is beginning to be the Known Land.

"What then of the Unknown Land?" you demand. And my answer can better be demonstrated than explained.

If you will turn over the pages of serious magazines and reviews, if you will attend the mothers' meetings, the women's clubs, the conclaves of school boards, the profound considerations of sociologists, the hurried whisper and query of one mother to another, of one father to another, you will find one subject running through as a common theme.

The Child's Mental Health

"What are we going to do with this healthy young animal that we have made? We have given him the best body that any generation of men has produced. And just when we have time to stop for breath and congratulate ourselves we are brought up with a sudden rein by the query, 'Well, what of it? What are you going to do now? His body is better, but how about his mind, his intellect, his sympathies, his mental courage, his spirit, his regard for truth and beauty, his attitude toward work? How about infections of the intellect and spirit of the child? Are there such things as mental and spiritual infections that can be passed on from mother to child? Are there other infections of the child's character which come to it directly unless we guard against them?'"

The science of the day answers with blunt direction, "Yes."

There are points of infection along the channels that feed the child's mind and character as poisonous as any and a thousand times more terrible than any that ever polluted the physical avenues of nutrition. The average mother of to-day understands these mental and spiritual enemies, these psychological foes lurking to prey upon her child, as little as her grandmother understood the physical danger of germs.

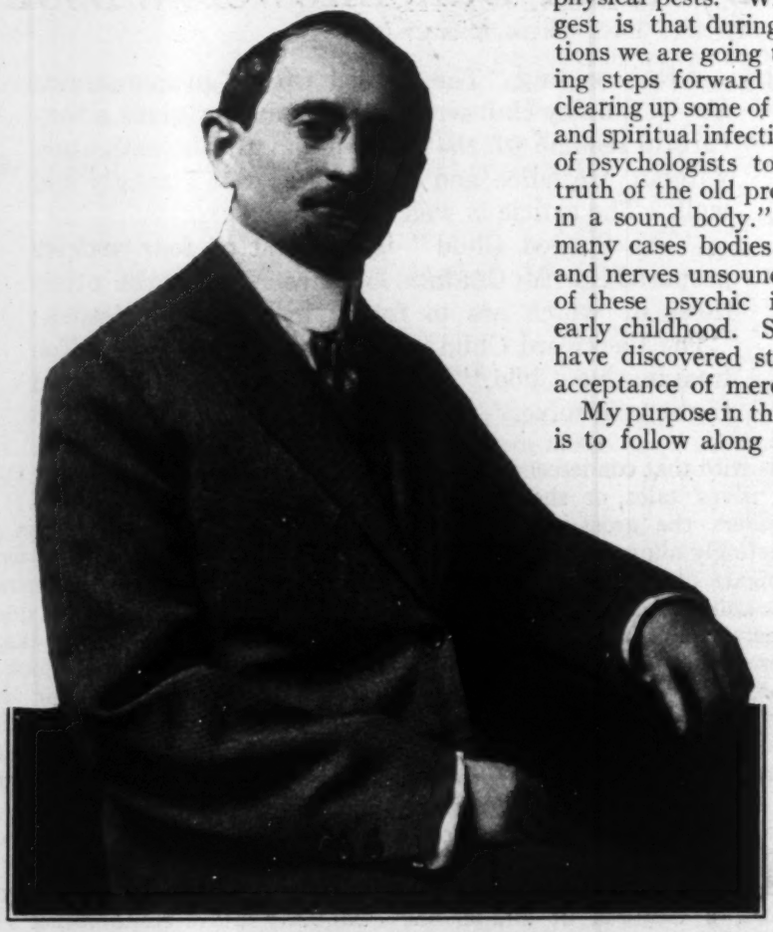
I do not mean to imply with a sensational flourish that the present generation of children is possessed by spiritual decadence, or mental atrophy. Such is obviously not the case. Despite the "calamity howlers" it cannot be demonstrated that they lie or cheat or otherwise abuse their moral and ethical codes more than have other generations. Perhaps the new physical vitality we have given them may make their transgressions more apparent. I do not know.

What I do mean to say is that the psychologists in their new study of the child are beginning to question the normality of many of these mental and ethical infections. They are beginning to question whether the devastating trait of selfishness, for instance, ought to be taken as a common burden of mankind or whether it is a diseased symptom of an early childhood infection. They are beginning to wonder if such things as untruthfulness, cowardice and lack of self-control do not bear the same relation to the child's mental health as do infected teeth and tonsils to his physical health. They are asking whether that antagonism between child and parents which grows into the age-old struggle between the new and the old generation does not have its beginning in failure of the parents to understand the child at some vital period of his development.

The psychologists' research has practically just begun in spite of certain absurd claims of certain schools. Most of the great scientists in this field admit the fact. As one of them said to me not long ago, "We are in those early stages of suspicion in which we are challenging every quarter, no matter how reputable its former character. We have a strong feeling that ultimately we shall uncover hidden pus centers in childhood which will clear up many of the mental and spiritual scourges of adult life. We have done enough already to warrant this faith."

It seems a rather astounding announcement! You ask, "Do you mean to imply that we can ever hope to breed and rear a generation of children that shall be free from ethical, moral and mental disease?"

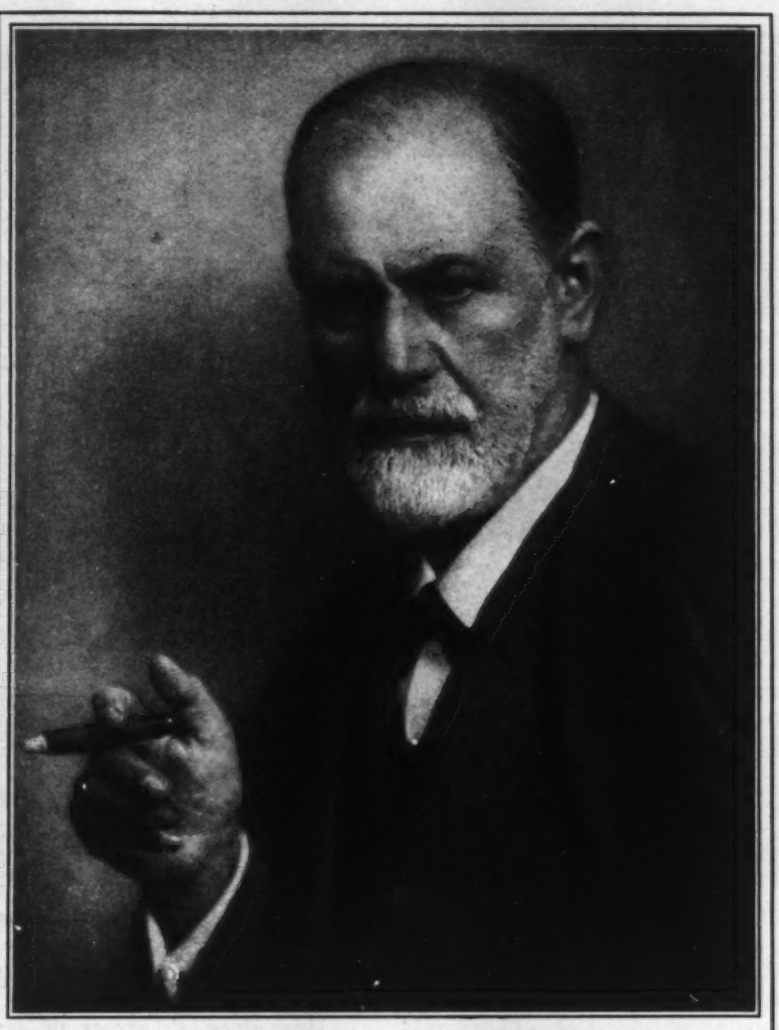
And my answer to that is, I do not know. Probably not, any more than physicians can entirely eliminate physical pests. What I do mean to suggest is that during the next few generations we are going to take some astounding steps forward in understanding and clearing up some of these points of mental and spiritual infections. There is a school of psychologists to-day which denies the truth of the old proverb, "A sound mind in a sound body." They assert that in many cases bodies are sound and minds and nerves unsound, and that the sources of these psychic infections go back to early childhood. Some of the things they have discovered stagger our complacent acceptance of mere physical health.



Dr. A. A. Brill of New York finds that a large number of his nervous patients were "only" children

My purpose in this short series of articles is to follow along after the psychologists and to present their fragmentary field notes for what they are worth. They are brought to your attention as rather disconnected, tentative jottings fresh from the men who are working in their living laboratories. They are gathered wherever I have been able to find fragments from different fields. In Vienna there are Professor Sigmund Freud with his startling methods of psychoanalysis, and

Dr. Alfred Adler with his larger views; in Zurich there is Dr. Jung and his school; and other doctors and psychologists are scattered here and there in France, England, Italy and Germany. In this country we have orthodox psychologists of the three rival schools, Introspectionists, Behaviorists and Genetistists, neurologists of various schools including those who like Dr. A. A. Brill follow Freud's methods of psychoanalysis, and those who like Dr. Frank Tannenbaum reject Freud's methods and practise their own type of psychoanalysis. Perhaps our own country's greatest contribution to this new study of the child is the work of Dr. G. Stanley Hall and the group of psychologists who have been with him at Clark University. In truth, all over the world doctors, sociologists, biologists and psychologists are working in this great new field of child study.



One of the few photographs existing of Professor Sigmund Freud of Vienna, whose theories of psychoanalysis are still a moot question among psychologists

The present article deals with the problem of the spoiled child. That is a good old English idiom that every one understands. A child can be spoiled by favoritism or by isolation or by such over-petting as is commonly supposed to be the usual lot of only children; or children may be spoiled by the mere weakening of discipline everywhere, while at the same time the importance of childhood is emphasized in a wrong way. It has long been suspected that many perplexing infections of character such as abnormal sex manifestations, lack of competitive stamina, and the various degrees of moral and ethical blindness in grown people might be traceable to the peculiar conditions that surrounded them in childhood. It was found that these abnormal adults had frequently been over-petted children whose parents had had no idea of fitting them for future responsibilities.

Dr. Neter of Munich, Dr. Friedjung of Vienna, Professor Bohannon of Clark University and the Freudian school of psychoanalysts have been opening up an extensive experimentation in this field, gathering most of their data about only children, as it was found that the spoiled child was oftenest an only child, though the same kind of spoil often blights the youngest child, or one who for some other reason becomes the favorite.

These investigators are not trying to prove anything, they are not engaging in propaganda of any kind. They are not aiming to show with Roosevelt that families of but one child mean race suicide, nor are they aligning themselves with the advocates of birth control who hold that limitation of families means quality rather than quantity in the race. They are simply seeking the facts as to what kind of grown-ups spoiled children make, and what factors in their childhood were effective in maturity.

Dr. A. A. Brill, the neurologist of the Freudian school, and Professor of Psychology at New York University, found that among the adult patients he treated for nervous disorders a very large percentage were only or favorite children. He made specific observations of four hundred of these patients who had been spoiled children, one hundred and seventy-two men and two hundred and twenty-eight women. The least serious cases were merely strangely unsocial jealous beings. One only son of nineteen had not a single friend. He wished to associate exclusively with older persons and could not adapt himself to the society of young people because, as he said, they "bored" him.

The most serious cases among the four hundred patients showed far greater deviations from the normal. About eighteen per cent suffered from dementia præcox, an incurable form of insanity, and thirty-six per cent showed sexual abnormalities which will not be discussed in this article. The rest suffered from various forms of the psycho-neuroses, that is, from nervous disorders which have their origin in psychic conditions, in contrast to the true neuroses which are caused by bodily ills.

Spoiled Children Make Poor Competitors

Dr. Brill cautions us that no statistical conclusions should be drawn from these four hundred cases, as they came to him or were sent to him for treatment for the psycho-neuroses or some of the other maladies named above. Also some of the only children were undoubtedly burdened by poor heredity, the disease of one of the parents perhaps making them only children and being passed on to them. After a detailed study of these four hundred cases Dr. Brill concludes, however, that they do "show the marked prevalence of only or favorite children in these classes of nervous patients." He further concludes that spoiled children become confirmed egotists and are poor competitors in the struggle for existence.

Yet as children these four hundred patients undoubtedly had the most of everything since babyhood,

The only child is apt not to join in games, but to withdraw to quieter amusements

the most care, the most affection, the most of all that money could buy compared to other children of the same class who shared impartially with brothers and sisters. One would naturally suppose that when these little possessors of extra advantages reached man's estate they would be the best equipped for life. What is the reason that in actual fact they end up in the neurologist's office? To find the source of the unfortunate characteristics of the adult spoiled child we must follow certain studies of childhood. These were made on only children as the most practical method for segregating numbers of children, a large proportion of whom would be spoiled children.

Too Much Attention Bad for Nerves

Dr. Friedjung of Vienna studied one hundred only children, forty-five boys and fifty-five girls from one to eleven years old. He found that the majority of them had no appetite. They had been gorged with too much food. Of course the result was poor digestion, pallid cheeks and flabby muscles. Professor Bohannon's investigation of only children in schools in this country found them far below the average in health and vitality.

But what has overfeeding and its physical results to do with the only child's nervous abnormalities as an adult? Just this. We have seen how the only child gets the most of everything, the most food, the most attention, the most love. The most food proves to be too much food with bad physical effects. That is the least of the bad results from the most of everything the only child is always getting. "The most" really means "too much" in every direction. Too much attention from grown-ups has unfortunate results to a child's nerves, egotism, and powers of competition; worst of all, the gorging with too much parental love means, according to the Freudian school, the worst possible results to normal development in later life.

How does an excess of association with grown-ups make for nervousness?

Professor Bohannon stresses the danger of overburdening the child with grown-up responsibilities and confidences, "making the defenceless little being father confessor for all sorts of temporal and spiritual woes." He gives an instance of a child whose mother made him her constant companion, discussing everything with him, even to her religious doubts and scruples. Another, and an only child, announced at the age of ten that he was an agnostic and a communist. These were not just parrot phrases with him. He had a very fair understanding of what he meant by the terms, for he had discussed them with his parents when most boys of his age were talking about the foot-ball championship. An only daughter at the age of nine was all wrought up over the increasingly high cost of living. She would gravely tell how much more the staple commodities cost than they did the year before. If sugar or butter went up a cent more she was as genuinely worried as any careful housekeeper with only a small margin of means.

That nervousness is apparent in the spoiled child at an early age is shown by the study of one hundred only children made by Dr. Friedjung. Only thirteen were normal nervously though thirty-three were physically normal. Eighty-seven were more or less neuropathic. Eighteen of these eighty-seven were very neurotic.

One of the main characteristics of these eighty-seven children was exaggerated fears. Normal children frequently fear the same things for a time, the doctor, dark rooms, thunder, animals, and so on. But in these only children such fears were exaggerated so as to be almost obsessing, interfering seriously with their sleep by night and their peace of mind by day. The major

cause of such nervous conditions in only children is undoubtedly too much association with the fears, problems and responsibilities of grown-ups.

Precocity, another characteristic of the spoiled child, seems also to be a result of too much association with grown-ups and to be a marked factor in causing egotism and poor powers of competition in adult life. Both Dr. Friedjung and Professor Bohannon found precocity a prominent characteristic of the only child. Dr. Friedjung's hundred cases all showed unusual mental development. Even among the eighty-seven who were nervously abnormal seventy-eight were above normal in the development of their minds. One little girl could give her name and address at the age of sixteen months. Professor Bohannon had conducted an investigation of peculiar and exceptional children, and was struck with the number that were described as only children, though he had not inquired on that point. So he investigated the only child separately by sending questionnaires to teachers inquiring all sorts of details about the only children in their classes. A study of the three hundred and eighty-one replies led him to the conclusion that precocity was the most conspicuous trait of the only child in spite of the fact that they entered school later than other children and were less regular in their attendance.

Instead of precocity some of the teachers used the term "mentally old for their years." By it they evidently did not mean that these only children had mental powers superior to others, for they also reported that their success in school work was *below* the average. So it seems logical to conclude that the precocity of the only child merely means that he is old for his years because of his constant association with older people.

It is an old superstition that the seventh child in a family is always the one remarkably endowed by nature. Some investigators claim that the fifth or sixth child is the flower of the family. Margaret Sanger points to cases of geniuses who were only children.

Of all the studies that have been made of the matter the most comprehensive, scientific and dispassionate is that of Havelock Ellis, the English sociologist. From dictionaries of biography he took one thousand and thirty British geniuses from the fourth century to the present time, rejecting any about whose parentage nothing was known. He made a thorough study of these thousand and thirty as to their race, class, parentage, position in family and so on. What interests us is that he found the vast majority came from very large families, "much larger than the average family at the time they lived." The geniuses tended to be the oldest sons of large families or the youngest sons of large families. Only children made up a very small percentage of the thousand and thirty.

Granting that the usual precocity of the spoiled child is caused merely by association with grown-ups and does not result in remarkable powers in later life, why should it be considered a source of infection for nervous ills? Because misunderstanding of this precocity brings the child undue admiration and plays a great part in making him a confirmed egotist and poor competitor. Parents consider the precocity a mark of vastly superior powers and do not scruple to say so to the child, who naturally believes himself above his fellows. His ego develops abnormally with dire results when he grows older, goes out in the world and finds that every one does not consider him the remarkable being he has come to believe himself to be. Then, as Dr. Brill says, "the slightest depreciation, hardly enough to be noticed by the average person, is enough to throw him into fits of rage."

Egotism Common in Both Sexes

Dr. Neter found abnormal egotism even oftener in the only son than in the only daughter. He also says that in a family of one son and one daughter both children frequently show abnormal egotism. The son has been brought up to believe himself the finest boy in the world and the daughter has been taught that no other girls can compare with her.

The way in which undue admiration during childhood unfits the child in later life for normal competition with others begins to show very early in relations with other children. Professor Bohannon's investigation showed that, even when very young, spoiled children, cut off from child companions, do not have good command of themselves socially. He found they have constant friction with their companions because they constantly demand their own way. At home they have it without question. With other children they do not join in games regularly and rarely excel in athletics. They are bad losers. So they devote themselves to reading and quiet amusements. Frequently they have peculiarities that make other children tease them as "queer" and "different." The boys are often bullied as "sissies" and "mama's boys." Instead of struggling to associate with other children and so having their peculiarities gradually rubbed off, such children learn to shun companions of their own age. To fill this lack of natural playmates many prefer the company of older people, some have imaginary child companions, others give a prominent place to dolls or pets, some will choose a companion who is much younger and frequently of the other sex. In short in childhood they begin the tendency not to compete with their equals.

Where there is an only son and an only daughter in a family, both frequently show abnormal egotism

Now we come to the suggestion that some abnormalities in the emotional life of the grown-up who has been a spoiled child may be the result of gorging the child with too much parental love. How preposterous that idea sounds! Can a child be loved too much? What harm can it do?

If we consider the way a child's affec-

tions should normally develop we easily see the harmful results of too much love. Naturally a child first loves his parents, as they are the first people he knows. Then he normally includes other members of the family in his growing affections, then later playmates, teachers, sweethearts, wife, and finally children of his own.

But if from childhood a child has been kept from knowing and loving anyone but his parents, if other children have been avoided through fear of contagious disease or bad associations, if his mother has kept him from knowing girls "because they weren't good enough for him," then when he grows up he will undoubtedly feel awkward in the society of any but his parents and may be unable to find a mate and marry.

Dr. Brill, in his study of four hundred cases of patients who had been only or favorite children, found that only ninety-three of them had married, though their average age was thirty-four. In his opinion most of them remained old maids and old bachelors because they were unduly dominated by their attachment to their parents. An only daughter told Dr. Brill that she would never marry till she "found someone just like her father."

In this matter of the Œdipus and Electra complex I was interested in asking the views of the head of the Psychology Department of one of our Eastern colleges. This professor laughed at many parts of Freud's system, yet felt sure of the underlying truth of the Œdipus complex. Among this psychologist's own acquaintances there were so many cases of undue parental influence with dire results to the son's or daughter's normal development that it was impossible to deny the basic truth of Freud's theory that there is danger of gorging a child with too much parental love. One example this professor cited was of a man whose mother kept him so closely "tied to her apron strings" that he never dared look at a girl till she picked one out for him to marry. But even after his marriage he could not overcome the habit of giving his mother the first place and of always consulting her wishes rather than his wife's. The marriage proved a disaster.

Rubinstein, a child genius, was one of many children

Psychologists and doctors in this country take the view that such dire results may come to a boy or to a girl through the influence of either parent. Dr. Tannenbaum said that a case in point was of a mother who constantly made her only daughter feel her family was superior to any other she knew. The girl's grandparents had been eminent in various professions, but her father had lost money and "come down in the world," so the girl was brought up among small tradesmen and mechanics whom she was taught to despise. As a result she was a neurotic old maid at forty with an obsession for talking about the past grandeurs of her family.

It must not be forgotten that the child who has too much association with the parents can be overinfluenced by either parent if there is dissension between the father and mother. There is no more ardent partizan than a child. The child who sides passionately with either parent in family quarrels may be overinfluenced by that partizanship throughout life.

Professor Woodworth of Columbia University called my attention to another cause of undue influence on the part of the mother that has been overlooked by Freud. In many families the father is the sole disciplinarian, so he incurs the children's fear and dislike, while their affection is centered on the mother. When this is the case with a child of either sex the tie between child and mother may become so narrowly closed in as to make affection to others difficult.

The motive of parents to-day who deliberately limit their families to one child or one son and one daughter is frequently the same that led parents of a few generations ago to desire many sons and daughters. That is, the motive is economic, the desire for the good financially of the family as a safeguard in the struggle for existence. The colonial parents lived on a rugged farm with many untilled acres still clogged with woods. To develop it there was no laboring class to be hired except an occasional bond servant. If their son was to hold up his head among the first of the settlement he must have strapping brothers to help clear and till the land, and sturdy sisters to milk and churn and bake and spin. Without knowledge of psychology colonial parents unwittingly provided needed companionship with equals and a wholesome sharing of parental love with many brothers and sisters.

Of course, every only child is not too much petted or developed into a neurotic grown-up, but it is well for parents to know wherein the danger lies. Just as the child with brothers and sisters can be spoiled, so an only child can achieve normal manhood or womanhood if it be guarded against the isolation and undue importance of its position. As classic examples of the different way only children may turn out, Dr. Brill cites Nero and Confucius. He says the former was a spoiled only child, while the latter was well brought up. Dr. Neter, too, emphasizes the good results of bringing up an only child as if he were not the only one.

I know a widow who had the courage to have seven small boys visit her for an entire summer to give companionship to her nine-year-old son, who is her only child. That other parents may be following her example is shown by this advertisement which I recently saw in a well-known weekly review:

"Parents of boy of eleven, only child, desire another boy of the same age to spend the summer with them at their country home. Interview desired."

It is interesting to speculate as to how many of the eldest sons of large families who make up the largest class of Havelock Ellis's thousand and thirty British geniuses would have had their latent qualities of greatness brought out, had not the association of many brothers and sisters insured them against being spoiled.

[*Mrs. Wilson's second article, "The Backward Child and the Prodigy," will appear in the January* McCLURE'S.]

The Prisoners and Their Picture

A New Use for Art—to Beautify Prison Walls and Bring Cheer to Convicts

By Genevieve Cowles

Illustrated with drawings by the author

Part II

I SPENT two years in the Holy Land, making studies for the painting of "The Charge to St. Peter," being sustained by the love of friends, known and unknown, who sent voluntary gifts.

A complete record of names and contributions was kept until the painting was done. There never was any contract, only the pledge of honor. Once the officials and prisoners of the Connecticut State Prison united in a subscription for their prison fresco.

I Am Recalled to America

BEFORE my studies were finished I was forcibly recalled. My old friend Warden Garvin had resigned, but the new warden of the prison and the directors granted their permission for me to paint "The Charge to St. Peter" in the chapel of the State Prison at Wethersfield. This was a very great concession for which I am most grateful.

The large canvas was set in place. The composition was blocked in. I drew in the figure of St. Peter.

The prisoners were much interested in my color schemes and in the motive of the prison fresco. The Lord was to be shown in the act of looking up and blessing Peter, kneeling at His feet in penitence and in consecration. I had been called back as I was starting my studies for this figure of Christ. It now proved impossible to find in America the beautiful Jewish types and color effects of the Holy Land.

In the face of great opposition, I returned to Palestine. Both the ex-warden and the new warden and the president of the Board of Directors stood by me in this decision.

This study of St. Andrew was made from a Galilean fisherman

The Prisoners' Welcome

I HAD not known before how much the prisoners loved me. When I came back after a year in Palestine with my studies done, their welcome was all the more precious because I felt that I was under the disapprobation of Hartford society and certain art circles.

In September, 1913, I began to work again in Wethersfield Prison. My working hours were from eight to half-past eleven in the morning and from ten minutes past one to a quarter before closing time, this depending on the hour of sunset.

The chapel was a great bare room in the heart of the prison. I went through the guard-room, past the turnkey, who unlocked the door and locked it behind me; through the cage, a great space partly surrounded by bars; past cell-blocks, keepers, and prisoners, through another door

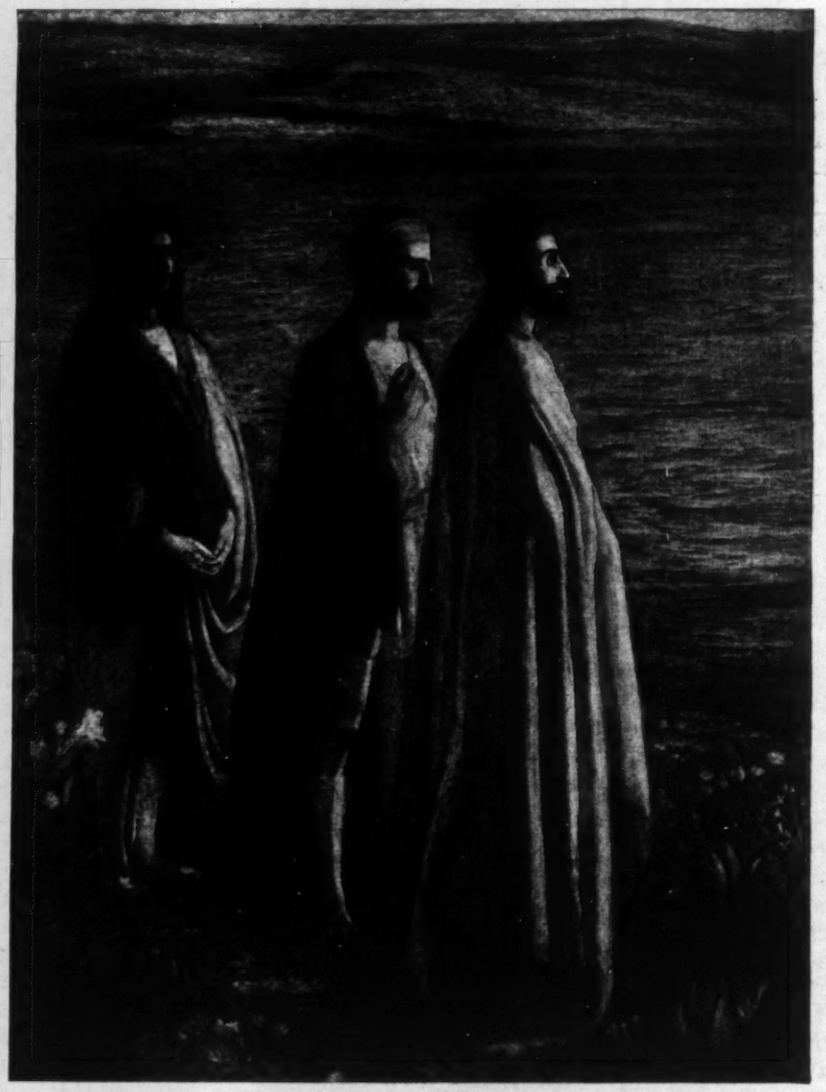
into the chapel. There was not much to show it was a chapel — the gallery at the back, the pews, the small pulpit, the portable altar which was set in place for the Catholic services. On week-days there was usually no guard in the chapel, except when the orchestra played, and it was only for a time that a watch was then set — a silent, rigid, almost unhuman figure. He was later given up.

The cell-block officer and the turnkey had spy-holes through which the chapel could be spied upon. Sometimes an officer on duty or files of prisoners under guard went by, or an official escorting visitors, or one or two prisoners alone passed me. I was directly under the control of the deputy warden, whom I will call Mr. Thomas.

The Rule of Silence

IN the prison book of Rules and Regulations it is written concerning the deputy warden that he "shall have a vigilant eye on every person who may have business about the prison, to see that nothing is carried in or out for a prisoner," etc. A prisoner was, of course, forbidden to speak to any other prisoner or to any one else without official permission. It sounds simple, but it is very hard to keep these rules.

The rule of silence was somewhat stretched for my benefit. I might speak to the prisoners about the picture, about Palestine, and about religion. They could ask me questions about the painting. With my appointed prisoner-assistant I was allowed to talk art and religion — nothing else. I could say good morning and good evening.



To get the early-morning light seen on the faces of this group the artist spent many hours on the Galilean sea-shore

A number of the prisoners who worked in the chapel were already deeply interested in my work. When the canvas was first set up, I had told them the story of the Tabernaclers, that religious society of men and women who helped in the building of the great cathedrals of the Middle Ages. With the workers there was a company of co-laborers who did no labor with their hands. They inspired the builders by noble words and prayer. I had told the prisoners that, like the Tabernaclers, they were "brothers and sisters, lovers of the work."

One day, not long after my return, word came that a friend was coming to see me — a friend I had made in England on my way home from Palestine. I was so pleased that I said to the prison orchestra: "On Monday a great lady from England is coming to see the prison fresco. I thought you would like to know who she is — Adeline, Duchess of Bedford." My old friend A. V. was playing in the orchestra. Later, in the silence and absence of the guard, I heard his low voice beside me: "Miss Cowles, there is a man here who was born on the estate of the Duke of Bedford and he wants dreadfully to meet the Duchess. Please do try to arrange it!"

I think I said I would try. I was vexed at the broken rule, but I could not forget that unhappy prisoner. The warden was absent. I managed to ask the deputy warden if he would grant the favor. The deputy refrained from asking how I knew about the man. He said briefly, "That depends on the lady."

Being interested in prison reform, the Duchess frequently visited foreign prisons and invariably asked permission to speak to English prisoners. In the present instance the meeting took place in the chapel. As if aware of the dignity of the moment, the deputy warden retreated to a distance, leaving the prisoner and the English gentlewoman alone. The prisoner completely unbosomed himself to her — he could not help it. She wanted to speak to our women prisoners, but the officer would not allow this. However, he allowed her to go over the prison.

That night Duchess Adeline sent for me to come to her room. She comforted me and made me tell her everything about my work in the prison. She told me about the spiritual call that came to her in a dream a few days before the British government asked her to undertake her special work among women in English prisons. She was deeply religious. She bade me "see Peter" in the prisoner-assistant who had been appointed to wait on me. She told me never to enter the prison without prayer; never to stand there except in "the place of victory"; never to remain when I felt I was being overcome by the spirit of evil. She made me promise to watch over the English prisoner, and to get a clergyman of his own church to visit him.

The warden allowed me a visit with Harry Carter, as I call the Englishman, "over the table" — the prisoner being seated on one side and the visitor at the other side of a table, with a guard close by. Carter looked ready to burst into tears as he poured out his tale to me. He had come from the Bedford estate. Drink had lost him his post on the battleship *Drake*. Drink had brought him to prison. He was near despair, but he felt that the Duchess would not forget him. And she did not. Once back in England, she hunted up his baptismal certificate so he might be confirmed. She tried in vain to win his release. She discovered his mother, who had moved away from their early home, and induced her to write to her long lost son. Letters from home encouraged him; so did my rector, who went to see him.

The gentleness of the Duchess of Bedford not only inspired me: she touched the hearts of the prison authorities. They allowed me to visit my old friends and some new ones. I saw Sister Kate and A. V., who was busy with his illuminations. Mr. Roystone had died in my absence. John Warren was free, after serving a sentence of fifty-three years. Inside the walls he had learned shoemaking. Now he was housekeeping alone behind his cobbler shop. He wrote me about his business and his kitten and his housekeeping. My circle of shut-in friends now included Mr. Glenn, as I call the librarian, whom I often saw in the library, where I kept my oil studies. Later on, "over the table," he told me his story. It was jealous love. He met his rival in a lonely wood with no witnesses; the two men fought desperately with a razor. The other was killed; Glenn was under a life sentence.

Another friend was the young watchmaker, whom I call James Howard. He also told me his story "over the table," because he did not wish me to think he was a "common murderer." It was an accident, he said. He had a loaded pistol in his pocket. The girl tried to get it. They struggled. The pistol went off. She fell — now he was in prison for life. The ashen gray of his features contradicted his gay eyes and whimsical smile. I did not know then what I believe now — that it is against the code of honor of a convict to lay bare before others his remorse and his shame. His fellows respect him more if he hides all that.

I also met Allen Duncan again. He had been my first prisoner-assistant when my painting was started in 1911. He was a prisoner from the United States navy, "doing" twenty years for shooting a quartermaster in revenge for wrongs he felt were done to others as well as to himself. Of a good family living in Massachusetts, he was one of ourselves, but broken and tortured by past circumstances and by the prison machine.

John, Andrew, and Philip are grouped at the extreme right of the prison painting, "The Charge to St. Peter"

The Violent Crimes of Youth

MOST of the prisoners whom I saw daily were "lifers," or men charged with major crimes. Many of them were "trusties" holding responsible positions. They were sure to remain; short-timers might go. Most crimes of violence or passion are committed before the age of twenty. A murderer might be young and teachable. It hurt to see mere boys with long years of punishment ahead of them. The poets have said it before, but here it was a visible fact that a man convicted of murder might otherwise be of good character. As the prison steward said of one remarkable member of the prison orchestra: "Oh, he's all right, except for his murder."

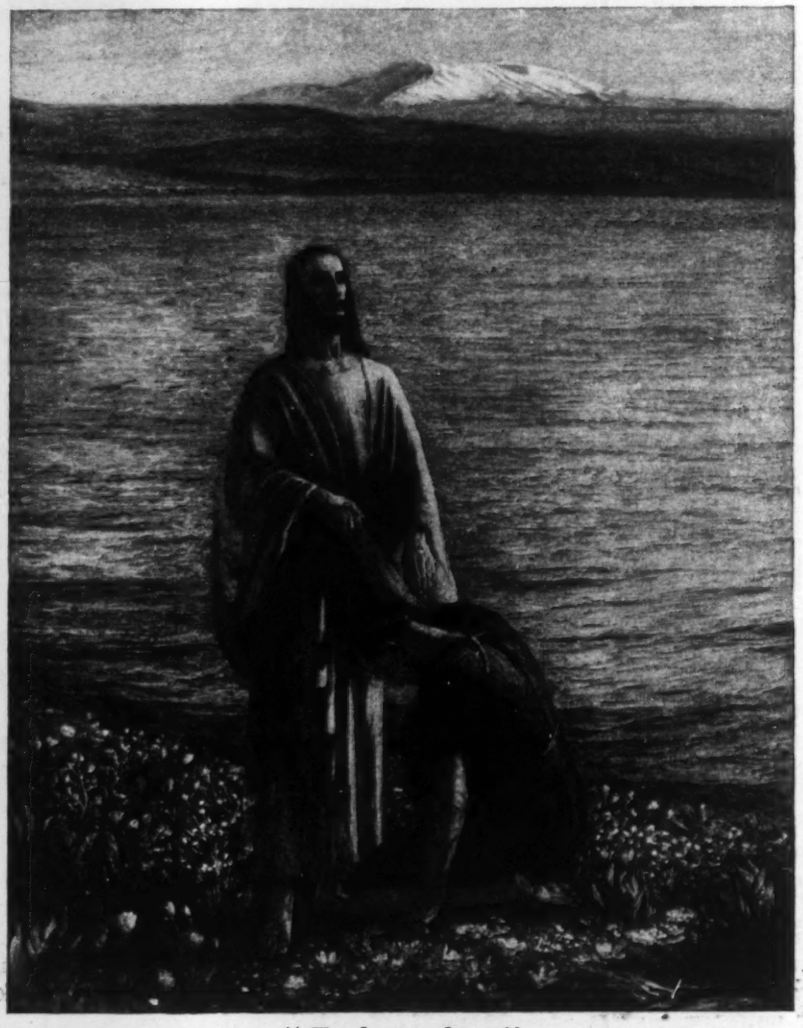
Murder never had seemed real to me in books. Murder, theft, adultery, when recorded in human flesh, became appalling realities. I did not feel apart from the prisoners, nor superior to them. Sin of every kind appeared infinitely worse to me than ever before. I was too conscious of evil in myself to feel above them. To bring them some relief made me feel nearer to the apostles, gave me more conviction in painting the eight heroic figures on my canvas.

A study for the head of Philip, the figure seated in the boat

Besides working in the prison, I had to give lectures and do "pot-boiling" to support myself and my aunt. Hearing of this, ex-Warden Garvin raised a subscription amounting to $150, donated by himself and the officials of the State Reformatory. But he insisted that the directors must be informed of my situation. I was aware of a gathering suspicion against me on the

part of the officials. My experiments in wax must have been mystifying to them. I was following a complicated process adapted from the methods of the late John La Farge, whose entire stock of dry colors I had bought for my painting. I used a wax preparation because it is said to be the only available medium unaffected by dampness. The prison was so damp that at times I saw water oozing from the walls.

I began to have doubts as to whether the authorities really approved of my visits to the prisoners. The deputy warden showed decided disapproval when he countersigned the warden's order granting me an interview, soon after Christmas, with Allen Duncan. I was filled with forebodings. However, the directors announced that they would grant me a salary of eight dollars a week from December, 1913, till July, 1914. Also the warden himself gave me a document, signed by most of the prison officials, witnessing their gift of $150 for the fresco fund. These gifts were given and received unconditionally.



"Feed my sheep"
Christ and St. Peter, the two central figures in the painting

At that time my prisoner-assistant was the chapel sweeper. He had watched my difficulties with the slippery individual, under a white-slave charge, who was waiting on me when the Duchess came, and he had begged to be made d artist assistant himself. The deputy warden said yes, and that I might have one talk with the sweeper, Charlie Parsons — as I shall call him — before his art duties began. He was a silent boy, long, lank, and of a blank countenance as though his soul had not yet waked up. He said: "My crime is so serious that I have decided to wait seven years before asking for a pardon." I asked, "Are you sorry?"

Oh, yes, he was sorry! That seemed to be a matter of course. Later he told me he was an "epileptic," and did not remember his crime. He was "doing life" for killing an old woman. His eyes followed me with affection.

One day I perceived him staring at my figure of Nathaniel. "That looks like a Jew!" he declared.

"The disciples were Jews. Jesus Christ was a Jew," I answered him. His incredulous amazement touched me. Because of the pressure for haste brought to bear upon me, I had been positively grinding at my work, quite oblivious of my opportunities to wake up Charlie's soul. I read him the story of St. Peter when the Lord told him to feed the sheep — that was what the painting was about. He listened as attentively as a young heathen. I resolved to read a bit of scripture to him every day. But one morning not long after, he came to me, half downcast, half important — they had made him a runner to carry messages in the prison. He could not be my assistant any more.

Another Prisoner-Assistant

THE next to bear that honor was a musician, the leader of the orchestra — "Paul-help-me" was his real prison nickname. I had watched him many times before. Tall, well built, he moved with ease and grace. He wore his shirt collar open, exposing a magnificent throat. He had been a choir-boy in a New York mission church. With a sickening dread I had asked the prison clerk, "What has that boy done?"

"Murder," replied the clerk cheerfully, with an air of interest in elaborating the details. The victim was a hired man. He was not sure whether the crime was done with an ax or something else. The body was hid under a pile of stones — or else it was a stone wall. Then the murderer had gone back and robbed the house. He was arrested and convicted of manslaughter.

Murder! The thought of it was a black flood, overwhelming me. It strangled me awake, haunted me asleep. Murder all around me—in living faces—in the feel of living hands. Murderers! When they were old or distorted, ugly or gray, with the conflict against despair, it seemed less horrible than in a temple of a body that looked pure! And now this nonchalant being, who looked so impenitent, was to be my assistant! I was embarrassed when I gave him my first directions, almost frightened when I found myself alone with him. On Saturday, about closing time, I said I supposed he would be on hand Monday.

He threw back his head and laughed: "Miss Cowles, I am to be here quite some time!" (His sentence was from nine to fifteen years.) That laugh cleared the air.

I discovered that this boy, Mark Schneider (I change his name, of course), had been a nursery boy under a deaconess friend of mine. She said he was born with certain evil tendencies — a misfit, an irrepressible. Twice I had a talk with him "over the table." He said: "You

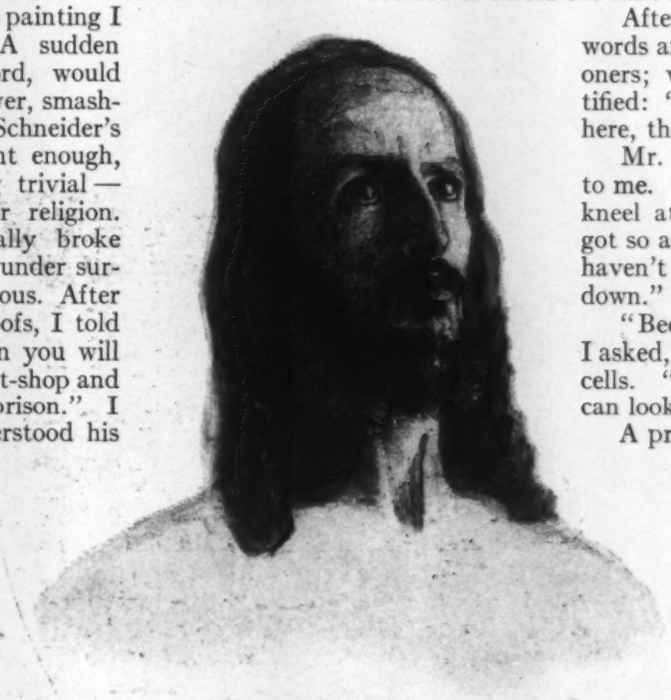
would not care for me at all if it were not for Christ." The personality of Christ was a reality to him through some inner experience in prison. Before that all scriptures and psalms learned as a choir-boy had meant nothing. A man had to have experience, he said, to understand the truth. His conduct toward his mother had been weak — rotten. When I spoke of his sister, he winced. There I had touched his sense of shame.

Difficult to Obey Rules

THE deaconess wrote to him. In a flash of friendliness he would have shown me her letter. "No!" I cried, in a panic over the prison rule. "No, I don't want to see the letter. Give it to an officer to give to me." But he never did.

My chief difficulty with Mark Schneider was the rule of silence. In drawing and painting I retreated into Galilee. A sudden shock, an unforeseen word, would bring a half-conscious answer, smashing the rule of silence. Schneider's remarks would be innocent enough, the weather or something trivial — lamentably outside art or religion. Sometimes I unintentionally broke the rule myself. We were under surveillance. This was dangerous. After two mild, ineffectual reproofs, I told the man: "If this goes on you will probably be sent to the shirt-shop and I will be sent out of the prison." I made it clear that I understood his point of view. The prisoner is under the law of force which he has no sense of moral obligation to obey.

With me it was different: I had voluntarily promised to keep the rules; I was on my honor. He ought to help me instead of making it harder for me. This appeal struck home. Thereafter he strove valiantly to keep the rule of silence.



A native of Palestine posed for this head of Christ

Mark Schneider's duties were to see that my scaffolding was secure, my studies rightly placed, my charcoal pointed, my colors ground. All my colors had to be properly mixed with wax and ground by hand with a pestle and mortar or a palette-knife. Usually he made a joke of the color-grinding; but one morning he did the work with savage fury. What could be the matter?

I remembered that because of an epidemic of smallpox the warden had closed the prison to visitors—and Mark Schneider was expecting a visit from his mother.

"Color-grinding is hard work," I ventured.

"It's not the grinding — it's my mother," groaned Mark. The rule of silence choked me.

Outside the prison during the noon rest I reflected that I was permitted to talk religion. When I was again alone with my unhappy color-grinder, I asked if he remembered the silence of the passion when Mary stood under the Cross. There is no record that she said one word. Perhaps she wanted to speak but could not. Then, recalling the Crucified, I said, "His silence comprehends us all." The prisoner understood.

One day Schneider spoke to me about religion. It was after the confirmation of Mr. Carter, the English prisoner. The service was held in the chapel. This was the first confirmation ever held by a bishop of the Episcopal Church in our prison. Mr. Schneider, two other prisoners, a guard, and I made up the congregation. Mr. Carter stood tense with emotion as he made his vow. He stood rigid during the first prayers. When the Bishop raised his hand with the tender words: "Defend, O Lord, this Thy child with Thy heavenly grace," the man before him dropped heavily to his knees and bowed himself for the precious resting of the hands on his head. The voice repeated: "That he may continue Thine forever; and daily increase in Thy Holy Spirit more and more until he come unto Thy everlasting kingdom. Amen."

The light pouring through the barred windows seemed to infold the man in the divine protection.

Afterward the Bishop spoke a few words and shook hands with the prisoners; whereupon Mr. Schneider testified: "Sometimes we get so blue in here, they say we spit ink."

Mr. Carter was allowed to speak to me. He explained why he did not kneel at the first prayers: "I have got so as I can say my prayers, but I haven't got yet so as I can kneel down."

"Because the guard can see you?" I asked, visualizing the familiar prison cells. "Yes," was the answer; "he can look right in."

A prisoner on the lower tiers of a cell-block is always exposed to observation. When closed, the open grating reveals the entire interior. Moreover, there is the mental reaction. The prisoner suspects hypocrisy on the part of the official who watches him.

Mr. Schneider was touched by the confirmation service. Twice he spoke about it, intimating that he would like to be confirmed. Would I ask my rector to visit him when he came to see Mr. Carter? I gladly promised to do so. But on leaving I recalled the rule that forbids any one to convey a message from a prisoner to any one outside without permission. I went to the warden. He was displeased. According to him, the prisoners were just like sheep: where one went the others were sure to follow. Proselytizing was to be avoided in State institutions. Convicts do not get converted in prisons. The prisoner should not have spoken to me, anyway; he ought to have told an officer if he wanted to see the rector. No, I was not to convey that message. He, the warden, would see that it was conveyed to the clergyman.

The Prisoners' Religious Emotions

A LONG while afterward the rector visited Mr. Schneider without producing any serious effect. The rector, who visited the prison regularly, told me that crime and religion went together, but it was not wise to trust the prisoners in the matter of their religious emotions; they were liable to be mistaken. The Congregational chaplain had already warned me against the deceptions of the prisoners. The official attitude was to expect a convict to be a liar and in the wrong because he was a convict, although some of them might be honest.

I feel that this suspicion and expectation of evil in him, coming from all sides, must have some effect on the mind of the convict.

A woman who had known Mr. Schneider from childhood warned me that he was by nature a thief. I had already given him the keys to my valuable art supplies. I told him that, like St. Peter, he was trusted with the keys. Toward me he proved absolutely trustworthy.

Because of the official requirements, I was working as hard as I dared without ruining my canvas. Sometimes I carried cakes of chocolate in my pocket to eat when exhausted from standing. Chocolate was contraband to prisoners. Their supply of sweets was strictly limited. Visitors were forbidden to bring them even sweet biscuit. Once I inadvertently left a chocolate bar in my cabinet of art supplies. Mr. Schneider told me that when he opened the cabinet and saw it, two convicts were standing behind him. One said: "I'll pick that lock and get that chocolate." Mark thought they were fooling, but he wished I would keep my chocolate out of sight. So I did. It was dreadful to think of a convict running the risk of being degraded, losing a privilege, or maybe being put into the "cooler," for a bit of chocolate.

The Prison Orchestra

THE relief from the strain of prison life was the orchestra. The band practised in chapel an hour and a half, mornings and afternoons. It was remarkable how the effort to control their instruments developed the musicians. Prisoners who at first appeared dissolute, broken, incapable of coordinating the action of mind and body, became to some degree self-controlled, self-reliant. Their physical transformation was apparent. A new ruling of the warden, allowing the convicts to grow their hair and mustaches, also helped. The bald shave formerly imposed on them seemed now to be reserved as a punishment rather than a continuous mark of degradation. The prisoners realized the benefit of the music and spoke of it. Mr. Glenn had to choose between buying a kind of flute from hoarded earnings or paying a lawyer to plead his pardon. He bought the flute for the sake of his fellow musicians and the audience.

When the band played the familiar hymns, "How Firm a Foundation," or "Onward, Christian Soldiers," the prison vibrated with new energy, something akin to hope. When the musicians were scattered separately over the chapel, each practising a separate part, the pandemonium was sometimes unearthly. Pent-up emotion, suppressed passion, seemed let loose through wailing violins, howling horns, screaming clarionets and the groaning viola. At least, they were expressing themselves — the prisoners. Heights and depths of discordant sound were less awful to endure than the prison silence. That was oppressive, inexplicable, as of some unseen force contracting one's interior being. The prison silence expressed terrific, malignant evil, lurking like a beast ready to spring, to rend, to destroy. I did not feel this all the time. Sometimes it was absent in the stillness. Very strangely, it had come at its worst at moments when the chapel was flooded with sunshine.

It was not easy to work steadily, especially on the upper levels of my scaffolding. That unique structure had been devised by the prison carpenter. It was formed of two gigantic wooden horses having planks stretched across them. It was pyramidal, conveniently wide near the base, diminishing in breadth as one ascended. It counted two plank widths at the top. One misstep meant a fall.

Genevieve (right) and Maude Cowles, photographed at eighteen years. These twin sisters worked together until Maude Cowles' death in 1905

I Can Not Paint to Rag-Time

IT chanced that when I was drawing my highest clouds the orchestra was practising a martial composition, sounding like irregular rifle fusillades, interspersed with crashing artillery. The intermittent, violent explosions gave me a wild desire to jump. By nearly closing my eyes and crawling, I managed to find the ladder and reached ground in safety. During an intermission I appealed to the orchestra leader: was it not possible for them to play something milder? The leader smiled: "You don't like our crashing music?" Well, he would see what could be done.

On my next ascension, the band began to play a soothing Negro love-song. On and on it meandered, in rising and falling cadences, to one refrain: "Susanna! — Oh, Susanna! — Susanna! — Oh, Susanna!" Fifteen men's voices sentimentally repeating a woman's name; thirty laughing eyes fixed on the only woman in sight. I glanced down. Those were not convicts — they were mischievous boys!

As Easter approached, the orchestra practised music for the Good-Friday service and the Resurrection. But after Easter there was a reaction and the band played popular pieces again. The morning came for me to draw the face of the risen Christ in the center of that world of my painting. The appointed hour would not wait; the supreme moment had arrived. I strove to hold fast the gift of calm and holy peace. I mounted the scaffolding

and stood in front of the faint outline of the head. There was a burst of discordant sound — racing, rattling, jangling jazz, evil spirits in mockery. I could not draw a single line. I descended, went back up the aisle, entered a pew, and put down my head on the bench in front of me.

There was a long pause; then strains of music, solemn, poignant, and strong — the true heart of the prison speaking! The music was telling the hushed and awful victory of the Cross!

It was the Good-Friday Mass, composed by a convict, played by convicts. But they were my brothers—they had understood. With a sense of deliverance, I raised my head, ascended the scaffolding, and completed the Face.

Early one morning after Easter, I discovered on the platform, directly under my painting, a tall Easter lily in a pot. Some prisoner must have left it there as an offering to me — how lovely! Mark Schneider came to meet me, his eyes dancing with delight. "Want me to tell about your Easter lily?"

Adeline, Duchess of Bedford, encouraged and assisted Miss Cowles in her work on the prison fresco. She died in April, 1920

Silence!

I OPENED my lips. The rule of silence stuck in my throat!

"Has it anything to do with the picture?" I gasped. The words struck his face like a lash. The light died out of his eyes. His features contracted. He threw up his hands and stumbled backward into the gloom of the prison. The deadly rule had been kept, but conscience smote me worse than if I had broken it.

The lily was no longer glorious—it was mere withering whiteness in a pot!

Later I learned that the lily had been given me by Mr. Stalker, a prisoner who had been a friend of my father's. He was serving a sentence for embezzling bank funds. A young relative of a great financier, and a cousin of one of my best friends, was also a convict at Wethersfield when I was there. Yet people imagine that a convict, because he is a convict, belongs to a different nature, a different order from ours.

The rule of silence was reaching the point of a breaking-strain. Art became my gate of release. I won permission from the warden to lend art books to my assistant and to teach him the technique. I told the warden that it would help me work faster. With what joy I presented "The Gospel of Art," by John La Farge, to Mr. Schneider, saying, "This is the record of the family to which I belong." I also lent him Timothy Cole's "Old Masters."

My Assistant Grows Melancholy

AT first the willingness of Mark Schneider had given me pleasure. Now I noticed a change in him: he was becoming morose. When I asked him politely please to secure my scaffolding, or please to move a painting, he would retort: "You know I must!" — as if courtesy was a farce, compulsion the bitter fact. One morning he deliberately refused to obey a request. He remained seated on my platform beside another prisoner.

I ought to have sensed the meaning of those four eyes watching me with feigned indifference. But I was conscious only of blind force crushing me, the force of misdirected public opinion; the senseless force of the prison machine; the brute force of the convict in revolt. I walked up and down like a trapped animal. I pleaded with Mark: "Please, Mr. Schneider; you know I can not do anything without you!"

It was useless. I could not do one stroke until that heavy painting was moved. One witty word, one ray of superior intelligence, would have saved the situation. I ought to have said: "Mr. Schneider, under such circumstances a gentleman would not keep a lady waiting." That would have conquered him. I had won him often before by a single word.

Now my intelligence was too stupefied to act quickly; I was daft. Finally I blurted out in a very low voice: "Mr. Schneider! you know you *must!*" Mr. Schneider leaped to his feet with a scornful laugh. "Aha! I knew you were going to say that! I knew it beforehand!" he cried, as he moved my painting with an air of disdain.

His trap had sprung successfully. My mind had reacted to the emergency, precisely like the official mind and the convict mind.

The other prisoner with Schneider was Henly, his chum. (Henly is my name for him.) He worked in the cloth-room, where they kept the bales of cloth for the shirt-shop overhead. My cabinet of supplies was in this room, which connected the chapel with the library. One morning, when I arrived, Mark Schneider was in a rage. His chum Henly had narrowly escaped a serious accident from the elevator in the cloth-room. Mr. Schneider was muttering: "We are only slaves in here — Henly is only a tool! We are slaves! Slaves and tools!"

I was getting my paints. I could not help hearing. This was not a flash of temper; it was a subterranean torrent let loose. Suppressed passion was the atmosphere of prison life. Sometimes it burst out. I knew — everybody was supposed to know — that our prison labor was contract labor, an acknowledged form of slavery. I had been in the prison shops once. That was enough. I did not need to work there to know more. I was breathing slavery in the air. It was the spirit of the rules. The spirit that penalizes human speech and penalizes every form of human intercourse between men who are forced to live together — that is slavery. Was Mark Schneider raging because the other men were exploited, or on his own account?

He became more sullen. Finally his mood was almost unendurable.

One morning I called the two men, Henly and Schneider, in the cloth-room and preached a little sermon on "Jesus, the author and finisher of our faith, who . . . endured the Cross, despising the shame." If only they would understand that "where the the Spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty"! If a man voluntarily accepts suffering, he is no longer the slave of force.

The "Cooler"

HENLY listened with shining eyes. Schneider was too bitter to yield. "Nine years of prison life!" he cried. "Nine years!" (That was his experience; Henly had served about a year.) He would accept no subterfuge — a man was a slave and a tool in this prison. He must work under force. If he refused to work, there was the "cooler" and *some other things!* (His voice was bitter.) He burst out in another direction — the loss of all respect — all titles of respect: they never said "Mister," only plain "Schneider, do this," "Schneider, do that"! It was degrading. He knew his lot was better than the rest — he did have more privileges! That did not alter facts. My argument was a farce — a fiction.

Vainly I tried to make him realize the presence of Christ. "Christ!" he cried scornfully. "Christ? Where was Christ when they gave me nine years?"

A retort rose to my lips, "Where was Christ when you struck the other man?" The memory of the man he killed flashed before me. I did not utter the words; they died on my lips. I was terrified at the storm I had raised — terrified lest an officer should appear and reprove me and punish the men.

I kept a record of events, words, impressions, and emotions in prison. These are true stories. While there I suspended ultimate judgment. I could not suspend my own involuntary mental and spiritual reaction to prison life.

An original study for the figure of St. James, in the left-hand group of the picture

I know at least one of the "some other things" resorted to in the prison. The warden had told me he did not see how it brought a man to reason to chain him up for hours to the bars of his cell.

There was another prisoner whose words made me stop and think — old Mr. Carrew, as I call him, to whom I said good morning regularly as he passed by. To see his face light up was like watching for a sunbeam in a cellar. He had the air of a whipped dog—so anxious to make up for his deficiencies, and good at heart. Once his voice surprised me: "You don't know what it means to a man to have a good woman say 'good morning' to him. I haven't had a good woman speak to me for thirty years."

Another time, by way of apology for his lamentable appearance, Mr. Carrew said: "This prison life is degrading to a man!" His haggard, suppressed look was proof enough. Most of the prisoners had *no* exercise in the fresh air.* How could they endure the perpetual confinement?

Official Intervention

A DAY came when the warden informed me that my presence in prison was an embarrassment to the officials. I called Mr. Schneider and told him that I was "in trouble." "Not with any of the boys?" he inquired. "No, it's official," I answered him, and I hoped all the prisoners would be very

*See author's note at end of article.

careful in their behavior toward me. The prisoners had always respected my position. After this they hardly dared look in my direction; and I concentrated so severely that I hardly noticed any one.

Mr. Schneider dropped a hint: "Don't lay it on too hard — somebody might get hurt." Who could be hurt? I tried to recollect. Oh, that pitiful Mr. Carrew! I had forgotten his good morning. There he was coming now, looking more woe-begone than ever. Quite forgetful of the rule, I stopped him and apologized amply.

One of my worries was the effect of the prison dampness on my canvas. It swelled in waves, it bellied like a sail. This occasioned a severe encounter between me and the deputy warden. Official troubles grew.

My assistant was silently sympathetic. Finally he burst out: "I simply can't stand it — I'm not worth thirty cents if you look so bad!"

This brought me to my senses. I remembered the words of the Duchess, "Never dare stand in the prison except in the place of victory." If I entered the prison feeling discouraged, the confined atmosphere was like the breath of Medusa. The prisoners watched me. Twice or thrice a convict in passing dropped an unforeseen hint about my health. Mr. Stalker once slipped by and murmured: "You ought to take a vacation."

But when I entered the prison filled with the consciousness of Christ, and looked the prisoners straight in the eyes, silently calling on His spirit in them, there was often a direct response. By a turn of the eye, a smile, or the almost unconscious lift of the hand to the head, I knew it was all the divine that was in him, all the true man in the convict, answering my salute.

Would the Prisoners Care?

THERE was severe pressure to compel me to finish my painting by an impossible date. I finally called on one of the directors, whose wife had been an artist. She had told him that such work as the prison painting could not be hurried.

He was interested in hearing about my assistant, Mr. Schneider, who was to appeal for release on parole before the same meeting of the Board of Directors when the fate of my prison fresco was to be decided. (That accounted for Schneider's moodiness.)

Once I asked my assistant: "Would the prisoners care if their painting should be taken away?"

"I guess there'd be war-whoops," was the reply. "It's our picture, isn't it?"

I had a legal right to speak of the painting — it was not permissible to say one comforting word to the prisoner in his agony of suspense between freedom and slavery.

It came and it went — that "Parole Day" in June, 1914.

For me the verdict was announced in these words: "The Board of Directors have voted to give you a year, under present conditions." This signified that I would be allowed to continue for a year painting "The Charge to St. Peter" in the prison chapel.

On the morning after the board meeting, I found Schneider seated disconsolately on the steps of the platform under "The Charge to St. Peter." His appeal had been opposed. His fate still hung in the balance. Presently Mr. Carrew came gliding along, and stopped to say quietly: "The whole prison is glad for you, Miss Cowles! You've been pretty game. There were times that you came to work when you didn't look fit to crawl."

Mr. Glenn, the librarian, came in beaming. He knew it all the while — he had been praying!

I climbed the scaffolding and tried to paint. By and by Deputy Warden Thomas entered holding in his hand a document. When he came close, my oil-studies shut off the view of him, but he seemed to be giving the document to Mark Schneider. There was a long, breathless pause — no sound. Then the deputy warden went away. Presently I heard light footsteps moving toward the piano on the platform. A hand moved lightly over the keys. The musical chord told the secret. Mark's voice spoke low to another prisoner who had entered. I knelt on the scaffolding, bending down to see. A glowing face was raised to mine. "How long is my assistant going to assist?" I asked. "Another month," was the answer.

So the directors had accepted his appeal. His case was held for examination. The final verdict would be given in a month.

Schneider thanked me for my sympathy, but he reproved my lack of fortitude: "You looked mighty bad yesterday," he said. "If you hadn't been a woman I'd have jumped on you."

The Divine in a Criminal

IN June, 1914, Allen Duncan, my first appointed prisoner-assistant, wrote to me:

My dear Friend:

. . . You spoke of having suffered trouble. Yes, indeed, you have; and we the boys were touched and brought into closer relation with you, by knowing that you could understand.

If I did understand it was by the same divine light in them and in me; and because I knew I was of the same nature as them — the prisoners. If the perfect lover of souls took our nature upon him to recover his lost world, to recover the criminal we must do as he did — get beside the criminal: otherwise there is no possibility of comprehending him.

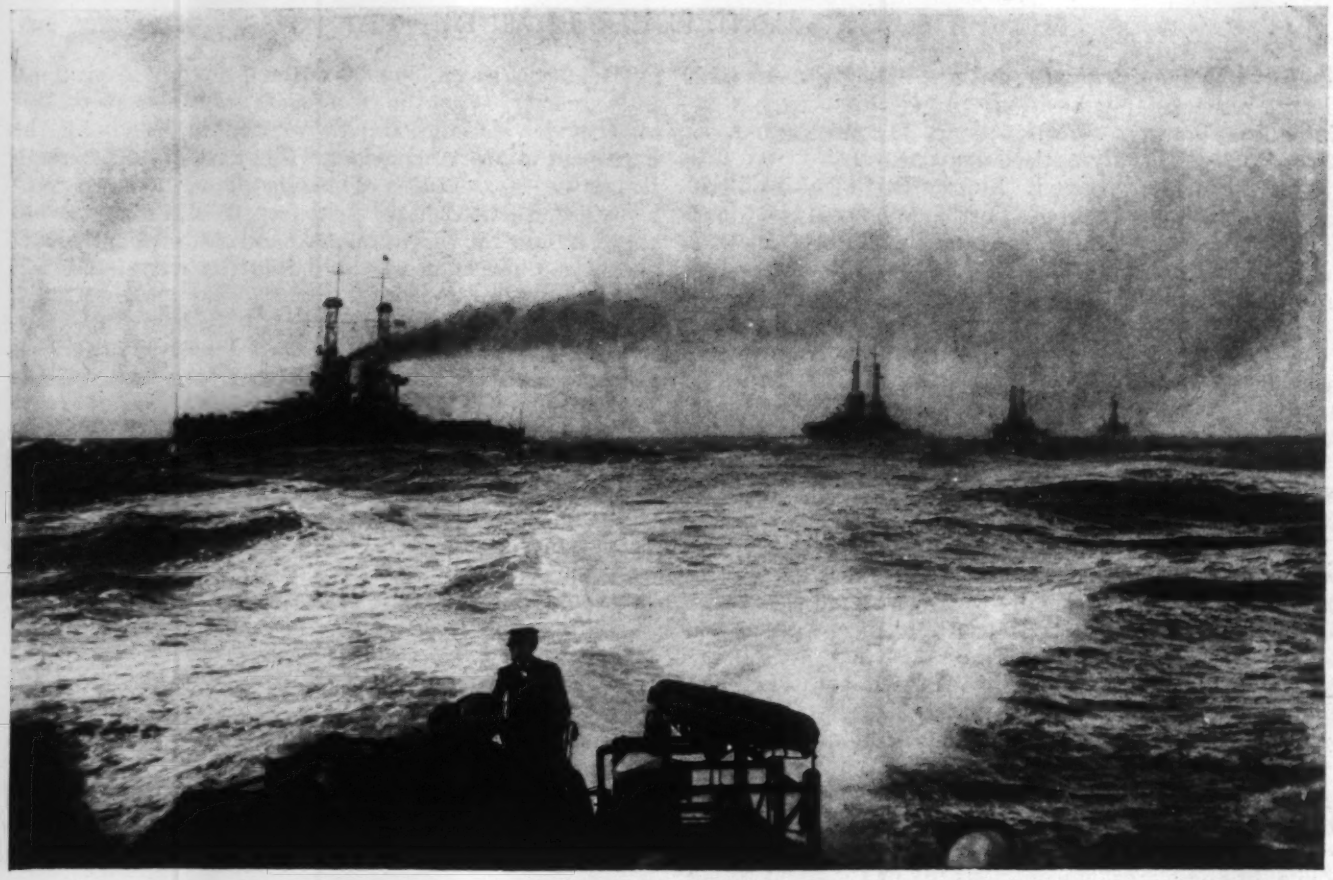
I was continually amazed by the quality and intelligence of these convicts' minds. This is from another letter of Allen Duncan's:

Certainly spring and early summer speak of life renewed, and just as surely invite one to get in harmony with it. The songs of birds, the budding of trees and the blooming of flowers mean more to us who are only within whispering distance than the busy man of affairs can scarcely imagine. I have seen a most ill-favored person talking soothingly to a wilted rosebud, and he blushed in embarrassment when detected. Many similar incidents support my belief that the "shut-ins" have an inordinate love for these offerings of nature. Frankly, dear friend, all my ideas are hobbled by memories of experiences, by environment, and by a pretty strong suspicion that I am not entitled to share in the benefits granted to good men and women. . . . There are sins and wrongs for which man can make no reparation, can not forgive himself, though he tries with a heart's best love.

Except for one boy of whom I was uncertain, I felt that my friends in prison did not want me to condone their crimes (which would have been impossible to me, anyway). What they wanted was some human recognition that they were human. How vain appearances may be, I appreciated when I found that the prisoners had their own code of honor. For a prisoner to show that he suffered shame or pain was counted weakness — "too sensitive," they called it. To appear to brave it out seemed finer in their eyes. An air of impenitence was no index to a man's inner feeling. It might be only a proof of self-control.

During his month of suspense Schneider threw himself into music, art, and hard work. I taught him to make the experiments required in mixing and grinding

(*Continued on page 80*)



Roosevelt and the Navy

Letters from President Roosevelt, Never Before Published, Throw New Light on the Gunnery Controversy

By Admiral William Sowden Sims

SECOND PART

SOME of the early ship designs perpetrated by our Navy were really monuments of imbecility. For example, the very places where armor was most needed — to protect the guns and their crews — were left unarmored; gun positions were not inclosed, so that one shell penetrating to a gun-deck could disable every gun crew on that deck; the handling-rooms in which the powder was stored communicated directly with the turrets, so that an accidental spark, a "flare-back" or a "blow-back," even in peace could blow up the magazine and sink the ship, while in time of war one exploding shell could do the same.

Criticism of the latter defect began in 1897, when I reported on an accident to the Russian ship *Sissoi-Veliki*, whose turret roof was blown one hundred feet into the air, and "The flame flashed down and singed the hair and beards of men in the handling-room, where there was, fortunately, no powder exposed." This report was so unpalatable that it was destroyed. On May 19, 1901, in a report that later mysteriously disappeared from the files of the Department, I used the following language:

A baseball tossed into one of the ports of the *Kentucky* class would fall directly into the 13-inch handling-room opening into which are the 13-inch and below which are some of the 8-inch magazines.

In February, 1903, Admiral C. S. Clarke said in this connection:

If the accident on board the *Massachusetts* had happened in either of her large turrets, instead of nine men, a ship's company and a battleship would probably have been destroyed. . . .

This accident, and that on board the *Philadelphia* when burning powder grains fell in the magazine passage, and the discovery that a cartridge-bag in the gun was smoking when the breech was opened in another instance, prove that the risk is always present.

A Letter from Admiral Dewey

On March 31, 1904, the General Board sent a letter to the Secretary of the Navy of which the following is a copy:

Navy Department
Office of General Board
Washington

March 31, 1904.

Sir:

The General Board's attention has been called to a defect existing in the battleships and other turret ships of the Navy, which may be a critical source of danger, and therefore seriously affects their military efficiency. It is that the passage for ammunition between the magazines and the

turrets is a direct tube, so that there is nothing to prevent a shell or charge, which may slip from the carrier in the turret chamber, from falling to the magazine deck at the bottom of the ship. The danger of explosion of a shell, or even of the destruction of the whole ship, as a result of such an accident, is obvious.

2. The General Board regards the matter as so important that it respectfully requests that this question be referred to the Board of Construction, for consideration in the designs of all battleships now building or built in the future.

Very respectfully,

(Signed) GEORGE DEWEY,
Admiral of the Navy,
President General Board.

The Secretary of the Navy.

Thus over a period of seven years there had been efforts to have this dread menace of open hoists removed. In one year, 1901, I alone made six reports on it. The remedy was plain, as the diagrams on page 59 (reproduced from the New York *Times* of January 3, 1909) make clear.— simply an interrupted hoist from the handling-room. But to make the change was to confess to an error, and no attention was paid to the warnings.

On April 30, 1904, I was directed to prepare another letter on the subject. A few days later thirty men were killed in a turret and handling-room of the *Missouri* because of this defect in construction. A full charge of powder was on the tray, ready to be inserted in the breech of the gun, when a "flare-back" occurred, igniting this powder. The burning grains were carried directly down the hoist into the handling-room exactly as had been predicted, and there ignited two more full charges — eleven hundred pounds — of powder. Two men in the turret and two in the magazine escaped, but in the former there lay dead four officers and fourteen seamen, and in the handling-room one officer and eleven men were killed. The magazines of the ship were saved from explosion only through the heroic conduct of the two survivors, who had the presence of mind to close the doors and to block the cracks with their clothing.

In spite of this accident, nothing happened, although the Washington *Post* of April 15 carried this interesting item:

> The Construction Bureau which designs and builds these turrets for some time has been working on the problem of designing a turret that will prevent the communication of flame from the top of the turret, where the gun crews stand, to the handling-room. . . . So far no satisfactory solution has been reached.

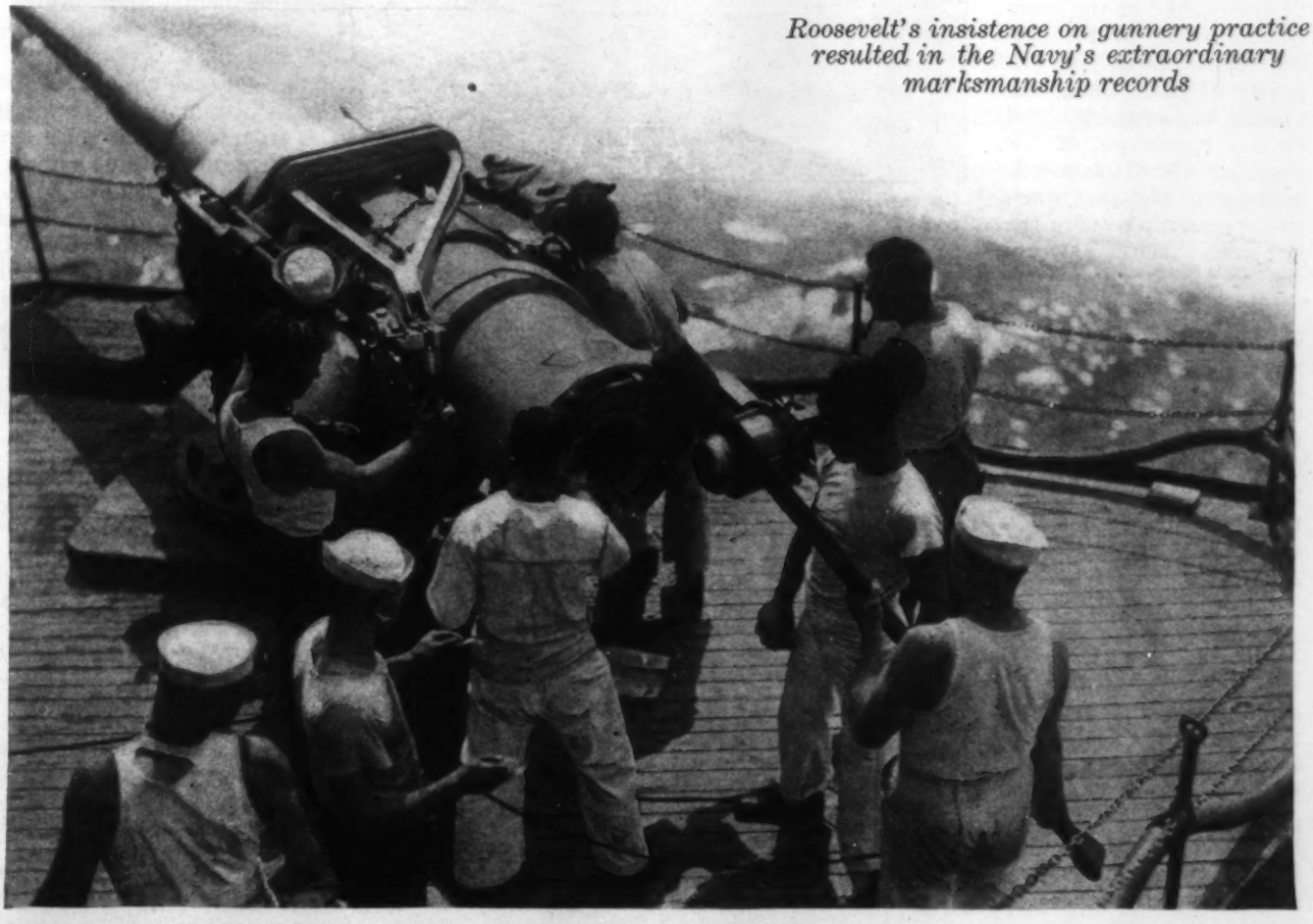
This language is almost the same as that contained in the Board of Construction's indorsement of the General Board's letter quoted above, which immediately after the *Missouri* accident Admiral Taylor showed me. In that indorsement the Board of Construction said further:

> Nothing has been found on file in the Bureau of Ordnance or Construction and Repair indicating well-substantiated adverse criticism from the service at large.

Admiral Taylor thereupon ordered me to submit a history of the various criticisms that had been made, and this I did in a report called "The Danger of Exposed Handling-Rooms and Magazines."

THE PUBLIC AT LAST AROUSED

It is impossible to say how long this fanatical obstinacy would have kept up, had it not been that accidents continued to occur until the public took a hand. In April, 1906, there was an explosion on the *Kearsarge* at Guantanamo in which five men were killed. In 1907 there was another narrow escape from a magazine explosion on the *Georgia*. By this time the public



Roosevelt's insistence on gunnery practice resulted in the Navy's extraordinary marksmanship records

was aroused and demanded a remedy. The Department was forced to appoint a board to investigate the whole subject. Ten years after the first criticisms, the new ships were designed with interrupted hoists.

The "Round-Robin"

After the *Missouri* accident the Department told the press the "newfangled" notions about rapid fire were at the bottom of the business, and efforts were made to have it stopped. Their argument was that the records of target practice ought to be based upon the number of hits made, regardless of the time element. They entirely failed to realize that modern fleets approach each other at the speed of an express train, and that an action may be over in half an hour—therefore the time element is important and gunnery efficiency ought to be based upon the number of hits per minute that each gun can make.

Peace-time recreation on board a United States fighting-ship

Now, as a matter of fact, theirs was a very clever defense, and it caused us no small amount of embarrassment, because in those days nobody knew much about the real causes of "flare-backs" and "blow-backs" or the exact characteristics of the new smokeless powder. It was known that when the breech was opened under certain conditions of the wind, air entered the muzzle of the gun, and that when the oxygen mixed with the hot gases that remained in the bore of the gun, these gases ignited, causing a "flare-back." Later it was discovered that, notwithstanding the direction of the wind, the vacuum caused by the explosion sucked in enough air to cause a "flare-back." This we remedied by making the turrets air-tight and having a high air-pressure inside them. On the *Oregon* compressed air at a pressure of eleven hundred pounds was induced in a one-inch hose from the torpedo-compressor, and the hose was inserted in the breech as soon as it was opened. This blew the gases out of the muzzle. Later a blast of compressed air automatically cleared the bore.

Accidents from Carelessness and Ignorance

Some accidents were caused by ignorance or carelessness. The accident to the Russian ship *Sissoi-Veliki*, for example, was due to the fact that the breech of one of the twin guns was locked *to the left*, while the other was locked by turning the lever *to the right*. A seaman from one gun crew, having been transferred to the other gun, turned the lever in the direction to which he had been accustomed to turn it on the other gun, and the breech was not locked when the gun went off. Carelessness with the primer is supposed to have caused the accident on the *Massachusetts*. In no case where proper judgment and care were exercised could a "blow-back" be traced to rapid firing. Nevertheless it was an easy matter to mislead an indignant public.

Finally the Department carried on its fight for reaction with more zeal than propriety. This is where Roosevelt came in.

One fine day I found on my desk a copy of a "round-robin." It was being circulated in the Department for the signatures of the principal dignitaries, and it advocated the basing of all target-practice records upon the actual percentage of hits made, and not upon the hits per gun per minute. Apparently it had been placed on my desk by a friend, for certainly none of the signatories ever expected me to sign the death-warrant of good gunnery in our Navy.

I took this interesting document to the President. It needed no long and involved argument to demonstrate to him that battle efficiency in gunnery depended upon hitting the enemy at a more rapid rate than he could hit. When the President saw the "round-robin" his eyes snapped with indignation — he hated a blow below the belt — and his jaw closed with a snap as he said:

"Leave this to me!"

Result: a peremptory order to the Navy Department to continue gunnery practice as before.

Later, when he reviewed the findings of the court of inquiry over the *Missouri* accident, he reiterated this principle in terms so vigorous that thereafter there was never a peep out of the Department on the subject of gunnery.

President Roosevelt's attitude toward the controversy over rapid firing may be best judged from the following letter:

The White House
Washington

Oyster Bay, N. Y.,
August 29, 1907.

My dear Captain Sims:

Mr. Loeb has called to my attention your letter to him of the 27th and the accompanying admirable article. As you say, it is rather discouraging to have arguments resurrected which one supposed were decently buried a decade ago. The arguments against rapidity in delivering accurately aimed shots are precisely and exactly those which we can read in excellent books by "experts," first in favor of flintlocks against percussion caps (that famous British sportsman, Colonel Hawker, is an example of this); then in favor of muzzle-loaders against breech-loaders (Frank Forester can be mentioned on this point); then in favor of muzzle-loaders for military weapons at any rate, because "excessive rapidity of fire was incompatible with accuracy"; then against magazine guns; and then against smokeless powder. When I was

arming my regiment for the Spanish war the old Colonel in charge of the Ordnance Bureau, ———, did his best to persuade me to take black-powder weapons, on the ground that smokeless powder was after all a new fad, and that elderly conservative men of wide experience did not believe in it!

Faithfully yours,

(Signed) THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

Commander William S. Sims, U. S. N.,
Monadnock, New Hampshire.

THE CRUISE OF THE FLEET

There were many reasons why the President sent our battle fleet around the Horn into the Pacific. It was a graphic lesson in the strategic value of the Panama Canal. It fixed the attention of the public on the Navy as nothing less dramatic could have done, and it created a strong pride in it.

But it did more than that. Afterward, referring to the cruise, Theodore Roosevelt said:

> The ships have learned to take care of themselves; they have learned to make their own repairs. The officers of the deck control them like automobiles, and the men are happier away from navy-yard influences. The cruise has been a fine thing for the country. They were meant for the sea and they should keep at sea.

Of the cruise to Australia he said:

> It will add a great thing to our naval prestige, and will make better friends of a new nation that has our instincts.

It is interesting to know that the President had these things clearly in mind before he decided to order the Pacific cruise.

One evening, when I was his aide, my house telephone rang. It was a message from President Roosevelt instructing me to see him at 10 P. M. and to bring with me his former naval aide, Captain (now Rear-Admiral) C. McR. Winslow. The President took us into the library.

"Some day," said he, "the question of the Pacific will be a dominant one, and it will be necessary to know the sentiment of Australia and New Zealand. I want to know what you think would be the probable reception given to our Fleet if it were to visit those countries."

"The officers and men will barely escape with their lives," I replied, "from the hospitality of the people."

This I knew to be true because of the experience of the U. S. S. *Brooklyn*, which had recently visited Australia. The officers had been dined and wined and danced to the point of exhaustion, and only the splendid physical endurance of the American seaman had permitted them to survive the ordeal and to escape the sick bay.

It is perfectly natural that we should understand each other. We have developed in new lands under similar conditions; our problems are similar; our characters and methods are similar; and we have had to bear similar criticisms from traveling British critics. This the President readily grasped and appreciated.

Naval officers did not agree regarding the advisability of the cruise. The Navy Department declared it to be impossible: the small craft could not stand the long trip; the strain would be too great on the crews and on the officers; the crews would desert. But Theodore Roosevelt did not see the use of a navy that could not go to sea, and he did not have great confidence in the judgment of these older men on these matters.

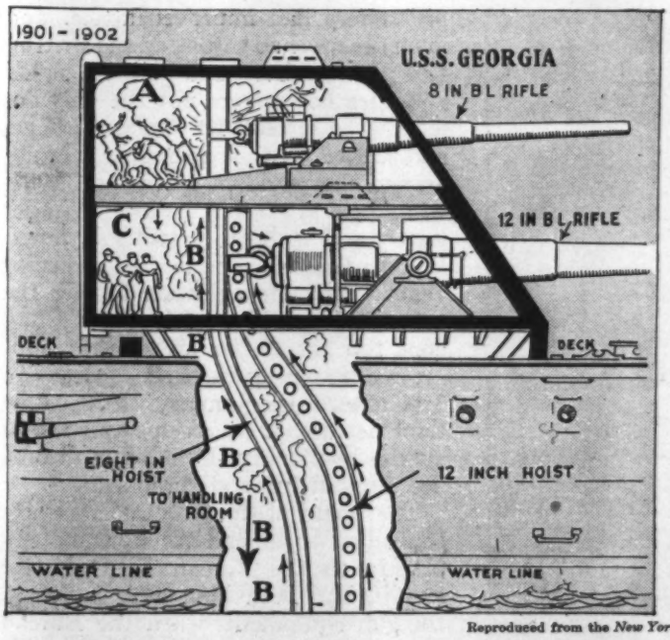
So one day, when the President was to make a trip from Oyster Bay to Provincetown and back on the *Mayflower*, the destroyers *Worden* and *Hopkins* were ordered to proceed to Oyster Bay to escort the President's yacht on the trip. The two destroyers were commanded by Lieutenant (now Commander) Houston and Lieutenant (now Captain) Howe.

THE YOUNGSTERS WERE RIGHT

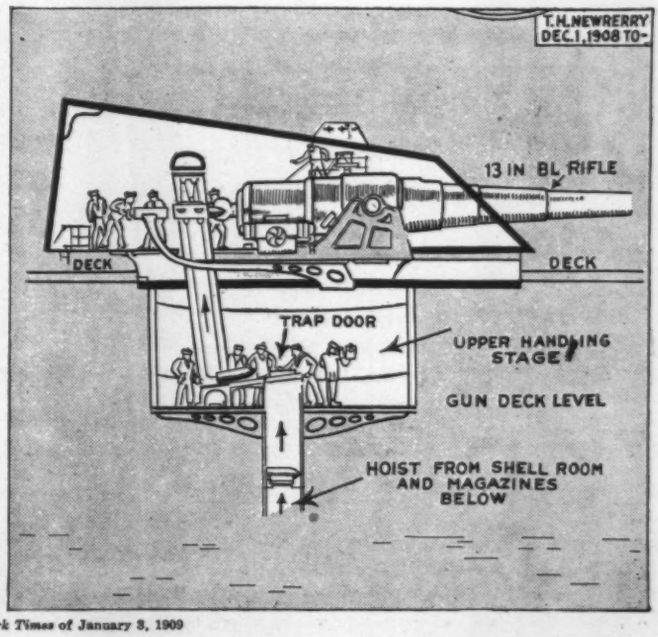
On arriving at Oyster Bay, the two lieutenants dressed in their best, drew on their white gloves, buckled on their swords, and went ashore to pay their respects to their commander-in-chief, the President of the United States.

Such a call, usually a formal courtesy, was in this case something more: the officers were more interested in meeting the man than the official; and so there was a keen feeling of disappointment when he was found to be out.

The next morning, Sunday, a launch from the *Sylph* came alongside the destroyers, and an active young son



The direct ammunition-tube between magazines and turrets menaced with fire our earlier battleships



Reproduced from the *New York Times* of January 3, 1909

Ten years of constant protestation effected this reform—the interrupted hoist with a trap-door

of Theodore Roosevelt jumped on board and handed each commanding officer an addressed envelope containing a personal note from Mrs. Roosevelt inviting the officers to dinner that evening.

Neither of those destroyer commanders is apt ever to forget that evening. In the middle of the meal the conversation turned to the proposed trip of the Fleet to the Pacific. The destroyer officers had long been discussing why their craft were not to be ordered to go with the Fleet. So imagine the consternation of the destroyer officers when the President said in an aggressive tone:

"Well, I suppose your destroyers can't go with the Fleet. They tell me that they can't stand it."

Junior officers of the Navy have little experience in how to disagree with a President of the United States. There was a ghastly silence.

"Well," said the President in a still more belligerent voice, "you couldn't do it, could you?"

By this time the lieutenants had their bearings and felt that the future of their beloved destroyers was at stake.

"Yes, sir, we could," one of them answered.

"Mr. President," said the other, "we are dying to go."

"What?" replied the President. "They tell me you couldn't make the trip and that the men would desert."

"No, sir! Our crews would not jump ship. They are keen for the trip and they know they can do it. Some of our petty officers whose time is about up will take on another hitch if they can go."

"And the destroyers could stand the trip?"

"Absolutely, sir; they can take care of themselves."

"H-m-m," said the President. "I think I'll send you with the Fleet, after all."

And he did. The next day the order went forth for the cruise, and the destroyers were included. And the youngsters were right!

Afterward the President was able to say:

> Never in the history of the world have any torpedo craft made such a long trip and done it on their resources. They have repaired their own damage and they have done their own work, and the ships that went to "mother" them they "mothered" instead.

President Roosevelt reviewed the Fleet from the yacht *Mayflower* as it steamed out of Hampton Roads to sea on its memorable voyage. After the powerful fighting craft, symbolizing so well the might of America, had passed, and when the last ship was hull down on the horizon and a pall of smoke hung over the sea where but a few moments before the Fleet had been, the President remarked to me:

"That was a bully stunt!"

The effect of the cruise upon the Navy was electrical. The officers and men demonstrated that they had learned to handle their ships and to perform their other duties. Confidence and morale were stimulated. The country had reason for a legitimate pride in the Navy that could earn the admiration and applause of the world.

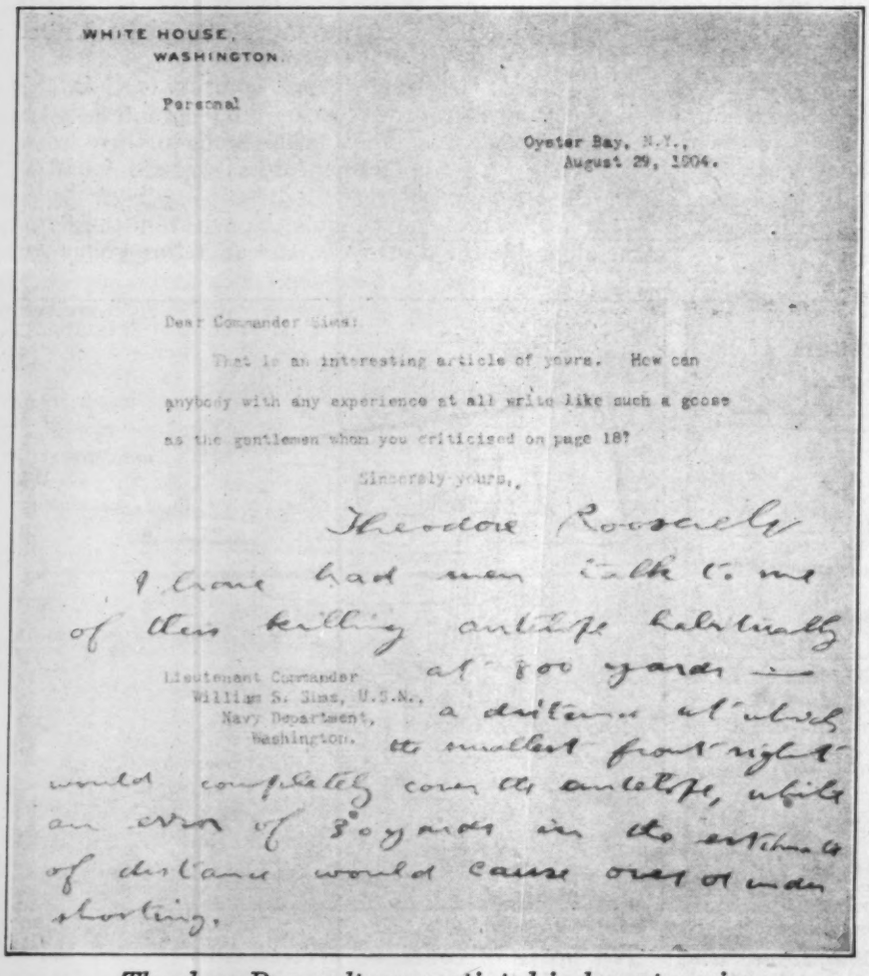
How the Fleet Was Received

The reception of our Fleet in Australia was unparalleled. Not only did the Commonwealth Government outdo itself to express its gratification, and the cities compete with one another to show their enthusiasm, but people of all classes overwhelmed officers and men with showers of invitations to their homes. No attention that could be devised or imagined had been lacking. Nor was the effect confined to these young nations alone. In all the countries visited the reception of the Fleet was most cordial. In England the effect was striking. That nation followed the progress of our Fleet with sympathetic attention.

Theodore Roosevelt's act had stirred the imagination of the world. Henceforth all nations were to regard the United States of America as a great World Power.

Gunnery had improved apace, and in no time we had surpassed the British. But poor gunnery and obsolete sights and open hoists were not the only defects to be remedied. The battleships had started on their memorable cruise around the world in December, 1907, with their armor-belt awash or under water, and with other faults of design that had been criticized in vain for years. But the agitation among the officers of the Navy for reforms had gone too far to be any longer suppressed from general notice. In McCLURE'S for January, 1908, while the Fleet was at sea, there appeared an article by Henry Reuterdahl which precipitated general discussion.

The Board of Construction was now compelled to defend its work openly exactly as the Bureau of Ordnance in 1902 had been compelled to defend the gun equipment, when the Bureau "proved" to be physically impossible the method of gunnery now in use in the



WHITE HOUSE,
WASHINGTON.

Personal

Oyster Bay, N.Y.,
August 29, 1904.

Dear Commander Sims:

That is an interesting article of yours. How can anybody with any experience at all write like such a goose as the gentlemen whom you criticised on page 18?

Sincerely yours,

Theodore Roosevelt

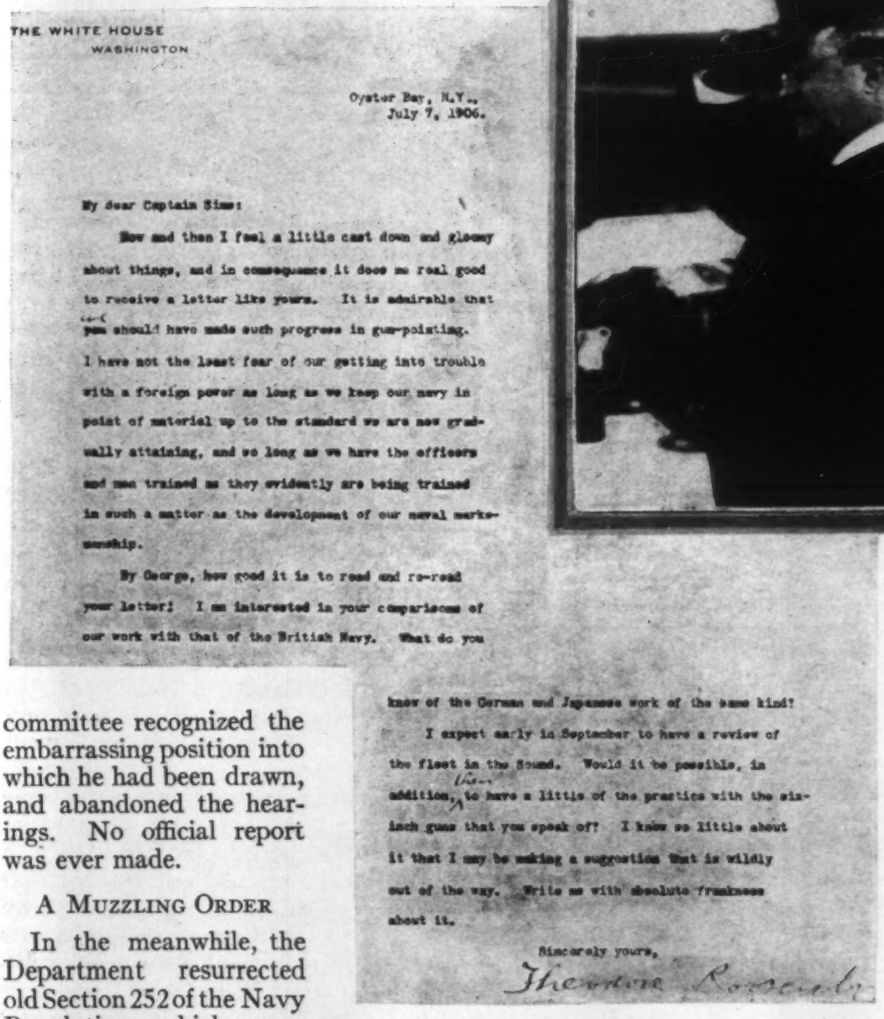
I have had men talk to me of their killing antelope habitually at 800 yards — a distance at which the smallest front sight would completely cover the antelope, while an error of 30 yards in the estimate of distance would cause over or under shooting.

Lieutenant Commander
William S. Sims, U.S.N.,
Navy Department,
Washington.

Theodore Roosevelt never stinted in honest praise

Navy. The chief charges in Reuterdahl's article had been that the armor-belt was awash when the ships were loaded for sea; that the turrets were dangerous; and that a great number of guns were so low as to make it difficult, if not impossible, to fire them in moderately rough weather. The Bureau chiefs knew perfectly well that these charges were true; yet in long, elaborate, technical statements they denied or evaded them.

The result was a Senate investigation. The hearings began briskly. The Senate Naval Committee and the Bureaus stood in together, and expected to put their critics in an awkward predicament. In spite of repeated attempts to obstruct our evidence, so damning were the first proofs offered by Commanders Key and Hill that the chairman of the committee recognized the embarrassing position into which he had been drawn, and abandoned the hearings. No official report was ever made.



THE WHITE HOUSE
WASHINGTON

Oyster Bay, N.Y.,
July 7, 1906.

My dear Captain Sims:

Now and then I feel a little cast down and gloomy about things, and in consequence it does me real good to receive a letter like yours. It is admirable that you should have made such progress in gun-pointing. I have not the least fear of our getting into trouble with a foreign power as long as we keep our navy in point of material up to the standard we are now gradually attaining, and so long as we have the officers and men trained as they evidently are being trained in such a matter as the development of our naval marksmanship.

By George, how good it is to read and re-read your letter! I am interested in your comparisons of our work with that of the British Navy. What do you know of the German and Japanese work of the same kind?

I expect early in September to have a review of the fleet in the Sound. Would it be possible, in addition, to have a little of the practice with the six-inch guns that you speak of? I know so little about it that I may be making a suggestion that is wildly out of the way. Write me with absolute frankness about it.

Sincerely yours,
Theodore Roosevelt

Reviewing the Fleet as it started on its world trip

A Muzzling Order

In the meanwhile, the Department resurrected old Section 252 of the Navy Regulations, which was a direct and legitimate descendant of the Spanish Inquisition.

It read, in part, as follows:

> All persons belonging to the Navy are forbidden to publish, or cause or permit to be published, directly or indirectly, or to communicate by interviews, private letters, or otherwise, except as required by their official duties, any information concerning the acts or measures of any department of the government, or of any officer acting thereunder, or any comments or criticisms thereon.

If strictly enforced, this meant that a member of the Navy could not legally carry on an intelligent conversation with his wife.

In a letter to the Secretary of the Navy, dated August 12, 1907, Rear-Admiral Goodrich had pleaded for open discussion of naval matters that were not confidential in nature. He suggested that Article 252 be amended to read:

> All officers of the Navy are invited to discuss openly in public print over their own signatures all service matters not obviously confidential, or made confidential by order of the Department. Such discussions must be free from personalities and courteous in tone. A strict observance of the proprieties will be observed.

Such an amendment would have been not only more American but more sensible than the old article; however, no change had been made.

And so, based upon the enlightened document of old Article 252, the Department, suspecting my hand in the discomfiting articles appearing in print, sent me the following long epistle designed to force me to confess to a breach of the Navy Regulations:

Navy Department
Washington

26000–2 February 15, 1908.

Sir:

The Department having had brought to its attention a very unusual similarity between statements made by you in various communications to the Secretary of the Navy, and some of those contained in an article entitled "The Needs of Our Navy" in the January number of McClure's Magazine, over the signature of Mr. Henry Reuterdahl, you will please submit, immediately, categorical and specific statement on the following points:

Did you, directly or indirectly, furnish to Mr. Reuterdahl or to any one acting for that gentleman, or for any other individual, information which could justly be regarded as an adequate foundation upon which to base the various statements contained in the above-noted article under the following captions:

"A Fleet with Main Armor Under Water."

"Our Investment in Ships with Submerged Armor."
"The Lowness of American Ships."
"One Third of Guns Useless in a Seaway."
"The Open Shaft to the Magazine."
"The Danger from Exploding Shells."
"The Poor Protection for Gun Crews."
"Insufficient Ammunition Hoists."
"Lack of Torpedoes and Destroyers."
"Ten Days of Battle Drill in Nine Years."
"The Bureau Management of the Navy."
"Fifteen Years' Fight for a Safe Turret."
"Our First Need."

The Department desires that your statement be categorical and explicit as to whether or not you have communicated, directly or indirectly, publicly or privately, to editors of papers or their representatives, or to any other persons, information which could be justly used as a foundation for sensational statements of the character of those made under the above-noted captions in the article which appeared in the January number of McCLURE'S MAGAZINE.

If you have not, either directly or indirectly, supplied such information, the Department desires explicit information as to whether you are prepared to assume responsibility for the truth of any of the important statements therein contained, under the above-noted captions, and if such be the case, a brief and explicit indication of the statements in which you concur. Respectfully,

(*Signed*) V. H. METCALF,
Secretary.

Commander Wm. S. Sims, U. S. N.
Bureau of Navigation,
Navy Department,
Washington, D. C.

It was "third-degree" stuff, and an utterly unfair — if not illegal — proceeding. I took this extraordinary document to the President. "What do you think of that, Mr. President?" I asked.

"What!" said he. "Haven't you been insubordinate?"

"There have been others," I replied. "What about the 'round-robin'?"

Roosevelt laughed. Then he sent for the Secretary of the Navy, reminded him that the Senate investigation was going into the matter, and directed him to stop further proceedings against me and against other witnesses who were called before the Senate committee.

And that was how Roosevelt put an end to the Spanish Inquisition that threatened to end my participation in further naval reform.

A "GUM-SHOE" VISIT TO THE "DREADNOUGHT"

One incident, throwing no additional light, perhaps, on Mr. Roosevelt's character, although it throws some light upon his influence, and of great interest in connection with the all-big-gun ship, was my secret visit to H. M. S. *Dreadnought* at a time when her design was a deep mystery.

In the course of the controversy over the all-big-gun ship, I had occasion to visit England in connection with my duties as Inspector of Target Practice, in order to find out what I could about the latest British developments. One day I visited the Admiralty, and met Admiral Sir John Fisher in Admiral Jellicoe's office. I said to him jocularly:

"Well, Admiral, when can I see the *Dreadnought*?"

"You can't see her at all," he replied vigorously. "Nobody can see her. Even our own officers can't. The German naval attaché bothers me all the time. Everybody wants to see her — and I won't let them."

Apparently in high dudgeon, he stalked to the door. Before going out he turned and caught my eye, held up a warning finger, said in a loud mysterious whisper, "See Jellicoe!" and disappeared forthwith.

So I saw Jellicoe. At that time he was the Director of Naval Ordnance. I told him what I wanted, and he gave me complete instructions how to proceed in order to see the "mystery" ship. I was to go to Portsmouth, where the *Dreadnought* was anchored in the stream, and I was to pay an official visit to the commandant at that station. If the commandant said anything about showing me the ship, I was to say that I had been refused permission to see her. I was then to take a train back to London. All this was to create the impression that I had been refused permission and had failed to see the mystery ship. At a later date, on a certain holiday, I was to array myself in civilian clothes and to take a specified train to Portsmouth, where I was to be met at the station by an officer who would conduct me to a certain commercial wharf. There a boat would take me out to the *Dreadnought*.

On board I lunched with the captain, the present Admiral Sir Reginald Bacon, and after lunch he showed me all around the ship from stem to stern and from keel to truck. The captain explained to me all the details of her construction and readily answered all my questions. Moreover, there were no restrictions placed upon me, and I was permitted to make a secret report on the ship to the Navy Department!

The German Navy would willingly have spent millions to learn one half of what our government was freely told.

It was an extraordinary occurrence, and went to show how highly the British Navy and the United States Navy regarded each other, and what a degree of confidence the two nations reposed in each other.

Roosevelt's type of pacifism paid dividends.

"THE SAD STORY"

One day, a few weeks before the end of President Roosevelt's second term, a Navy Department clerk hurried into my office, placed a typewritten sheet face down on the desk, turned, and as rapidly went out without saying a word. This clerk was a stranger to me, and the paper, which was unsigned, gave an account of certain remarks alleged to have been made by some of the principal officers of the Navy Department. It described the various disagreeable things that they proposed to do to me as soon as President Roosevelt went out of office.

I paid little attention to this warning until the same manœuver was repeated a few days later by another clerk, also a stranger. His paper contained such a circumstantial account of my proposed punishment that I became decidedly apprehensive. I was particularly alarmed as I knew that my official record — the reports of fitness that have to be made half-yearly by commanding officers — contained virtually no reference to the part I had been able to play in improving our marksmanship, our ordnance equipment, or the designs of our men-of-war. I therefore explained the circumstances to the President, making it clear that, as long as my official record was virtually blank, I would have no possible means of defense against any effort to discredit anything or everything I had done.

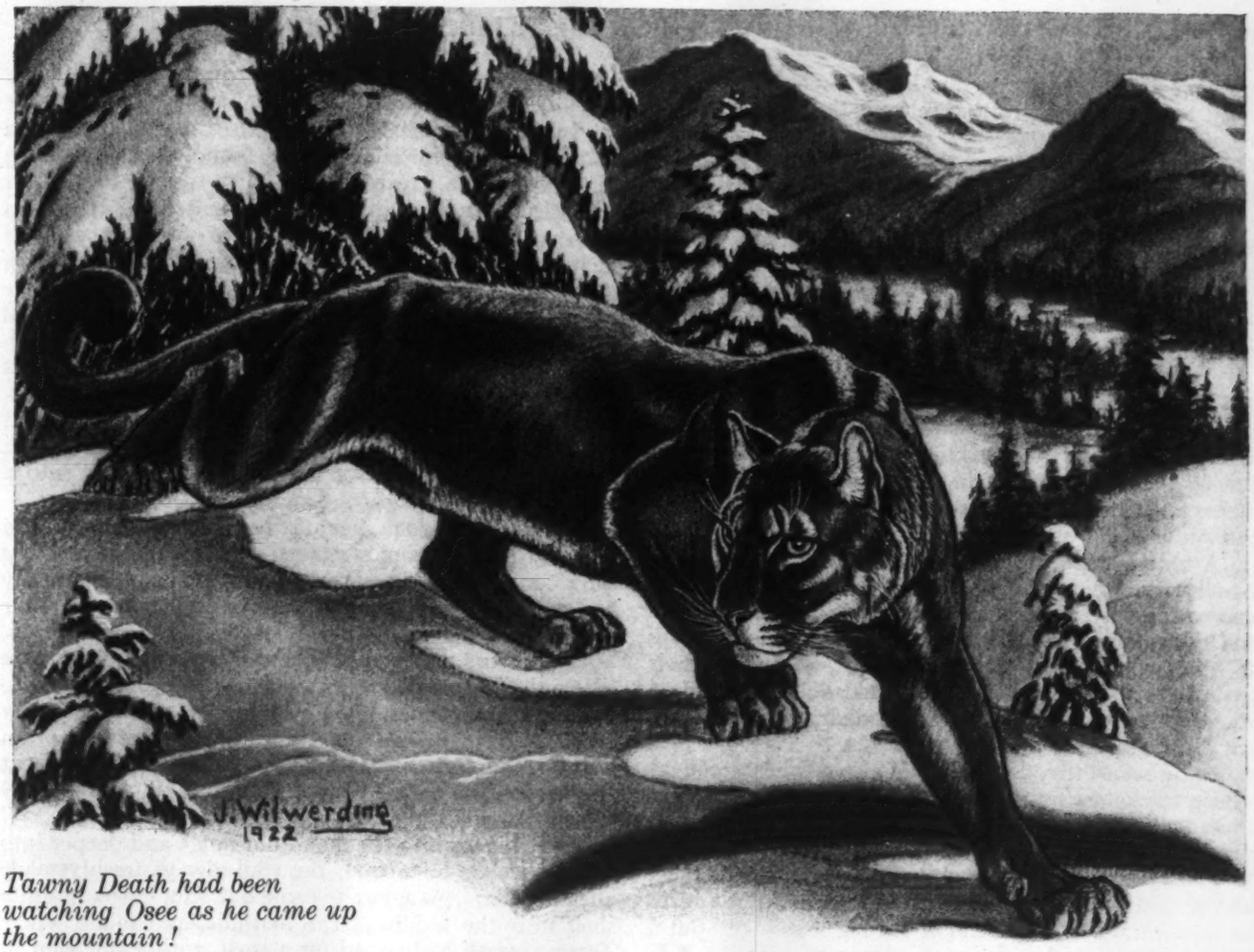
"There must be some mistake," the President declared. "Perhaps part of your record has been mislaid; I can not believe it possible that no mention of your work should be on your official record."

"Mr. President," I answered, "you can easily find out by sending for it."

This he promised to do. My record was sent for; it was virtually blank, as I had feared.

"Well," said the President, "what do you suggest that I do about it?"

[*Continued on page 78*]



Tawny Death had been watching Osee as he came up the mountain!

The Tawny Death

A Story of the Perils of the Pioneer

By Russell Arden Bankson

Illustrations by W. J. Wilwerding

OSEE GRANT plowed through the foot of loose new snow, kicking his heavily booted feet first to right and then to left to widen the trail leading down from the cabin to the barn at the edge of the timber.

A shiny milk-pail dangled in one hand, and a bucket of steaming hot bran mash and chopped-up vegetables straight from the kitchen stove hung in the other.

It had been snowing for twenty-four hours straight, but an hour before the storm had ceased.

Osee was whistling a queer tune of his own mixing, but as he came up to the barnyard gate he called out a friendly greeting to the stock:

"Hey, there, Brindle an' Buttercup an' all the rest of you critters, I'm a-comin'!"

From the interior of the rambling log barn there came the soft tinkle of a bell and the sudden stamping of feet on the stall floors.

"Give the countersign or y' don't get no grub!" Osee threatened, moving easily across the yard toward the door. The labored breathing of the cows came to him, but they made no answering low, and from Woolly, the pet ram, there was no bleat.

"Somethin' wrong," Osee mused, hastening his steps.

Then, with his hand on the wooden door-pin, he stopped and stared at the snow.

Clearly showing in the drifts were the footprints of a huge cougar, which had circled the barn — and that not more than a few minutes earlier.

A sudden alarm seized Osee and setting the pails down he tore the door open and lunged inside.

In the dim interior he saw the two cows, Brindle and Buttercup, backed up in one corner of their stall, their heads up, their eyes bulging in fear, staring at an open window in the rear. Back of them, nearer the window, a half dozen sheep were huddled into a compact mass in their pen, each with its head up and pointed toward the window. The team of horses, Dan and Dobbin, had broken their halter ropes and were crowded against the wall of the barn behind their stalls, their tails to the window, their heads thrown back over their shoulders, with their ears forward and nostrils wide in terror.

"What's the matter here?" Osee shouted. But he knew. The Tawny Death had come!

Instinctively he hurried to the sheep pen. The old

ram, as though to guard his little harem, stood with head and shoulders protruding from the mass. A low, terrorized bleat of entreaty rumbled in his throat as Osee vaulted the low fence, but the ram did not take his eyes from the window.

Crowding in among the trembling animals, Osee shoved them apart and counted them quickly. There should have been six. There were only five.

"Lamb gone!" His jaws snapped shut and his face, which a few minutes before had been full of the joy of merely living, was grim.

STEPPING out of the pen, he hurried to the window. A latch had come unhooked. Outside were the tracks where the cougar had leaped up to the window, and then out again. Spilled about in the snow were greenish-red stains of blood. The trail led straight away toward the heavy forest beyond the creek.

A terrible rage seized Osee Grant. For two years he and his wife, Jimsey Grant, had been fighting back the encroaching forest, struggling for every foot of the rich soil they gained on their mountain homestead; fighting to build up their assets in farm stock, adding to their little band of sheep with hard-earned dollars, guarding them against the depredations of cougar, bear, wolf and coyote.

Once before they had lost a fine ewe, when a cougar whose track was by far the largest of any ever seen in those parts, had gathered it up bodily and vanished into the woods.

Jimsey and he had called it the Tawny Death then, and he had sworn that if it ever raided their flock again he would track it to the end of the big woods and put a bullet through its brain.

The tracks in the snow and the stark terror among the animals told him that the Tawny Death had left the barn not more than ten minutes before.

Without losing time he rushed from the barn and headed for the cabin at the far side of the clearing, calling to Jimsey.

"Get the rifle and belt ready!" he shouted.

Jimsey flung the door open as he came up, panting.

"What is it?" she asked, frightened.

"The Tawny Death got a lamb," he answered. "Get the gun. He's just gone. I'm going to get him!"

Seizing the rifle, cartridge belt and a mackinaw from her hands as she brought them, he turned again toward the barn.

"Feed the stock and milk, will you, honey?" he asked over his shoulder. "It's already eight o'clock. I'll try to be back in a little bit."

The woman would have detained him.

"Don't go far in the woods," she begged. "The storm isn't over yet."

"Don't you worry, Jimsey!" he assured her. "Reckon I know these woods like a book. The critter's probably famished and stopped to feast up the creek a way."

"I wish you wouldn't go, though, Osee," she pleaded, an instinctive fear seizing her.

"Tawny Death's hide is worth fifty dollars and that'll buy a dozen lambs in the spring."

The gun clutched in his right hand, his face still grim, Osee plunged away, striking straight for the point where the cougar's tracks entered the dense woods.

Jimsey watched him going, then she looked anxiously at the leaden skies.

"I wish he hadn't —" she began to fret. Then resolutely she turned back to the kitchen and began putting on her boots and heavy coat. Two years in the big woods had made a homesteader out of Jimsey Grant. Osee wouldn't get caught in the storm — and the stock must be attended to.

Just as he plunged from view Osee turned and waved back at the cabin. Already he found the going much heavier than he had reckoned. The trail of the cougar was easy to follow, but the snow under the trees was deeper than in the open, where previous snows had melted or drifted. He found underbrush buried beneath it and low limbs burdened with masses of it, which came down about him and over him in cataracts as he moved along. Obstacles in the way of fallen trees, easily overcome by the mighty leaps of the cougar, became difficult barriers for Osee, who stumbled and struggled over them.

For a half mile he moved along steadily, intent on the trail ahead, which followed up the creek only a short distance, then over a rise of ground and into a ravine denting the side of Lane Mountain.

After an hour he found where Tawny Death had laid down its kill and stretched out on its belly in the snow for a brief rest. The animal, though, apparently had not attempted to feast, some urge seeming to drive it on, to penetrate deeper and deeper into the fastness.

Two hours passed and Osee came to the second place where the cougar had rested, but, as before, it seemed to have lost little time before pushing on.

A lifetime in the open and thirty years of clean living stood Osee Grant in good stead during the next two hours, so that his resolution to kill the Tawny Death did not weaken.

Ever higher into the mountain range and deeper into the big woods he moved, the trail always freshly made ahead of him. At noon he came out on a barren granite shelf near the saddle of the foothills, and found where Tawny Death had rested for a spell, with a full view of the back trail.

"Foxy one!" Osee exclaimed. "He's been lying here watching me come up the mountain!"

The trail twisted over the saddle into a canyon on the other side and turned again sharply toward the higher range of the Huckleberries into territory which Osee had not before visited, but with his woodcraft knowledge he gave little thought to this.

His pace was slowing somewhat, and he was feeling keenly the need of food, but when the day had dragged slowly into mid-afternoon, and the trail had reached far up toward the main range itself, it turned sharply downward into the dense tamarack and white pine region above Kooskia Canyon. Tawny Death, the stalker, was being stalked and he knew it. He was exerting every ounce of his cunning to throw the grim human from his trail.

OSEE reckoned roughly that he was five miles from the cabin, as he would have to travel back, and he looked at his watch to make certain of the time.

"Long 's he's heading this way I'll keep on the trail," he decided. "Got to be heading back, though. That storm's brewing and night coming."

Fifteen minutes later he paused in sudden alarm. A large, soft snowflake, drifting down through the branches of the trees, pasted itself to his nose like a clammy warning. And while he stood there more flakes came sifting downward until they brought a curtain of dusk over the big woods.

"Got to get out of here in a hurry," Osee warned himself. Clutching the rifle closer under his armpit, he turned directly toward home, over the route he had steadily borne in mind through the day.

"Back over the saddle and straight down to Kooskia Creek at the bottom," he assured himself. "All I got to do is get down to it and follow along the bank until I come to the magnesite road with clear going."

An hour later the heavy dusk had turned to night. In a blinding storm which stung his face with a myriad of driving snow pellets, he reached the canyon beyond the saddle — but Kooskia Creek was not there.

A deep fear seized him and he began to plunge wildly up the incline beyond the ravine, using his gun for a balance, stumbling against trees which bruised his arms and body, going down to wallow in the snow.

IT was only when he lay flat in the snow, a comfortable warmth creeping over him, an insidious peace stealing the weary aches from his muscles and joints, that sanity returned to him.

"Jimsey's worried sick before this," he told himself, aloud, driving himself to his feet again. "Lost! Freeze like a coyote in a trap!"

He gritted his teeth, beginning to push on slowly, steadily up over the next ridge. His old confidence began to reassert itself. Kooskia Creek would be in the next canyon.

He thought to fire his rifle as a signal, but remembered the hopelessness of such a course, and pressed the barrel again to his side.

The slow minutes passed and the top of the ridge did not come. He began to stagger, and when his feet caught in a buried limb he fell forward on his face, crashing against a tree.

For a moment he lay half stunned, then he got to his hands and knees, still with the rifle clutched in the fingers of his right hand. The jar cleared his brain.

"Reckon Osee Grant's gone," he whispered. "Jimsey won't have no old man after this. Poor Jimsey!"

On his feet again he tried to think.

"Got to find some shelter where I can get a fire started. Freeze sure if I stop this way."

Slipping, sliding, clinging to low limbs which sent their showers of snow about him, he worked upward until finally he came to a perpendicular ledge standing up from the mountain. Leaning against this he found that he was protected from the onslaught of the storm.

"Good place for a fire," he decided. "Gotta get some wood now."

Every thought of the Tawny Death had been wiped from his mind. He was centered now only on self-preservation, and so, feeling his way along the base of the precipice, he searched for any sort of fuel which might have been collected there.

Moving along in this way he was brought up with a jerk as a dank, pungent odor smote his face, seemingly coming from the face of the cliff. His muscles stiffened as, sensing an unseen danger, he waited, tense. But no sound came to his ears. Then he reached out a hand, slowly, to find the wall again. It was not there and he moved forward, a foot at a time, the tainted air stronger in his nostrils.

Under his feet were dry twigs and leaves which cracked and snapped as he walked; the moan of the storm and the sting of the wind were lost. In the darkness he felt heavy walls surrounding him.

"Stumbled right into a cave!" he exclaimed. He kicked into the dry fuel at his feet, accumulated there by generations of pack rats — and knew that death had been cheated of another wilderness tragedy.

Laying his gun beside him, he knelt and scooped together a pile of the tinder with his numbed fingers. Then he found his match-case in his mackinaw pocket and, trembling in his eagerness for light and warmth, struck a match and held it to the leaves.

And in that moment as the light flared up, from far back under the low roof of the cave there came a blood-curdling snarl of anger and hate.

"My God! A cougar!" Osee grabbed for his gun again and backed away.

Then, in the blackness beyond, two smoldering green coals showed for a flashing second and were gone, seemingly lost in another rumbling snarl that curdled the very blood in the man's veins.

The fire blazed up, though, and Osee, kneeling with his rifle to his shoulder, lost the spot where he had seen those eyes of death. Something else was there. Lying on the floor of the cave was the partially devoured carcass of the sheep which had been stolen that morning from his barn.

"Tawny Death!"

Osee Grant knew then that if he had faced death in the stark awfulness of a mountain storm a few minutes before, he now faced it in a more terrible and swifter form. Life for him in that moment meant one sure shot straight to the heart or brain of the great mountain slayer.

Waiting for a sight again of those green flames of hate, he realized that only the suddenness of his appearance in the lair of the cougar had saved him in the first moments. The animal had followed its instinct to lie still and strike suddenly from the darkness, and then, in the next moment, it was the flare of the fire that had held back the forward leap.

The fire burned bigger and the circle of flickering light widened. Then Osee saw his mark.

Tawny Death was crouched low, thirty feet back, tail stilled, ready for the spring, head swaying slowly like a pendulum while its eyes were riveted on this man who had dared to interrupt his feast.

WITH a steadiness born of the certainty of death through failure, Osee found the bead between the eyes and pulled the trigger.

There came a dull, sickening snap of the hammer against the firing bolt. The rifle had missed fire!

In a flash Osee ejected the shell and threw in another, but the pull on the trigger was only a dead click.

Osee's chance had come and gone. The cougar snarled as if in defiance of the puny efforts of the man to destroy him, then his great tail began a slow lashing back and forth along the floor of the cave. His cruel jowled head low between his shoulders, his fangs bared in a noiseless snarl, slowly, inch by inch he began to rise up on his feet, waiting — waiting for the fire to die down.

Osee's chance had come and gone. Tawny Death could afford to wait: he feared only the fire. When it was no longer there to strike at him, it would be his turn.

And so they crouched, the flickering firelight playing on the dark rough walls in weird Oriental phantasms, while their burning eyes held each other motionless. Osee, his useless rifle still in his hands, heard the ticking of the watch in his pocket; he heard the pounding of his heart.

He dared not move even his head, when melting snow from his hat ran down into his eyes. Any motion might bring that great tawny beast in a running spring, hurling through the air straight at his shoulders. To stoop forward and replenish the flames might send that Death at his throat.

The moments ticked by and Osee found his mind wandering. He was remembering Jimsey and how worried she would be. She would think the cougar had struck him down.

Then from a pile of limbs at one side of the cave there was a rustling of dead leaves, a dull thump as of a stick striking a wet drum-top. It was not loud, but it broke the heavy silence like the rumble of distant cannon.

The green eyes of the beast shifted quickly, nervously; Osee turned, too. A pack rat, its beady eyes glinting in the dying firelight, poked an inquisitive nose out of the rubbish, paused to send again the challenge of its thumping tail, and sprang into full view, to leap clumsily across the uneven floor, straight for the Tawny Death.

The movement was unexpected, disconcerting. The cougar jerked back with a snarl. And in that instant Osee dropped his gun and scooped a handful of dry leaves on the coals.

The flames leaped up with a flood of light and Osee added to them until they sprang to the ceiling.

DEFEATED, snarling in his sullen rage, the cougar backed slowly away into the shadows again, down the subterranean channel which led into the mountain, and the rat, squealing its terror, leaped backward and dove for the safety of its nest.

The strain broken, Osee laughed harshly, a little uncertainly.

"God!" he whispered, hoarsely.

The chill had left his body. Trembling, the sweat breaking out on his brow, he began to gather arm-loads of the fuel from the floor and to pile it up where he could feed the fire. Then he backed to the entrance of the cave, his eyes steadily on the black abyss at the rear.

When he felt the stinging night air he stepped quickly to one side of the entrance and faced the open. The heavy stillness of the cave changed to the whining roar of the storm, beating through the trees in harsh fury. Osee shuddered. It was mocking him, laughing at him in glee. It shouted Death at him. He could not last an hour.

Osee set his jaws. He must face it. He could not go back to the den of the great cougar.

"Ugh! I never did want to die cold!"

And then, scarcely knowing what he was doing, he began to move back toward the cave entrance, the flickering light of the flames and their message of warmth drawing him against his will. Inside again, there was no sign of Tawny Death. Osee sat down close to the fire, with his back to the stone wall.

He was tired — weary almost beyond endurance, and the heat, creeping in through his wet clothes, lulled his brain.

He must not go to sleep — he must not —

"Stay awake! Stay awake, y' fool!" he told himself, over and over.

The tired muscles of his body relaxed. His head dropped forward on his chest.

Osee Grant slept peacefully, deeply, while the flames danced, died down to dull coals, and dissolved into cold ashes.

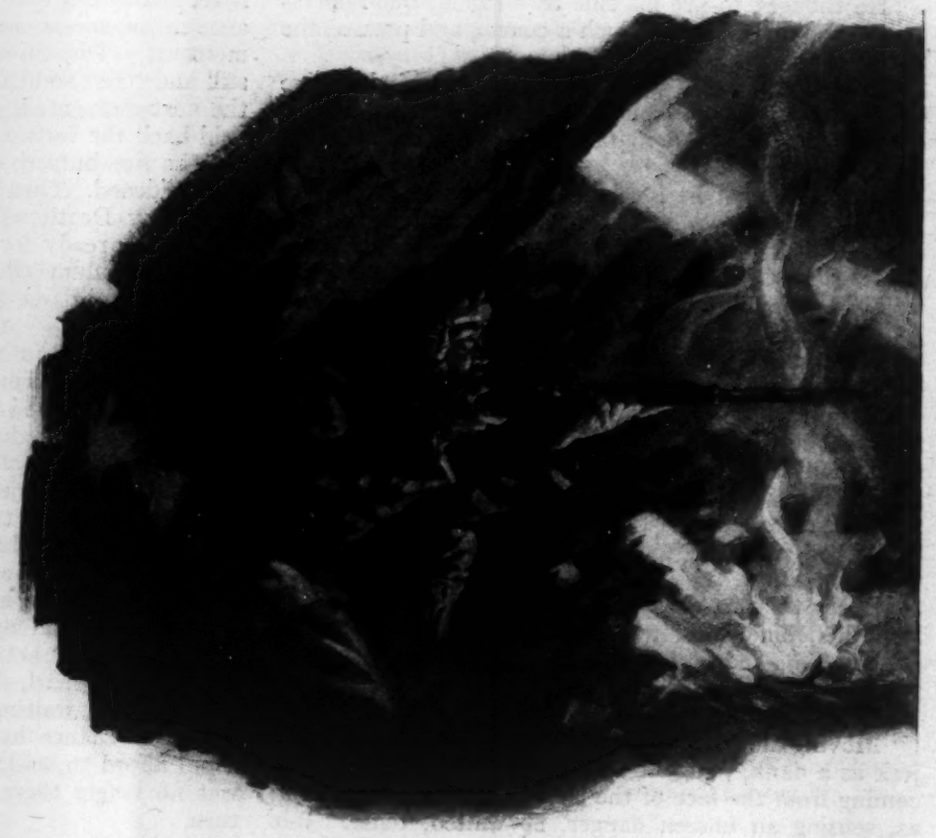
The hours passed by while Osee slumped there, his useless gun across his legs. And near the break of a bleak, gray morning Tawny Death, crouching low on his softly padded paws, his yellow belly sliding an inch above the floor of the cave, his eyes burning, his fangs bared again in that soundless snarl, crept forward, foot by foot.

His constrictor-like tail twitching, he came on until he was within five feet of Osee, alert for the first move which would send him springing forward. Then, standing erect, leaning his body forward as a cat would, with his muzzle extended, he sniffed at the boot of one of Osee's outstretched legs.

The hair along his spine stood up and his jaws dropped open as the hot stench of the leather filled his nostrils. Then he turned swiftly and seized the broken carcass of the sheep greedily, a rumble in his throat.

The Tawny Death's chance had come and gone.

Osee straightened up with a jerk, but in the gray twilight of the cave he did not see the gliding form as it retreated. He was stiff and chilled and his brain was still befuddled with sleep. "Jimsey!" he whispered. "I'll be back in no time."



There came a dull, sickening snap of the hammer

The sound of his own voice aroused him and suddenly he remembered.

"God! I been sleepin' here with Tawny Death!" he whispered.

He saw the light of day outside, and, crawling on his hands and knees, he went to the cave entrance. The storm had died down, leaving the trees bending low under their burden of snow.

"Jimsey 'll be scared stiff," he muttered. But looking out over the desolate stretches of whiteness, falling away in ranges of foothills, he saw only a strange land—a wilderness which offered him no landmark to guide him to her.

"I couldn't get far in that," he said, aloud. "Knee deep an' turned heavy."

Never a winter passed up there in the big woods but that some man vanished into the snow-laden reaches and was not heard of again until the next summer or years later when some itinerate hill-rat or timber cruiser stumbled on a pile of bleached white bones. Of these things Osee Grant knew from intimate acquaintance with the treacherous stretches which have no ending. Without positive knowledge of his directions and where shelter and food lay, Osee would not last half a day out there.

Another and possibly more horrible death faced him in the cave, but it was dry and warm. With a shudder he turned back to it, creeping in, alert for any sign of danger.

In a feverish haste he found his match-case and lighted the pile of twigs, so that they sent up a quick, hot flame.

He had had nothing to eat since the morning before — twenty-four hours during which time he had undergone a terrible strain of exertion—and he felt himself almost famished. He remembered then the slain sheep, only to discover with a sinking heart that it had been carried away.

The cougar's great tail began a slow lashing

He turned then to the rifle, and for a long time he sat there by the fire, working over it, trying to find out what had happened to it. Finally he discovered a bit of twig which had worked into the mechanism, keeping the hammer from driving the firing-pin. With this removed he slipped a cartridge into the breech, and, pointing the muzzle toward the opening, pulled the trigger. A deafening report answered the pull and all at once Osee felt a new surge of life and courage filling him.

A rumbling cry from far back in the cave answered the report, but Osee laughed as he would not have laughed a moment before at Tawny Death's voice.

"That's my mutton you got," he shouted. "I'm a-comin' after it!"

Instantly he threw another shell into the breech and seized a handful of fagots which he held to the flames until they were burning. Then, bending forward with his rifle ready in his right hand and the torch held above his head in the other, he moved deliberately forward. Around a turn in the passageway he saw the glowering eyes of the cougar, and involuntarily jerked back.

CROUCHING behind the rock, Osee fixed his torch so that it cast a light at his back. Then slowly he raised the muzzle of the rifle until it held a bead between those two round spots of green fire, wavering slowly backward and forward, a dozen paces beyond.

The cougar seemed to sense its danger, too—to know that it was trapped, for there was a low gurgling snarl.

"Reckon there won't be no misses now," Osee said, half aloud, waiting his chance.

But just then Tawny Death, crouching low, moved forward swiftly, his head low between his shoulders, his eyes fastened on Osee's face.

He was crouching for a spring. And Osee pulled the trigger as a great tawny form, half lost in the shadows, hurled through the air.

It came straight at him, and the whine of the bullet and the thunder of the discharge did not check it. In that moment Osee knew again the fear of death.

Its cruel jaws wide, its hot breath almost in his face, the beast screamed in rage and the gun went clattering from Osee's hands. His arms went up across his face to protect it as he cringed back, waiting for the feel of the beast's claws sinking into his flesh and the smell of its stinking breath in his face, its scream of savage victory in his ears.

There was a rush of air in an eternity that was a flashing second, then Osee looked up again. Tawny Death was gone, springing in great leaps toward the cave entrance. All at once there was a great silence through the cave, and Osee was there alone.

Slowly he got to his feet and stood there, his body tense, his arms half raised before him, waiting. Then he heard it — the high, blood-curdling cry of Tawny Death, the king of the big woods, as he led away along the mountainside.

Only then did Osee pick up his rifle and move toward the opening.

And standing there he knew that Tawny Death's going had not saved him. Grim starvation was still stalking close behind him while the killer was out on the hunt.

Off down the mountain slope and over the foothills, somewhere, was Osee's cabin and Jimsey. Leading back over the ridge, apparently in the opposite direction, were the tracks of Tawny Death's huge padded feet.

"Like as not he'll pull down a white-tail doe," he said. "If I was to keep on his trail I'd get in on it and stock up with meat. I could make out then."

The idea fixed itself in his mind. If he kept on the trail long enough he was bound to come to the kill. Resolutely he turned his steps to follow the cougar. When he had food he could turn back again, and strike out for home.

The course led along the mountain-side for a mile, then turned up over the ridge, and down into a canyon. Crossing this it led around the toe of a flat, heavily wooded hill, and then for three miles followed the rim of a low ridge before it turned abruptly into the lowlands again.

MIDDAY came and passed and Osee was staggering through the snow half delirious. There were times when he had to rest, and there were times when it took every ounce of his strength and resolution to move forward again. There was no turning back for him, though. His one desperate chance lay in Tawny Death making a kill somewhere in his hunt.

In mid-afternoon Osee stumbled and fell exhausted.

"No—use. Can't—go—any further," he whispered.

It was good to lie there in the snow. The white, beautiful snow made a soft bed.

"Cursed snow!" he snarled, suddenly sitting up. "Die! Find bones — in the — spring. Jimsey!"

There was a heavy crashing in the brush somewhere near him. He turned, but he saw nothing.

"Tawny Death — coming," he mumbled. "Come on — I'm waiting!" He laughed harshly.

Slowly he got the rifle to his shoulder and rested the barrel across his knees.

"Come — on!"

A horse whinnied. And then, almost trampling him, Dan, his own old horse, stood over him, astride him Jimsey Grant!

The woman's white, drawn face told the story of her suffering, but looking down upon her man she could not speak until he had got up and was standing beside the horse, leaning his head upon her knee.

"Osee!" she whispered then. "Osee! I thought — Tawny Death had — killed you."

"God, girl, how'd you come — out here in the wilderness?" was all he could answer.

"We're only half a mile from the cabin," Jimsey answered, leaning forward suddenly to throw her arm about his shoulders and hold him to her. "We're in the fir thicket down at our west section line."

"Tawny Death —"

"Osee! He came again this morning."

"I know," he answered, looking up at her. "I was following his tracks to the kill. I reckoned he'd make one — somewhere — and he'd have to share it — with me. I didn't kill him — in the cave. He owed me — some food."

"I was back-tracking him. I — thought he'd come from — you. He — he made his kill. He got — Buttercup — this time."

"Never mind, Jimsey!" Osee's voice was strong again. "He brought me back. We owe him something for that. Some day — I'll get Tawny Death!"

"You won't need to, Osee," Jimsey whispered, her eyes round. "Buttercup did that. She got Tawny Death when he struck her down. One of her horns went straight into his heart!"

General Wood

THE world to-day is an extended Europe. Ninety-seven per cent of Africa is ruled by the European. North and South America and Australia, as well as the islands of the Pacific, are dominated by the European. Russia has expanded from a European duchy to an area that includes nearly half of Europe and one third of Asia.

England rules one fifth of the human race in India. Japan is the only absolutely independent nation in Asia — that is, independent of European dominance.

For nearly twenty years, mainly since Japan's victory over Russia in 1905, the non-European peoples, yellow, black, and brown, have increasingly resented the white dominance. The relations of the white race to the races of color constitute at this moment a group of serious questions.

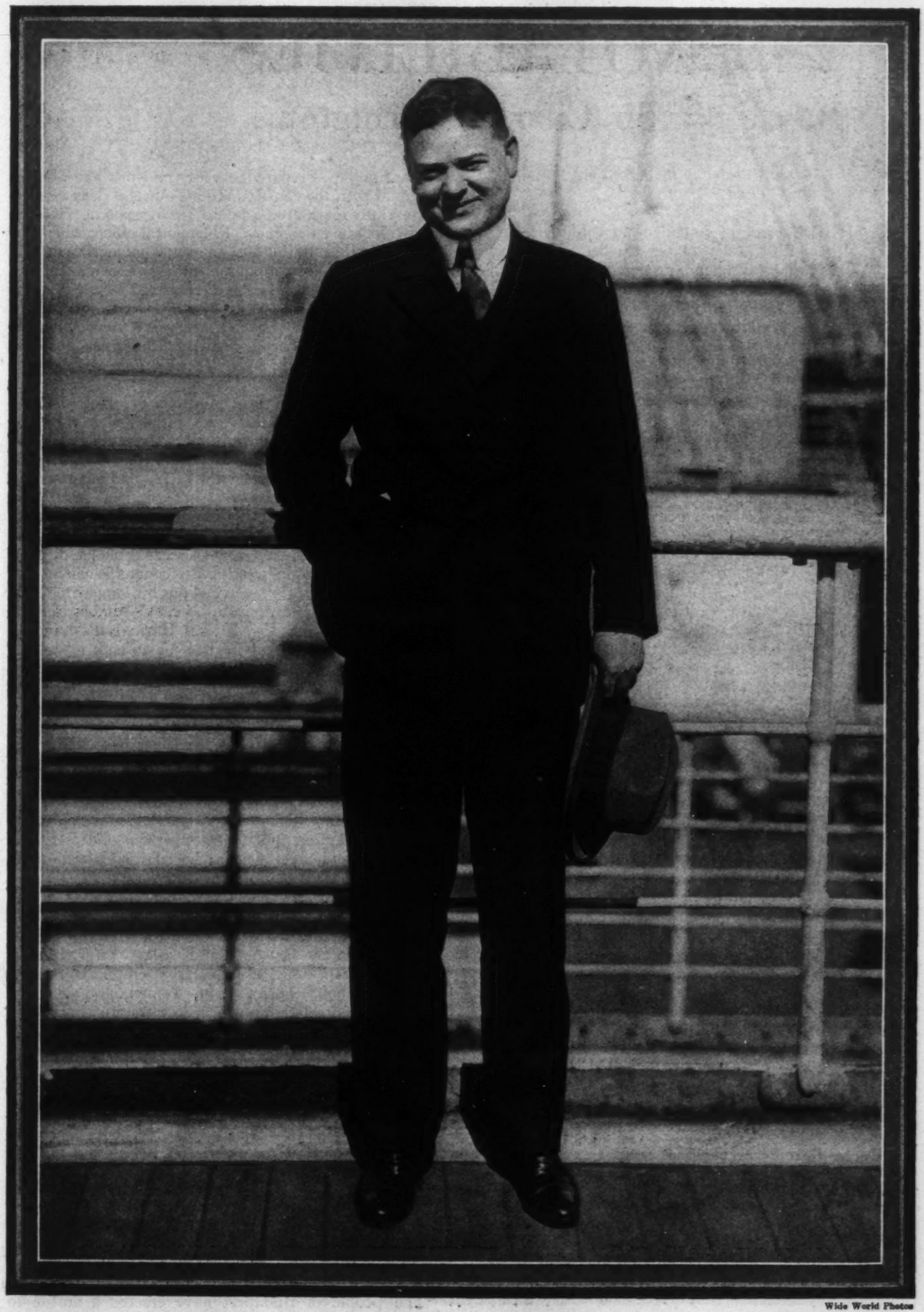
Related to the question of white rule are the problems connected with nations and peoples who are unable to organize for themselves governments that can secure for themselves justice and security.

In varying forms, this situation is found in Turkey, Egypt, India, the Philippines, Haiti, and San Domingo, and was obtained to a certain extent in Cuba immediately after the Spanish-American war.

Great Britain and the United States have done great and beneficial work in establishing justice and security in many lands.

General Leonard Wood ranks with the greatest of the men who have helped backward peoples. In the January issue of McClure's Magazine Mrs. Cecilia Farwell presents a satisfying and accurate picture of General Wood's work in Cuba and the Philippines.

THE EDITOR.



Wide World Photos

HERBERT HOOVER

Budapest has erected a statue to him and named a planet in his honor **[see page 70]**

NOTABILITIES

Sir Charles Harington

[*Reprinted from an editorial in the New York "Times" of October 13, 1922*]

A SINGLE error of judgment in conference or a precipitate order to his troops, and the soldier whom England expected to do his duty might have been the cause of a conflict with far-reaching and deplorable consequences.

Seldom has a military commander called upon to display qualities of statesmanship had a more difficult task. Sir Charles Harington was under instructions to avoid war, but to show firmness in negotiating with the Turkish Nationalists, whose demands were likely to be high because their army had overwhelmed the Greeks and driven them out of Asia Minor. He had to preserve order in Constantinople, where the Turkish population was in a state of excitement and the Christians were panicky; he had to land troops, dig trenches, place guns, and extend his barbed-wire entanglements at Chanak in the face of the Turks, who threatened to hem in his position. He had to strengthen the Asiatic defenses of Constantinople. He must be in frequent consultation with the British naval authorities in the Straits and the Sea of Marmora. With the French it was necessary to be tactful under trying conditions. He was at the call of his government by telegraph at all hours of the day and night; and he was expected to negotiate an acceptable understanding with Mustapha Kemal and his National Assembly at Angora while standing on guard as a soldier to defend the interests of Great Britain and save her prestige in Asia as well as in Europe.

General Harington's ordeal really began a year ago, when the Greeks were restive in Thrace, impinged on the neutral zone there, and were tempted to march on Constantinople. There has scarcely been a moment since he took command of the British land forces in 1920 without its problems and anxieties. Throughout his troubles to the last he has had authority to issue orders, with the understanding that he must not blunder in letter or spirit. The government at home was "behind him," but he had to walk warily.

With the last nerve-racking night at Mudania over and Ismet Pasha brought to terms, General Harington was done with ultimatums and could say: "I believe peace is now assured. We got everything we asked and our patience has at last been rewarded." Chanak had been made impregnable, a great British fleet was ready in Turkish waters, reinforcements had poured into Constantinople. Preparedness for the work had a great deal to do with the consummation, but the clear-headed and resolute Harington rose to the occasion. He was the man for the emergency. Regimental officer when the World War began, he was a major-general when it ended. At fifty he is famous, although three months ago people were asking, "Who is Harington?"

[*The Harington type of diplomacy was revealed in an incident that occurred at the Mudania conference, of which G. Ward Price wrote the following in the London "Times"*]

ISMET had begun putting questions, evincing mistrust as to the loyalty of the Allies' intentions in the creation of a newly defined neutral zone. The reply came with a touch that reminded one of Lord Kitchener's historic "Cheer up, De Wet," when the latter had surrendered in the Boer War.

General Harington suddenly broke into Ismet's criticisms with, "It isn't the form but the spirit of an agreement like this that counts, and as a pledge of good faith I shall now shake hands with Ismet Pasha."

With these words he stretched out his long arm across the table. A slow smile crept into Ismet's somber, reflective face, and he grasped General Harington's hand.

That little incident seemed to me to sum up in one gesture how General Harington won this remarkable diplomatic success of which most of us had begun to despair.

[*Lloyd George, in his Manchester address of October 14, said of the success of the Mudania conference*]

"It has been largely due to the tact, judgment, and resolution of our representative at Constantinople, Sir Charles Harington, and our sagacious adviser, Sir Horace Rumbold, and it has also been largely attributable to the patience and zeal of Lord Curzon.

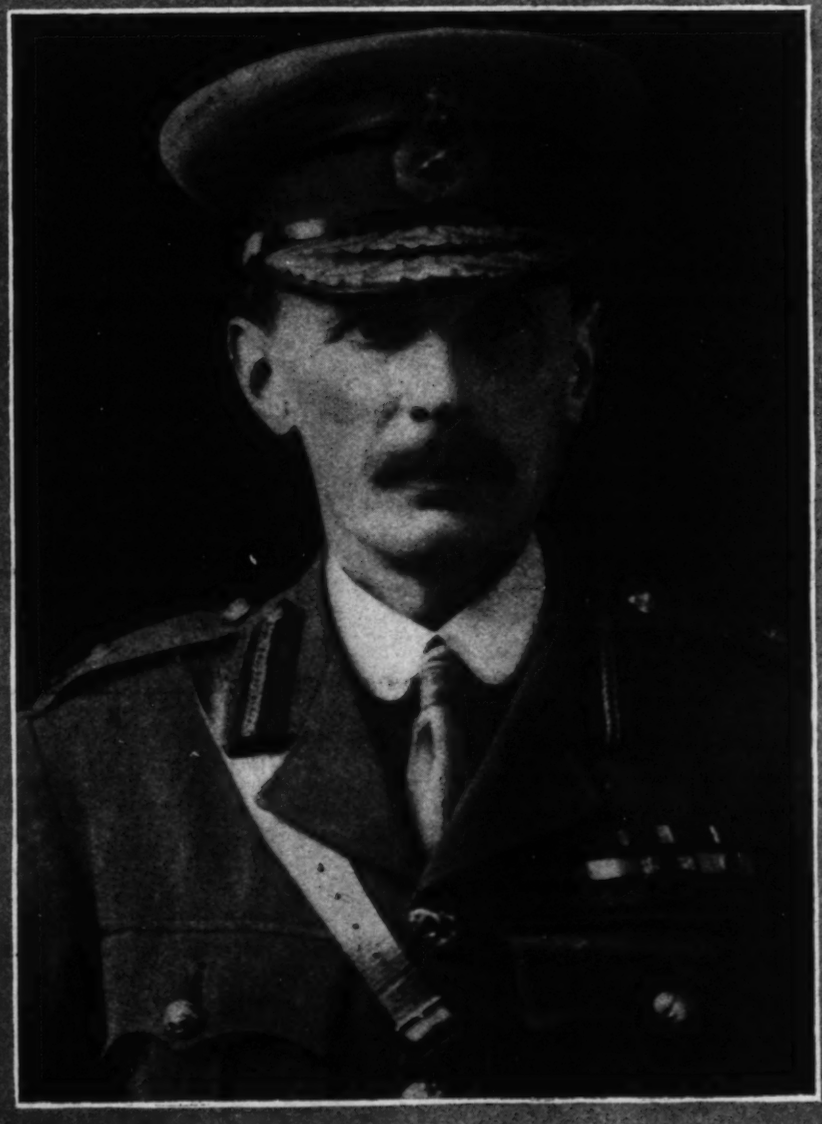
" . . . . . I shall be prouder than ever of the fact — if this were the last day I held this high position, I should be prouder than ever of this fact — that it was given to me in the last days and weeks of my premiership to invoke the might of this great empire to protect from indescribable horror men, women, and children by the hundreds of thousands, who were trusting to the plighted word of France, Italy, and Britain as their shield and their defense, and who are thanking God at this hour that Britain, Great Britain, has kept the faith."

Herbert Hoover

HERBERT HOOVER is best known by his work in saving vast populations in Europe from death by starvation. Few, however, know of the work done by Mr. Hoover and the men he selected in carrying on the fragmentary nations created by the break-up of the Austro-Hungarian Empire.

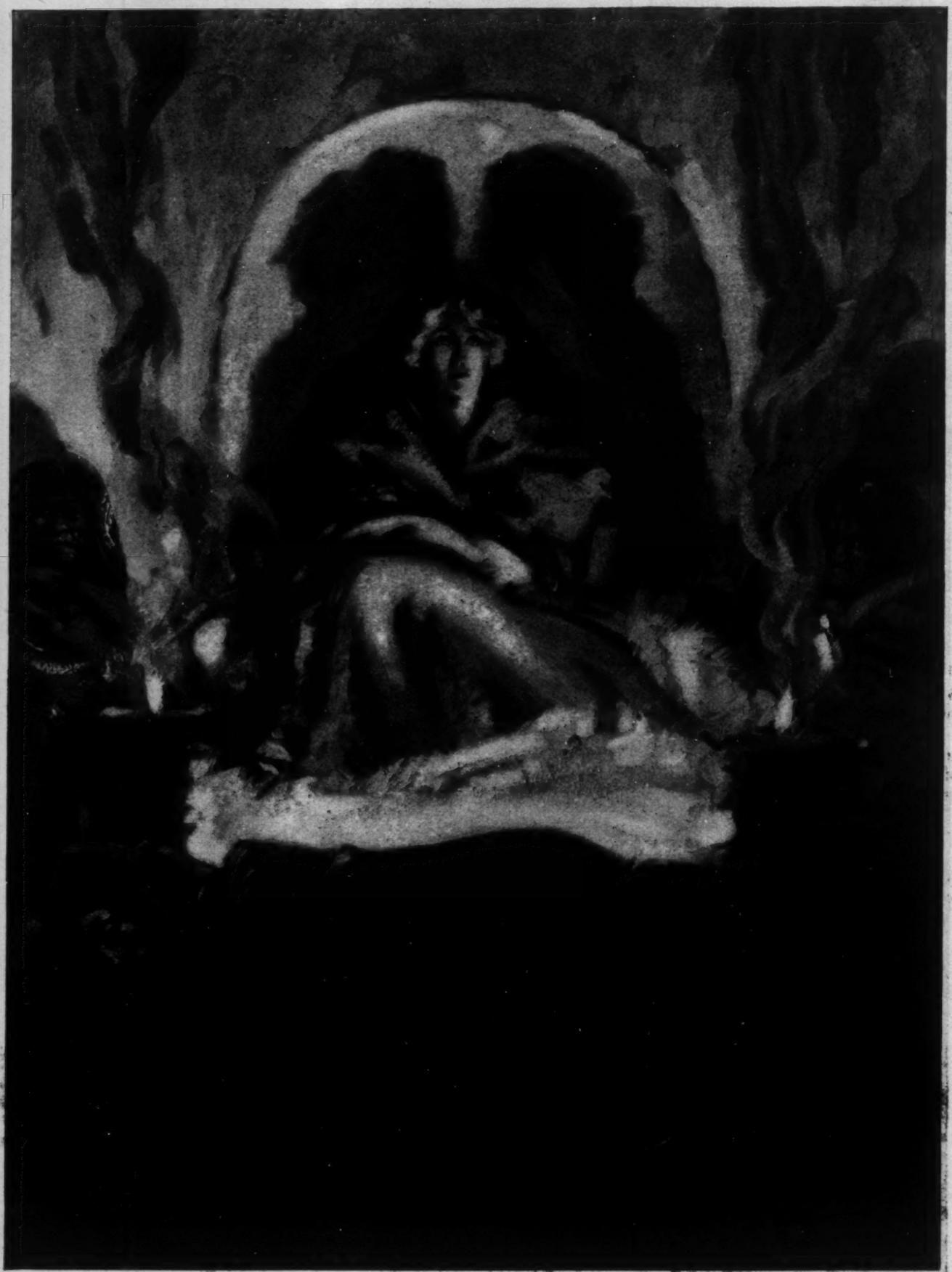
Here is one illustration. Vienna was on the verge of food destitution. Train-loads of food for Vienna were refused passage by Jugo-Slavia. One of Hoover's men intervened and compelled the government of Jugo-Slavia to permit the transit of food. Mr. Hoover's services in the field of statesmanship, still more than his feeding of peoples, has brought to him greater honor and affection in these lands than that held by any other living American.

The people of Budapest have erected a statue to him. Astronomers at the university renamed a planet (hitherto known as No. 932) "Hooveria" in his honor, and the Austrian Senate has confirmed the change.



SIR CHARLES HARINGTON

The man for the emergency in negotiating with the Turkish Nationalists



In his house was the white woman. On a pile of white bear pelts she sat against the far wall, where was a little hollow, an alcove that exactly inclosed her. In front of her burned two great soapstone lamps. Dallas had seen her so enshrined in all his thoughts

The Woman in the Shrine

A Story of Adventure in the Far North

By Marjorie L. C. Pickthall

Author of "Gypsy's Weather," "Angels' Shoes," "The Closed Door," "Hordisa of the Fair Braids"

Illustrations by Carton Moorepark

Marjorie L. C. Pickthall, who wrote "The Woman in the Shrine," had just won full recognition as a short-story writer when she died, on April 19, 1922, at the age of thirty-nine. Her stories have appeared in various American periodicals and so industriously had she applied herself to her chosen profession that at her death a number of excellent stories were still left to be published.

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, which has already printed the stories mentioned above, is so fortunate as to have four more, to appear in early issues: "Wilderness Gold," "The Blossoming," "The Door on the Past," and "A Good Time."

LOOKING back through the last flakes of the falling snow, Dallas was aware that the teams had stopped.

The snow ceased even as he looked. He saw the teams motionless in the distance, gazing after him. A driver lifted a hand and signaled. He turned and swept back.

They waited for him. Even when he was near, he could read nothing from their faces. Dogs and men, out of yellow eyes and black, stared at him alike: after any absence he returned to them a stranger.

He asked angrily, "What is it? A trace broken?"

"There is some one here."

They pointed. He saw nothing but a shallow gully in the untrodden snow and a low mound in the midst. But a young man went to him timidly, pointed again to the mound, and said, "Life."

Dallas saw the faintest possible thread of mist rising from the center of the mound. It was breath, life — imperative in that enormous desolation as a flame or a cry.

"See who's there, then," he said impatiently.

He waited, angry at the delay. Some old Innuit, he supposed, who, having toiled or endured terribly, borne or begotten life, was now cast out from it. His men began to break down the snow walls of the mound.

His impatience grew. In the cliff-caves of the Ghost, ninety miles south, four full loads of poached sealskins waited for him where Burke had hidden them. He was hungry to feel them in his hands. From hands to hands the precious things had passed — from Shoruba's to Rupert Johnny's, to Burke's, to his own at last. In the end, fair women would wear the furs and never know how those hands had stained them.

His men had broken down half the walls of the mound. Their hands fell. They stood back. Dallas went forward, wondering.

AT first he saw only a heap of dark pelts, over which seemed to be thrown a veil of the finest lace. Then he knew it for a veil of frost — flowers and figures of an unimaginable delicacy. From an opening in the furs rose a thread that told of life. He put the coverings aside.

He settled her upon the sled, lapped in furs. Under the red aurora he started the team

He saw the face of a white woman.

Against the remaining curve of the hollowed mound she sat, half inclosed in it, like a statue in a shrine of snow. Her face was young and thin; it glimmered as purely as a pearl. She was so still, so cold, it seemed impossible that she should live. Yet he saw her breathe. To the foot of this shrine the tracks of sleds ran and ceased. In that strange instant, it seemed to Dallas that all the tracks of his life led to this, and here ended.

He stood looking at her. It was the measure of his men's fear that they still looked at him.

There was some motion, some weakest stir, as if her heart strove to be free. He stirred also, and put aside more coverings. Against her breast rested a strong child, perhaps two months old.

Dallas looked about him at the illimitable tundra, the arctic waste. It held no mark, no sign, no answer but their own tracks. Answering his gaze, an old hunter stooped, took up snow, and slowly scattered it again. Dallas understood. The new snow lay on the world like forgetfulness. Nothing was left to tell him how or whence she had come.

He said, "Lay her on the sled." They lifted her and set her there, her stiffened arms clasping the child. They turned and took her back to the winter village.

UN-NA

FOUR hours later the teams stopped among the snow houses. Dallas shouted. There was a stir within like the stir of a teeming hive, and from the entrance of the largest house a girl crept and clung to him. Her furs, loosed in the inner heat, trailed from her waist, and her polished body had the blued gleam of metal against the snow. She murmured, "Have you come back to me?"

He thrust her aside, saying curtly, "Call the other women, Un-na."

She was dumb. Her eyes took the same look that he had seen in the eyes of his men and his dogs when they waited for him by the mound. It angered him. He shouted again, and the other women came, oily, smoke-scented from the reek of the dark houses where, month after month, they cherished little flames.

Dallas spoke only to give his orders. He waited only to see the white woman wrapped in his own furs in his own house, and a greasy mother suckling the child. Then he went.

But at the entrance he paused and looked at his people. He waited until he held all eyes. Then he drove his knife into the snows of his threshold, and through the savages watching him ran a vibration like the quiver of the knife-handle. They understood. That threshold would be inviolate until his return, save for the old women who served him and his.

In an hour the houses were still. Only the girl Un-na returned across the plain, weeping—having followed his sleds till she could follow no more. She went to Dallas's house; but the old women would not let her in.

Three days passed — four, five; and the white woman and her child still lived there in the dim warmth of Dallas's house. On the sixth day Dallas came home.

He came home wounded and with empty sleds. Word ran round the huddled snow houses like fire in grass, but the man had gone to his own house.

At his approach the old women drifted from it like smoke. He saw within his house only the white woman.

On a pile of white bear pelts she sat against the far wall, where was a little hollow, an alcove that exactly inclosed her. In front of her burned two great soapstone lamps, and across her knees lay the child. Dallas had seen her so enshrined in all his thoughts. He was very still. Infinite wonder possessed him: wonder of her hands; of her hair, so fair that it was like silver; of her eyes, so blue that they were like jewels behind the lamps.

"Woman," said Dallas thickly — "woman —"

Her eyes, blue and very quiet, rested on him and remained there.

"You're McGuire's woman," said Dallas.

She answered at once: "Ay, I'm that."

"You're McGuire's woman. And now I know McGuire's been on my trail for days, waitin' to do what now he's done."

"Ay," she replied, "he has."

"Ay, he has!" Dallas mocked her, livid and bitter. "For days he followed me, and somewheres he slipped ahead. When I come to the river-caves of the Ghost, my pelts were gone—stolen. And McGuire he'd stole them. His trail was plain enough there. I followed for to get him, and he got me — through the shoulder."

She was pale — as pale as she had been that first time he had seen her. Tears were on her lashes now, instead of frost. She said in a low voice, lifting the child a little toward him: "You saved us. And he robbed you — tried to kill you!"

"Tell me what you know," said Dallas roughly.

"McGuire heard where you stored the poached pelts. He went to steal them off you. That's all."

"Where'd you come from?"

"Loon Inlet."

"He passed this village in the thick of the snow?"

"Ay."

"With you along? He's a bold man, Bully McGuire. But how did he gain all them hours on me?"

She said quietly, "By droppin' me in the snow for you to find."

"Is that so?" whispered Dallas.

"It's so."

After a time Dallas began to tremble. "The brute!" he said softly. "The brute! You hate him?"

"Ay," she assented passionlessly.

Dallas's voice was but a boy's whisper when he said: "And I love you! O you woman, you, I love you!"

Whether it was her hands or only her look that swept him back, he could not have told, or her voice when she said clearly: "*No.* For I ain't McGuire's woman only. I'm his wife."

Presently, in the unbroken stillness, Dallas turned and left the house.

He went to that of his chief hunter. There he ate and drank; stripped and washed; talked loudly. Un-na dressed his wound. Soon, in her dark arms, he slept.

But his wound fevered him. He awoke; and, though all around him men and women breathed in sleep, he was as desolately alone as a child waking in a strange bed. He rose, as terrified as a child, in his mind the single thought of a refuge.

A dozen watchful eyes followed his movements; he did not know. Un-na clung to him; he put her aside. He went out into the night. The girl Un-na followed him. He went into his own house, and she crouched outside.

Within, on each side of the ever-burning lamps, old women lay asleep. They awoke when he entered, but did not move. Behind the lamps McGuire's wife sat erect in her shallow niche, hushing the child.

Dallas went to her, swaying. He dropped at her feet and laid hold childishly of the white bear-skin.

"I'm sick," said Dallas, "sick. I'm lonely. I've nowheres to rest."

She stooped, loosening the fur, which she gave into his hand. Her eyes were as quiet and blue as water in spring. Her voice was full of the benediction of sleep.

"Rest here," she breathed.

Dallas lay at her feet. She sat above him, hushing the child. His hand followed the drag of a memory: he crossed himself; forgotten words were on his lips:

"Mary, Holy Mother, pray for me."

He slept. McGuire's wife slept, and the child. On each side of the lamps the old women slept. Outside, Un-na lay in the snow.

All the time he was sick of the wound McGuire had given him, Dallas lay at the feet of McGuire's wife, wrapped in the white fur. He did not touch her, nor did they speak. She gave him nothing but what he had asked of her — rest.

The old women cared for him. Soon he was strong. He left her then, in silence, and went out in the dawn.

Some one held him. It was Un-na. She led him to her father's house. "There is no rest here," said Dallas.

Un-na held a bottle to his mouth and said, "Drink."

When he woke, he was silent and sullen. Only when he had drunken and slept he spoke, and always of a white woman — holy, desired.

Then Un-na gave him more drink. And she began to whisper to him in the dark house. She whispered a picture into his mind.

As she whispered, he saw himself driving a strong team south toward the sun. On the sled sat the woman, tamed to his hand, broken to his will. This from her own mind the girl whispered to his.

She saw that the time was near.

AT last she went out and gave orders, in his name, for a sled to be harnessed, loaded with such and such, left at a certain place in the village. When she had done this, she returned. As she stooped to the entrance of her father's house a crimson aurora flickered among the stars, and the tundra was the color of blood.

She went in. There was an old gun in the house, bound about the barrel with hoop-iron, having ivory narwhals and birds inlaid along the stock. This she took. Then she stooped over Dallas and whispered for the last time.

He woke, and saw nothing but the picture which she had passed from her mind to his. As a man talks in sleep, he asked her, "Is the sled ready?"

When she bent her head, he drew on his furs and went out into the strange crimsoned night.

Then Un-na took the gun and went out also. She left the village behind her, and followed the trail south — the trail that Dallas must take. After an hour or so she turned aside and lay down in a hollow of the snow.

DALLAS went into his own house. McGuire's woman sat as if she had never moved. When she saw him she scarcely breathed.

Dallas said only: "I love you!"

She answered clearly, "And I you, Dallas."

He said: "I knew it. I saw it in you. You shall turn me away no more, you woman, you!"

As he stooped to lift her, her face did not change. She looked at him steadily.

She said: "Now you're such as *he* is, and maybe I'll come to hate you the same." But Dallas did not heed. He swept her into his arms, her and the child. He carried her out of the house. The old women did not stir.

He found the sled in the place where Un-na had told him it would be. He settled her upon it, lapped in furs. She neither looked at him nor resisted him. Under the red aurora he started the team.

He did not see a cluster of dark specks appear westward of him on the plain. These soon became a tired dog-team, running toward his path at right angles. He did not notice when this team stopped and the dogs dropped in the snow, and when from the sled a man rose and ran toward him — a tall man dressed, like Dallas, in thick fox furs.

He knew nothing until this man swung suddenly across him, turned, and stopped him with a blow on the breast.

"I come to get my woman," said Bully McGuire.

Dallas did not speak. Perhaps his lips just formed the word "Mine."

McGuire laughed again. He strode to the sled and pulled away the furs. "You ready to come with me?" he jeered.

She rose at once, holding the child. The furs clung round her, now as white as her own spirit, now stained with red light like the rages of men.

"Take me quick, McGuire!" she said.

McGuire turned her face up to his own, laughing still. "You paid Dallas for them pelts I stole off him?"

"No."

"You lie!" mocked McGuire, and struck her face.

She staggered, bending her head. A heat of life, a great purifying fire swept Dallas. He sprang at McGuire. They closed, strained, and fell struggling in the snow.

But presently Dallas, holding McGuire down, was aware of a warm weakness. Something trickled down his arm; his hands failed; his senses swam. The old wound that McGuire gave him had broken out again.

McGuire thrust the woman upon the sled. He started the team. Dallas lifted his heavy head; he tried to cry out, to follow. Like a wounded seal, he dragged himself along in the snow. He watched his sled recede, with the woman motionless upon it and McGuire running along in his place, laughing back at him.

He dropped his head. He was beaten!

Over the wastes a single sound traveled to him where he lay— the sound of a single shot.

He lay thinking of it. The aurora sank and died. A little while the lonely stars shone from a black sky. This, in turn, was suffused by a promise of silver, a

DALLAS

dawn of surpassing purity and tenderness. The moon was rising.

Later he thought that white oval her face, and the frosty swales the robes he had drawn about her. From a long-ago innocence and peace she seemed to reach out her hand and lay it upon him. He was nearly gone.

But he moved, shaken back to life by an immortal wonder. For it was indeed her hand. She stood above him, leaning on an old gun bound with iron and inlaid with ivory. Their eyes met. Hers were sunk deep in her head, weary, as calm as blue stars.

He said with a great sob: "O you woman, you've come back?"

"Ay." She spoke as if very tired, and within her arm and the frosted furs, dazzling in the moon, the child whimpered.

"McGuire —?"

She said solemnly: "He's dead."

"Dead?" cried Dallas. "*Dead?*"

"He's dead, Dallas. We was passing a little hollow in the snow. There come a shot. He ran on beside me, only turnin' his head. And suddenly he dropped, head under, like a buck. He was dead when I stopped the team and went back. He looked as it might have been you, layin' there in the snow, Dallas. I went to the hollow beside the trail, Dallas, but there was no one there — only this gun. I come back."

Dallas shivered, staring from her face to Un-na's gun. He saw neither for an instant. What he saw was Un-na crouching in the snow, the flash of the shot, her running figure, and, stretched on the snow, the man whom she had mistaken for himself.

He repeated slowly, "As it might have been me." His voice rose to a cry: "And I'd have done no better by you than he'd have done! But you've come back to me!"

"I've come back, Dallas."

Said Dallas, with an oath: "You need fear me no more, you woman, you!"

"I know. The evil's gone, as the winter will be gone soon."

She pointed. Across the disk of the moon he saw a line of night-faring birds in strong flight, flying north.

He said, "Come home."

HE took her back to her place, the place from which she might have been cast out forever if McGuire had not come.

He laid her softly on the sled, covering her with the white furs. The dogs turned eagerly homeward. The runners made a sound like the wings of nesting birds. The snow lay on the world like forgetfulness, like forgiveness. From the wastes to westward McGuire's tired dogs, whimpering uneasily, followed them in.

In to the clustered houses, domes of silver sleeping in the night. They were still. Dallas shouted. Again the women came, oily, smoke-scented from the dark houses where all hours were the same. The men followed. Dallas gave orders about the teams, about the man who had paid for two men's sins. He gave no orders about Un-na, whose gun he had hidden in the fur, nor did any ask of her.

In, then, to his own house.

Here nothing was changed. Before her empty shrine the old soapstone lamps sent up their flames. On each side the old women still seemed to sleep. He lifted her with his last strength and set her in her former place. She nestled there. It was as if she had never left it. Her eyes shone upon him like blue jewels of peace; her hair framed her in gold; and across her knees lay the child.

Dallas fell on his knees. Speaking as stumblingly as a child, he cried:

"I promise! Never to touch you, never to trouble you, never to ask of you, never to take — O woman that I love, never to love you! — till you gi' me the right, till you'll love me back again the right way — when the time comes, in the spring, in the south."

She said solemnly, "Never, Dallas," but in the word was an exquisite promise.

Dallas slipped forward. His head sank, his hands clung to the white bear fur. He murmured, "I'm tired."

She leaned above him. Again her hand reached out and lay on his head. She whispered, "Rest."

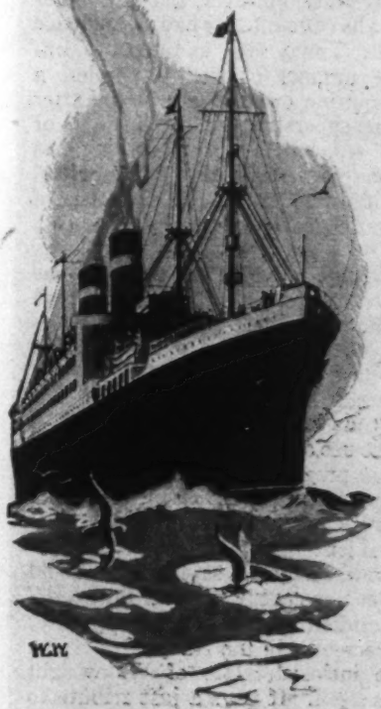
McGUIRE

In all his life he had never until then known rest.

The old women slid from their places. They passed out of the house where there was no time, no sound, no sleeping or waking, like drifts of smoke. The lamps burned on. Their flames made a soft incessant sound like the traveling of wings.

Like a child at rest, Dallas lay at the feet of the woman who would be his wife.

A Trip Abroad— The Gift Supreme



IF you are thinking of giving some loved one the opportunities of a trip abroad, send the information blank below today!

A new Christmas gift has been created. It is probably the greatest Christmas gift ever offered, because it brings the happiness of anticipation, the happiness of realization and the happiness of golden memories.

This Christmas you may give some loved one the delights of an ocean voyage; new sights, strange lands; education and diversion that make life richer forever after. The pulse will quicken at the thought of the voyage (it may be taken at the convenience of the traveler). The mind will conjure up lightening views of the myriad delights to come. Then the trip itself—crowded days of seeing, hearing, living! And the years after, when cherished memories grow more and more lustrous!

You will give all when you give a United States Government Travel Certificate.

Find out about the greatest of all Christmas gifts. Find out about the swift, new U. S. Government ships that will carry your loved ones to the land of their dreams. You will be under no obligation.

The U. S. Government Travel Certificate

The ships are owned by the United States Government. They are operated by:

THE UNITED STATES LINES from New York to Europe;

THE ADMIRAL-ORIENTAL LINE from Seattle to The Orient;

THE PACIFIC MAIL STEAMSHIP COMPANY from San Francisco to The Orient via Honolulu;

THE MUNSON STEAMSHIP LINES from New York to South America;

THE LOS ANGELES STEAMSHIP COMPANY from Los Angeles to the Hawaiian Islands.

All are experienced steamship operators and have made possible a service which is making the American Merchant Marine a tremendous success.

Write Today

Send the information blank now! Thousands of Americans are investigating this newest and greatest Christmas gift. The United States Government's literature will be sent you without any obligation. You will receive a free description of the U. S. Government Travel Certificate and a beautiful new booklet showing actual photographs of both the exteriors and interiors of the ships. Write for it today! Now, Christmas is not far away.

INFORMATION BLANK

To U. S. Shipping Board

Information Dept. 1499 **Washington, D. C.**

Please send without obligation the U. S. Government literature explaining the U. S. Government Travel Certificate and the ships that go to ☐ Europe, ☐ South America ☐, The Orient, ☐ To Honolulu.

My Name .....

Address .....

.....

U. S. SHIPPING BOARD

A thought on Yuletide giving

And a few hints on how to fill Father's stocking

Another Christmas is rapidly rolling around.

Another year when you have to sit down and think — and think hard — what to give Uncle Arthur, Father, Cousin Edward, Grandfather and the rest.

Every man — well, nearly every man — likes nothing better than a good pipe. And the chances are that he will find at least one hanging on the Christmas tree and be tremendously pleased.

Right there is your opportunity to give him something to go with the pipe. So to Edgeworth smokers, to the friends of Edgeworth smokers, and to all others who may be interested, we respectfully offer this Christmas suggestion: a 16-ounce glass jar of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed.

You'll have to hunt far and wide to find the smoker who won't be tickled to pieces to find a glass jar of Edgeworth beside his Christmas pipe. If he doesn't get a Christmas pipe, he'll enjoy the tobacco just as much in his old pipe.

If your regular dealer hasn't enough glass jars to supply the Christmas trade, let us play Santa Claus for you.

Send us $1.65 for each jar, a list of the friends you want to remember, and your personal greetings cards. We'll do the rest.

We'll pack the glass jars in appropriate Christmas boxes, enclose your cards and send them off in plenty of time to reach your friends before Christmas. Meanwhile, if you are not personally acquainted with Edgeworth, we will be glad to send you free samples — generous helpings both of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed and Plug Slice.

Just send us your name and address on a postal and we will forward the samples promptly. If you will also include the name and address of your tobacco dealer, we will appreciate your courtesy.

For the Christmas packages or the free samples, address Larus & Brother Company, 33 South 21st Street, Richmond, Va.

To Retail Tobacco Merchants: If your jobber cannot supply you with Edgeworth, Larus & Brother Company will gladly send you prepaid by parcel post a one- or two-dozen carton of any size of Edgeworth Plug Slice or Ready-Rubbed for the same price you would pay the jobber.

Roosevelt and the Navy

(*Continued from page 62*)

I replied that, as his general knowledge of the subject was fairly complete, he might supply a statement for the record, and at the same time request the Navy Department to require all officers concerned to make similar reports. This suggestion Mr. Roosevelt adopted. His letter read as follows:

"As I have followed somewhat closely the Navy's progress in gunnery, ordnance, etc., at least since about 1897, particularly in connection with the development of the elements of our battle efficiency, and as I note that the official record of Commander Sims, who has been Inspector of Target Practice since 1902, contains practically no account of the influence of his work upon this development, I deem it desirable to state the following facts in connection therewith.

"In a general way, I am acquainted with the reports on construction, ordnance, gunnery, etc., made by Commander Sims from Paris in 1897-1900, from the China Station in 1900-02, and those made since that time, and I have been impressed not only by the professional ability and energy therein displayed, but have noted with satisfaction that many of the recommendations they contain have proved of benefit to the service.

"Among others I may mention those reports which set forth the military advantages of the all-big-gun type of battleship, and which were evidently a determining factor in convincing those who had been opposed to such ships.

"But I would also invite special attention to the numerous reports upon gunnery training and ordnance, beginning in 1897 and continued since that time, which have been the principal means of bringing about the remarkable improvements of the last few years in the Navy's efficiency in target practice, in which respect it has long been, and still is, my conviction that Commander Sims has done more than any other man in the United States, and that it is chiefly due to him that we shoot as well as we now do.

"The above facts are those only which came within my personal knowledge; but as it would seem fitting that an officer's record should contain all of the essential facts concerning the value of his services, it is directed that you cause to be compiled and attached to Commander Sims' record a full statement thereof, including those recommendations or suggestions that have proved of value in gunnery, ordnance, construction, etc.

"You will also please attach this letter to the above indicated statement, and send a copy of the letter to me."

This order disturbed the conservatives and upset their plans. They had no means of knowing what was behind it, and this led the Department to send me also orders to comply with the provisions of the President's letter; in other words to comment upon my own work.

My official answer to this order is known among those who are familiar with it as "The Sad Story." It was an account of the number and nature of the various recommendations I had made in the reports submitted since 1897. In some cases the eventful history of these reports was set forth, and regret expressed that copies were not available because the Department had destroyed them. For example, in referring to one report I stated that it was written at the request of Admiral Remey. I quoted his indorsement recommending that it be referred to the General Board, the indorsement of the Secretary of the Navy referring it to the Board on Construction "for comment and recommendation." I then said:

"The receipt of this paper was not acknowledged, and the records show that Secretary Long's order of January 8, 1902, calling for comment and recommendation from the Board of Construction, was never complied with.

"The paper is now on file in the Board of Construction. For about three years it could not be found upon the files of the Navy Department. It was subsequently found in a pigeon-hole in the desk of the Chief of the Bureau of Ordnance, where it had lain so long as to become much defaced and soiled by cockroaches."

Of other examples I said:

"I may state, however, that a number of reports have manifestly had no influence whatever. I may cite, as one of a considerable number of such examples, a report pointing out the gap in the after end of the superstructure armor of six or eight of our battleships. Nothing has been done to remedy this great defect, though it would take but a few tons of armor to do so."

THUS, not only did the order to me prove a boomerang, but it necessitated more detailed criticism. I requested that the letter be attached to my record.

The result was that the President not only put me beyond the reach of malice, but made use of the occasion to recognize the great progress in gunnery that had been made. As early as October 31, 1903, Captain Richard Wainwright had written the President urging that I be conspicuously rewarded, and saying: "I would gladly see Sims promoted over my head." The President wrote the following letter to the Secretary of the Navy:

"The inclosed letter of Wainwright explains itself. It pays a just tribute to Lieutenant-Commander Sims' great services — and unconsciously shows what a fine man Wainwright is. I should like to reward Sims in some marked fashion for what he has done. Is there any way you can suggest?"

The support of the naval reforms was as ardent among the enlightened officers of our Navy as the opposition of the benighted was uncompromising. Theodore Roosevelt's letter serves to indicate his generous praise of others and his willingness to recognize faithful service.

Although I was only a commander in rank, the President arranged to give me the command of the battleship *Minnesota*.

So "The Sad Story" had a happy ending — for me — after all.

[*Part III of "Roosevelt and the Navy" will appear in the January* McClure's]

The Eden
The Supreme Achievement In
Electric Washing Machines
Comparison Emphasizes
Its Marked Superiority
Gillespie-Eden Corporation, Paterson, N. J.
Canada: Canadian General Electric Co., Toronto

HIGH SCHOOL COURSE IN TWO YEARS

You Want to Earn Big Money!

And you will not be satisfied unless you earn steady promotion. But are you prepared for the job ahead of you? Do you measure up to the standard that insures success? For a more responsible position a fairly good education is necessary. To write a sensible business letter, to prepare estimates, to figure cost and to compute interest, you must have a certain amount of preparation. All this you must be able to do before you will earn promotion.

Many business houses hire no men whose general knowledge is not equal to a high school course. Why? Because big business refuses to burden itself with men who are barred from promotion by the lack of elementary education.

Can You Qualify for a Better Position?

We have a plan whereby you can. We can give you a complete but simplified high school course in two years, giving you all the essentials that form the foundation of practical business. It will prepare you to hold your own where competition is keen and exacting. Do not doubt your ability, but make up your mind to it and you will soon have the requirements that will bring you success and big money. YOU CAN DO IT.

Let us show you how to get on the road to success. It will not cost you a single working hour. It costs you nothing but a stamp.

American School

Dept. HC 56, Drexel Ave. & 58th St., Chicago

American School

Dept. HC 56, Drexel Ave. and 58th St., Chicago

Send me full information on the subject checked and how you will help me win success.

....Architect	....Lawyer
....Building Contractor	....Machine Shop Practice
....Automobile Engineer	....Photoplay Writer
....Automobile Repairman	....Mechanical Engineer
....Civil Engineer	....Shop Superintendent
....Structural Engineer	....Employment Manager
....Business Manager	....Steam Engineer
....Cert. Public Accountant	....Foremanship
....Accountant and Auditor	....Sanitary Engineer
....Bookkeeper	....Surveyor (& Mapping)
....Draftsman and Designer	....Telephone Engineer
....Electrical Engineer	....Telegraph Engineer
....Electric Light & Power	....High School Graduate
....General Education	....Fire Insurance Expert
....Vocational Guidance	....Wireless Radio
....Business Law	....Undecided

Name.....

Address.....

The Prisoners and Their Picture

(*Continued from page 55*)

my twenty-six colors with the wax medium. Each mixture was ground by hand and put up in one or more jelly-glasses.

In teaching him about art processes, I spoke of the hidden faults that are painted over and covered up in a picture, the *pentimenti* that eventually show up and ruin a work of art. Presently I noticed him in a state of collapse, leaning against my painting. The thought of the *pentimenti* had stabbed him. "Just like us," he said, with a sickening smile. His joy at the prospect of freedom already was darkened by the shadow that stalks the ex-convict with the fear of discovery, ostracism, isolation. "There goes that ex-convict," he would cry savagely, picturing himself among free men. "Brother in Christ," I would say.

Which name has proved the strongest over him since then? I do not know.

Schneider's daily duties, at that time, included lifting several large paintings that were too unwieldy for one man to lift up high without a strain. Much time was wasted because I had to get special permission from the cell-block officer for the aid of an extra prisoner on each such occasion. Finally Deputy Warden Thomas gave me a general permission for Schneider to find a prisoner to help him when I gave the order. It was usually Henly who helped.

One morning Henly received a severe call-down from Mr. Thomas for doing this service. When I saw Mr. Thomas I told him that if anybody was to blame it was I, not the convicts. I had only done what he had given me permission to do.

The deputy warden denied that he had ever given me any such general permission. No; every single time I must go to the cell-block officer. With an air of finality he departed, leaving me in confusion. His statements made me out a liar before the convicts. He had treated me as if I were a convict, not to be trusted. I told Henly how sorry I was that he had been reprimanded for my sake. Henly knew and acknowledged that Mr. Thomas had given me that general permission, but he added in a tone of apology, "Mr. Thomas was cranky."

After this Schneider usually lifted my paintings by himself. He fell ill later on from the reopening of an old wound. It may have been due to the lifting.

One time I became directly suspected of having sent an "underground" message to Mr. Stalker, the prisoner editor of the *Record*, the prison paper. The deputy warden showed himself manifestly unwilling to accept my statement of the facts.

"I can understand why they draw the ropes on us convicts, but I don't understand why they should draw the ropes on you," was Schneider's comment.

When I reflected quietly, I understood. It is the official attitude always to expect a convict to be a liar and in the wrong. My position was beside the convict. I gradually found myself feeling like him. On a Sunday shortly before "The Charge to St. Peter" was completed, I was allowed to make a speech about it before the prison congregation. The chaplain read a letter expressing the gratitude of the prisoners.

When my accounts were rendered there was thirty-five cents left over to pay for typewriting a brief explanation of the picture in the *Record*. There were some art supplies left over. The work had taken seven years and cost $6,883.27. Except for the eight-dollar-a-week salary that lasted for six months, this sum represented voluntary offerings, half of which came from people outside the State. Two of the prison directors wrote their appreciation to me.

What It Costs to Appeal

THERE is no space here to describe the public events in prison — visiting days, parole days, and the days before and after an execution. I will speak of the pardon days.

One official told me that the Connecticut Board of Pardons did not exist to extend mercy, but to correct judicial errors in the decision of the law. Another official said that during twenty-three years this Pardon Board pardoned only two men, of whom one was innocent and the other had been denied the benefit of extenuating circumstances. John Warren, No. 1, pleaded more than twenty times for release, and finally for him it broke its record of never showing mercy to a man charged with second-degree murder.

The "lifers," under the second degree, were always begging for pardon, because if they lost hope altogether they went mad. A Connecticut life sentence meant for life. For most of the thirty-five or forty men who made their appeal every pardon day there seemed hardly the slightest chance. If one or two implacable persons invariably appeared against a prisoner, his cause was doomed, unless he was able to plead over and over, year after year, persistently and courageously. Public opinion might occasionally affect the judges.

Does any one outside a prison know what an appeal costs a prisoner? For months, maybe years, he has saved up his earnings, possibly all he has — the pittances gained above his nine or ten hours of daily convict labor. Now he pays a lawyer one hundred, two hundred, four hundred dollars — whatever is required. He goes over every detail of his crime; it is almost worse than his trial. He broods over it. He can hardly sleep at night for the pain of it. (I know. Men have told me. I have seen their tortured eyes and felt the touch of a great hand unconsciously creeping "over the table," seeking the sympathy that prison denies.)

The pardon day arrives. I go through the guard-room, past strained faces of men, anxious wives, huddled mothers and babies; past the silent turnkey; into the great cage; past many officers, stern, rigid, impassive, guarding lines of prisoners who have dumb, awful eyes.

It is worse at the end of the day. Perhaps two or three men are pardoned. For the rest of the thirty-five or forty the verdict is refusal. I have faced the

eyes of men who have begged in vain for mercy. Some had the vague, odious apprehension that mercy was denied as a matter of course. It was not the despair of the lifers, the older men especially, that hurt me the most. It was the expression on the faces of the young men whose sentence would finally end and send them out into the world again. The look in their eyes was not of hope slain, but of a base spirit aroused to hideous life, the deadly hope of ultimate revenge.

In the midst of the agony of prison life I used to think: "If only I could go to the authorities and explain the prisoners to them as an elder sister would explain the children to the parents! Some of the officials have good hearts. It is this monstrous machine that is wrong." But I could not. I also was under the wheels.

The futility of the prison rules amazes me: illegal communication — the "underground route" — officially recognized; "railroading" — carrying letters or contraband; the stupid exploitation of human labor. I witnessed how the result of the rules upon character was to cultivate deception; to breed contempt for law and disloyalty for officials; to arouse distrust, suspicion, and hypocrisy; to unbalance the sense of moral value. These are not the only evil effects on the prisoners. Insanity dogs the convict. If these prison rules were consistently obeyed and enforced, the percentage of insane would mount tremendously. Slavery and despotism hampered nearly all the real advantages given to the prisoners — the orchestra, the night school, the library, etc. The entertainments were a blessing; so was the Sunday-school, I suppose. The warden was kind to me. His officials were always polite to me, and as humane as you could expect under such an abominable system. I witnessed various acts of kindness on the part of the guards. But later on the warden resigned. His wise reforms were canceled, in part, by his successor, who crushed a prison mutiny by the usual starvation methods. Now there is a new warden. He seems kind and humane.

Effect of Prison Atmosphere

TO return to my own experience, when I left the prison in 1916, I felt like an ex-convict. I carried away with me the prison atmosphere — doubt, distrust, suspicion of everybody, a repugnance toward good society and respectable people. My initiative was weakened, my self-confidence shaken; I had lost respect for officials; my love for my native State was changed to loathing. The prison sentence does not end when you leave the bars behind.

I did not recover till I took the training in the Women's Reserve Camouflage Corps and worked with other women in the war.

After leaving Connecticut I visited another prison and witnessed one of those experiments that have finally proved the inestimable value of community service, a wise share of self-government and personal loyalty between prisoners and those who control them.

Let me ask some questions. Is it safe and intelligent to assume, as we do, that slavery and despotism in prison are neces-

Old Information Is Misinformation

The World changes. Old governments are passing; new governments, territories and parties are in the forming. The discoveries and inventions of to-day are superseded by the achievements of to-morrow. The old-fashioned, bound, stitched and glued encyclopaedia served its purpose in a past generation.

A new age demands a new Encyclopaedia—a reference work that can keep pace, step by step, with the New World.

Nelson's Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia, with its patented loose-leaf binding device, is the only Encyclopaedia that can discard the old and out-of-date and substitute the new and living in its place. IT IS THE ONLY PRACTICAL PLAN FOR RELIABLE INFORMATION.

NELSON'S
Perpetual Loose-Leaf
ENCYCLOPAEDIA
& Research Bureau for Special Information

A few of the many reasons why you should own Nelson's

It covers the whole field of knowledge—over a million topics—from the dawn of civilization to September, 1922.

It is accurate, concise, authoritative—with over 1,000 contributors, each a specialist in the subject assigned to him.

It is fully and beautifully illustrated—over 7,000 illustrations, colored plates and maps, photographs, reproductions of famous paintings and line drawings.

Its Editorial and Advisory Boards include the finest minds of the world—men at the very head of the various fields which they represent.

It is *always* new—kept constantly down-to-date by the issue, every six months, of 250 or more new pages, old out-of-date facts and figures being eliminated and new ones supplied to take their place.

It is supplemented by a Research Service Bureau which will supply, free of cost, any additional material which you may desire.

It is an authority, used by government departments, libraries, schools, and educational institutions, throughout the country. It is, like history itself, by means of the patented loose-leaf binding device, continually in the making—always complete, but never completed.

It saves you the expense of buying a new Encyclopaedia every five or six years.

It is a complete Reference Library and equal to a College Education.

It is *American*, made in America, for Americans. Librarians everywhere, when asked where to find the latest and most accurate information, answer

It's always new—Look It Up in Nelson's—cannot grow old.

Free Educational Reading Courses

Nelson's Reading and Study Courses in UNITED STATES HISTORY, BUSINESS ECONOMICS, NATURE STUDY, AGRICULTURE, AND HOME ECONOMICS are declared by educational authorities to be equal to a college course and training in each of these departments.

Nelson's Free Research Bureau

FOR SCIENTIFIC REPORTS AND SPECIAL INFORMATION AND CORRESPONDENCE. Every purchaser of Nelson's is entitled to free membership in this Bureau. If at any time you are in doubt on any subject, old or new, write to this Bureau with the positive assurance that you will promptly receive the latest obtainable and most dependable information.

Send for this Splendid Book

THOMAS NELSON & SONS

Publishers for 123 Years

Dept. 25-M. 381 Fourth Avenue, New York City

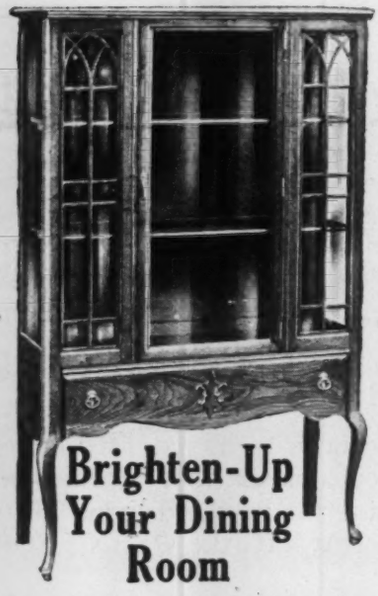
77 Wellington St., W., Toronto, Canada

Please send me your portfolio of sample pages, beautifully illustrated, containing color maps, plates and photographs, and full information how, by easy monthly payments, I can own Nelson's Perpetual Loose-Leaf Encyclopaedia and receive FREE membership in Nelson's Research Service Bureau for Special Information. This must incur no obligation whatever on my part.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....



Brighten-Up Your Dining Room

For Only 20c a Day

Complete suite, if you wish, in American Walnut, same design as this Queen Anne China Cabinet. Our latest 104-page Larkin Book of Better Homes shows 1200 other equally attractive offers. All on easy monthly payments. Let this FREE Book help you as it has thousands of others to furnish your home. Check below offer interested in.

LOWER PRICES NOW ON

☐ Furnishings ☐ Symphonic Player-Pianos
☐ Symphonic Pianos ☐ Symphonola Phonographs

(Check offer and mail ad Today)

Let us quote our money-saving Factory-to-Family prices on these Furnishings and famous Musical Instruments.

1 to 4 Years Time to Pay

Mail this ad—check offer—and give full name and address NOW for Big FREE Book.

Larkin Co Inc.

Desk FMcC-1222, BUFFALO, N.Y., Peoria & Chicago, Ill.

WDC

Milano

Fifth Avenue's Favorite Pipe

"There is something fine about it"

$3.50 and up at the better smoke shops

WM. DEMUTH & CO. NEW YORK

THE A.E. LITTLE SHOE

has a message for you.

See page 94

sary to control convicts on account of their guilt?

The eminent psychologist John Dewey declares, "No amount of guilt on the part of the evil-doer absolves us from responsibility for the consequences upon him and others of our way of treating him, or from our continuing responsibility for the conditions under which persons develop perverse habits."

History proves that slavery and despotism invariably tend to produce bad habits of character.

May not criminals be called abortions or deflections of character from the Creator's intended design? To discover the individual right design in each one of these unformed or misshapen characters, and to bring him to grow if possible according to the divine design, would be a work worthy of the state.

Mr. William A. White, the noted psychologist, says: "The history of the treatment of the defective, the insane, and the criminal has been the same sort of history as has been the history of the child. It has been marked by the same sorts of cruelty, the same lack of understanding, and the reforms which have recently come about are motivated by the same feelings of sympathy and responsibility, the same sort of pity and love, which have prompted the philanthropists who have helped the child come into its rights. . . . Further advances in civilization and culture imply further development of that spirit of co-operation which involves the sacrifice of immediate satisfaction, and which, as I have indicated, is founded in the parental instinct. The further development of possibilities along these lines will mean a handling of all of the social problems of the defective, dependent, and delinquent classes from the platform of love rather than hate. Opportunity will be given to all to develop the best that is in them, rather than subjecting them to a system of repressions which is solely directed to destroying what is bad in them. The program will be constructive and not just repressive. . . . Punishment, if used, will be carefully devised to attain well defined, constructive ends and not be an expression of hate as it now is."

I called on the Spirit of God in prisoners in prison. Now I am calling on the Spirit of God in free men outside prison. It is not possible that the Spirit of God should answer me out of the hearts of criminals, murderers, thieves, and adulterers, and refuse to answer out of the hearts of His servants.

I went to the convicts in my grief. They became my brothers and sisters; now I am pleading for them.

Do you hear, you other brothers and sisters outside the bars?

The Crime Wave can only be stopped by a Right Wave!

You will never stop the Crime Wave by cramming prisons with human flesh, piling stones, steel bars, slave masters, prison rules upon human spirits.

Spiritual evil penetrates further than wireless, spreads worse than poison-gas. Our prisons will become smoldering furnaces of crime, sending forth irresistible heat-waves of malice, if you have no care for the young shut up there. That is the awfulness of it: they are so young, those criminals, most of them — so young! It is still possible to change them to good. You will have lost your opportunity later, when their hearts are turned to hate and revenge and they are free to strike back.

The convict cries: "Where was Christ when they gave me nine years?" Nine years of slavery, fifteen years, twenty years, thirty years of slavery!

Would Christ meet the blackest crime by another crime? Prison slavery!

What would Christ do for the criminal? Would he not do what he did for Peter? Christ prayed earnestly for Peter. He won Peter's love and allegiance. He sent Peter out in the joy of the vision willing to serve and to suffer. Peter's sentence was service. What is wanted is sacrifice.

Prison slave machines must be broken. Despotism and the exploitation of human misery must be abolished.

AUTHOR'S NOTE

The new warden of Connecticut Prison has told me of these improvements. The hospital has a psychiatrist and resident physician and modern equipment. There is an evening school in charge of the chaplain, where attendance is compulsory for illiterates and foreigners are taught English. Religious services for Protestants, Catholics and Jews are held each Sunday, attendance being optional; services are also held by the Salvation Army and other organizations. Recreation is provided by moving pictures, musicales, and other entertainments held in the chapel; and by outdoor games every Saturday afternoon in the courtyard. At the time of writing (May, 1922) there are two courtyards, and a larger one is in course of construction. There is also a prisoners' band of thirty pieces.

As to discipline, inmates are divided into three grades, with extraordinary privileges, limited privileges, and denial of all privileges until improvement in conduct. Prisoners are paroled at the end of their minimum sentence at the discretion of the authorities. The prison rule of silence and the solitary punishment cell and contract labor (shirt-making on a piece-work basis) continue.

There may be improvements of which I do not know. We hope that the new psychology developed since the war will eventually lead to the constructive development of the best that is in the prisoner. An enlightened public opinion is necessary to carry out such a program.

The Woman Accused

(*Continued from 21*)

In the end she put the bag in the toolshed and locked the door, locked the door of the garage, and re-entered the house, putting up bolts and bars behind her. Everything must look as if Geoffrey had gone his usual round.

Then she went to her own room and undressed. She could destroy the snapshot now. She lighted a candle, and held the thin glazed paper to the flame. It twisted and blackened and was gone.

CHAPTER 5

AILEEN breakfasted alone.

"Mr. Buckram had a bad attack of neuralgia last night," she told Aston. "He is not to be disturbed."

"Very good, madam."

Aileen was experiencing that microscopic clarity of brain which often comes after a sleepless night. The last time Geoffrey had taken alcohol on top of parradine he had remembered virtually

nothing of what had happened. She would stick to one story with him. She rehearsed it feverishly.

She would say that he had returned home somewhere between half-past ten and a quarter to eleven; that he had spoken to her as he passed her door; she had thought his voice sounded strange.

She drank some tea to steady her nerves, but could eat nothing. She went into the drawing-room, deciding that she would go to Geoffrey about eleven with a tray. She strolled toward the window. Quentin Blenkiron had stood just there by the little round table.

She started as she sensed a movement behind her. She turned with a forced brightness.

"Hullo, dearest! I didn't expect you to get up just yet. I——"

"Aileen, how did I get in last night?"

"How did you get in?" she repeated, and laughed. "I suppose, with your key."

He looked at her with an intensity that sent the blood pounding through her veins. He was haggard, and had not changed the suit he had worn last night.

"Did you hear me come in?"

"Yes," she answered. "I went to bed soon after you left, because I felt so sleepy. But I heard you come up. I should say it was about a quarter to eleven."

"Did I speak to you?"

"Yes. You said 'Good night, sweetheart—sleep well and dream of me.'"

"If I knew you were awake — why did I go into the spare room?"

"I really don't know," she answered with difficulty. "Now I come to think of it, your voice sounded rather odd."

"And I said 'Good night, sweetheart — sleep well and dream of me.' I'm sorry to have to say it, Aileen, but you are — prevaricating." She flung up her hand as if she had been struck. "I could not have said that, because, although I don't know what I did, I know I would not have spoken to you then like that."

He stopped. In the silence she knew that he was waiting for her to speak.

"Aileen — why didn't you own up about young Blenkiron when I proposed to you? I don't think — it would have made any difference — if you had told me with complete honesty."

With the paradox that is the secret of a woman who loves honestly and deeply, Aileen felt a bound of relief as he turned to accuse her. He had been told, then, after all! By Joseph — or Quentin? But he had not seen the snap-shot!

"There was nothing that I need tell you, Geoffrey — except that he and his father pretended that he was my lover, with a view to inducing me to marry him to save my reputation."

THE truth! Yet, as it faltered from her lips it sounded like a weak lie.

His eyes were like ice.

"My dear girl — I don't think you can expect me to regard that as a very satisfactory explanation. I——"

He broke off as Aston appeared in the doorway. "Mr. Garfield, sir."

Garfield was a neighbor of Blenkiron's. Aileen guessed at once what he had come for. It would be better to get the worst shock over and kill the agonizing doubt as to how much Geoffrey might remember.

"Ask Mr. Garfield in," she ordered.

BUY TODAY 10 MONTHS TO PAY

E35—Four White Gold inverted hearts are set with 1 superior quality, sparkling Diamond, $75.

E36—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum in a fancy 18K White Gold mounting, $65.

E37—Platinum Friendship Ring set with 5 blue white Diamonds. White Gold Shank, $135.

E38—Superior fine Diamond in beautiful hand-engraved Platinum Ring, $100

E39—Ladies' Diamond Cluster Ring, Platinum set in an exquisite hand-pierced mounting of 18K White Gold, $90.

E40—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior fine Diamond, $85.

E41—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior fine Diamond, $65.

E42—Ladies' Belcher Ring set with fine Diamond, $25.

E43—Ladies' 18K Belais White Gold hand-engraved Ring, octagon-shaped, set with 1 fine Diamond, $30.

E44—Superior Diamond set in 18K White Gold Cup, $50.

E45—Beautiful Lavalliere, genuine Pearls, 1 fine Diamond, $28.

E46—"Sweetheart" Platinum Ring set with superior fine Diamond, $150.

Beautiful Xmas Gifts

On Credit—at Cash Prices

WE'LL send anything you select ABSOLUTELY FREE for complete examination and approval. If entirely satisfied, pay only 1/5 the price, then send balance in ten equal monthly instalments. If not satisfied, simply return. Transactions strictly confidential. Guarantee Value Bond given with every Diamond purchase.

This complete stock is no further away than your nearest mail box.

Xmas Catalog FREE

Featuring gifts you will be proud to give. Send for your copy TODAY. Thousands of beautiful designs to choose from —thousands of splendid money-saving opportunities. Write to **Dept. 342-T.**

SWEET STANDS FOR SERVICE

L. W. Sweet, Inc. New York City Capital $1,000,000

E47—Sweet's Engagement Ring set with fine blue white Diamond, $35

E48—Sweet Engagement Ring set with one superior, fine Diamond, $100.

E49—Beautiful hand-engraved White Gold mounting set with superior Diamond, $50.

E50—Gent's blue white Diamond, square-set in this artistically hand-carved Gent's Green Gold Ring, $75.

E51—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum, $48.50.

E52—Unique Platinum top Green Gold Ring set with 1 fine Diamond, $40.

E53—Solitaire Cluster, 7 fine Diamonds set in Platinum, $85.

E54—Gent's Smooth Ring set with perfectly-cut, blue white Diamond, $35.

E55—Genuine Black Onyx set with fine Diamond in Platinum bezel, $33.

X38—14K. Solid White Gold case with sapphire jewel crown, 15 jewel, Rectangular adjusted movement. Fancy engraved Dial. Special Price $32.50

X39—18K. Solid White Gold, 17 jewel adjusted. Special Price $42.00

E57—Gent's hand-carved Belcher Ring set with fine blue white Diamond, $45.

L·W·SWEET INC. THE HOUSE OF QUALITY 1650-1660 BROADWAY, N.Y.

BE A RAILWAY TRAFFIC INSPECTOR

MEN WANTED! POSITION GUARANTEED

Earn Up to $250 per Month, Expenses Paid

Big demand for trained men in this fascinating, new profession. Many splendid opportunities thru contact with railway officials. Travel or remain near home. Pleasant, healthful, out-door work.

Start at $110.00 per month with expenses paid. Prepare in three months' spare-time study at home. Any average man can easily qualify.

POSITION GUARANTEED

If, after completing preparation, we do not secure for you a position paying at least $110.00 a month and expenses we refund your enrollment fee in full. YOU TAKE NO RISK

Don't Delay—Investigate Now. Send coupon for free Booklet No. D-858 today.

STANDARD BUSINESS TRAINING INSTITUTE
Buffalo, N. Y.

Standard Business Training Institute, Buffalo, N. Y.
Send me, entirely free, Booklet No. D-858 giving full particulars about course in Railway Traffic Inspection.
Name .....
Street .....
City .....

LUDEN'S
MENTHOL COUGH DROPS

SPECIAL CHRISTMAS OFFER
to Introduce Our Goods

Only **50c** for this

Cut Glass Oval Bowl

Beautiful floral pattern. Convenient size for berries, salads, etc. Postage 15c. West of the Miss. 30c. Send money order or check. We will ship at once. Safe delivery guaranteed. Money back if you're not delighted.

Dept. MC 12 **Krystal Krafters** Trenton, N. J.

Get Our Survey Gratis
KARDEX
TONAWANDA, N.Y. BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

WRITE NEWS ITEMS

and Short Stories. Experience unnecessary. Details FREE.
PRESS REPORTING SYNDICATE
603, St. Louis, Mo.

Garfield was a typical suburban business man of the last generation who faithfully clung to the now old-fashioned silk hat.

"Good morning, Mrs. Buckram — have you heard about poor Blenkiron?"

"Mr. Blenkiron?" echoed Aileen.

"Murdered!" said Garfield in a hushed tone.

"My God!" broke from Geoffrey.

"How perfectly dreadful!" said Aileen.

"I thought it would shock you," he said. "And as I was on my way to the station, I felt you ought to know. The policeman on point duty at five o'clock this morning——"

He was pouring out details in the hall on his way to the front door. Aileen feared he would stay and elaborate.

"Geoffrey had a bad attack of neuralgia last night and had to take a heavy sleeping draught," she whispered to Garfield, and so got rid of him.

SHE went back to the drawing-room. Geoffrey stood just where he had been standing when Garfield had broken the news. The obvious thing to do, of course, was to tell Geoffrey of Quentin's visit, of his amazing confession, his whole crazy statement. Even as she framed the thought, Aileen knew that, even if Geoffrey believed her, the police never would. Had Quentin not said there was no stroke of the pen to show that he lived?

"Blenkiron murdered!" Geoffrey was muttering. "Blenkiron murdered! The last thing I can remember of what happened last night is an overpowering desire to kill Blenkiron. He told me this tale about you, and I called him a rotten scoundrel. He said he would prove it to me by showing me a photograph, and unlocked his safe. Then—"

His hand went to his hip pocket. He pulled out his revolver — examined it.

"One cartridge of my revolver has been fired," he said slowly.

"*Cast for the rôle of murderer.*"

"That doesn't prove that you've killed Blenkiron," Aileen said in a quick whisper. "Your revolver may have been taken from you while you were unconscious. Some other man may have used it," she urged, despair in her heart.

Geoffrey laughed — a hoarse cackle.

"Ingenious — but impossible," he said grimly. "Think of it! I become unconscious. Some man who happens to be there takes my revolver and shoots Blenkiron and puts it back in my pocket."

Aileen started. This, of course, was what had happened.

Geoffrey was still talking:

"I then become conscious. I don't happen to notice that Blenkiron has been killed, and I walk home, and I say 'Good night, sweetheart——' Pah! We'll face the facts, please, Aileen. I can see very well what has happened. The alcohol on top of the parradine made me muzzy. Blenkiron must have gone to the safe and produced the photograph. I must have gone clean mad and killed him."

"You won't let me explain things," said Aileen, trying to speak calmly. "You didn't kill Gregory Blenkiron. I *know* you didn't. He didn't even take the photograph from the safe ——"

"Again you are wrong. He must have taken the photo from the safe. This morning I found it on the floor by my bedside. Evidently I had it in my hand when I got home."

"*I have even supplied him with his motive.*" Geoffrey was holding it before her eyes — the very photograph that Quentin Blenkiron had taunted her with in her lodgings three years ago. There, across the faint white of her blouse, was the ink she had splashed upon it.

"Quentin Blenkiron killed his father!" she gasped.

"That is hysteria," countered Geoffrey. "Quentin Blenkiron is dead, as you well know."

"I tell you, Quentin Blenkiron killed his father!" she repeated doggedly. "He came here last night after you had gone, and told me he had done it — that he had done it to lay the suspicion on you."

Geoffrey controlled his exasperation.

"Assuming that you are speaking the truth—why should he want to lay the suspicion on me? I've never met the man. He bore me no grudge."

"He thinks he does," she answered wildly. "Don't you see — you married me."

"Hm! So in order to — er — regain possession of you, the man first of all pretends to commit suicide — pretends to be dead for two years — then suddenly turns up, murders his father in such a way as to involve an innocent man — Really," —— he laughed — "I may seem ungallant, but I can hardly believe that any woman, however fascinating ——"

"Do you believe that Quentin Blenkiron was here last night?" she demanded.

"I will answer your question fairly," he replied with careful patience. "I do not believe that Quentin Blenkiron was here last night."

AILEEN dropped to the sofa. There was fear in her eyes, and he recognized it.

"Aileen, whatever happens, we must not quarrel at this moment. Gregory Blenkiron has been murdered, and it is I who have murdered him."

She seemed about to burst into speech, but he held up a restraining hand.

"Please let me go on. As the indirect result of your having kept information from me, I have become a murderer. I have no blame for you. If you failed me on that day when I proposed to you, you have not failed me since. For two years we have loved each other and you have made me intensely happy.

"You are terrified — your love for me makes you terrified of the consequences to me. And so you have tried to avert those consequences by wild invention. To me it is a proof that you still love me. To the outside world — well, the suggestion that Blenkiron was killed by his son who has been dead for two years would simply be dismissed as hysteria."

Aileen felt that the world was tottering.

"There is, of course, only one thing to be done," she heard him say. "I must give myself up to the police at once."

Aileen snatched at her self-control even as she flung herself between him and the door. As the indirect consequence of her own act, Geoffrey, who still loved her, though he thought she had deceived him, — Geoffrey, the husband she adored, — would be hanged.

She threw her arms around him to hold him back.

"You're going to give yourself up to the police simply because you've reasoned that you must have done it? It's madness!" she cried wildly.

"Aileen, you're making it terribly hard for me."

With gentle firmness he was freeing himself from her arms.

Then came a lightning resolution.

"You can't go to the police. You didn't do it. *I* killed Joseph Blenkiron — with your revolver."

Chapter 6

AILEEN stood watching her husband. Her breath was coming in little short gasps. She tried to think about this dark thing that had befallen him and herself, and could realize only that outside the spring morning was exquisite with sun and song. She repeated:

"I killed Joseph Blenkiron with your revolver."

She was cool now. She could even notice that she spoke the words that were a lie with a ring of conviction that had been lacking when she had told him the truth about the Blenkirons' conspiracy.

"What!" gasped Geoffrey. He seemed dazed still. "*You* killed — Aileen, you can not realize what you are saying!"

"I know what I am saying, Geoffrey," she returned steadily. "Look at me! You can see that I am not lying."

She lifted her eyes to his and endured his penetrating gaze without flinching. She *was* lying — yet beneath the lie was the imperishable truth that she loved him and would sacrifice herself for him. It was that truth which Geoffrey saw in her eyes.

"Aileen, you're driving me mad!"

He moved toward the door, and she followed him.

"It's ridiculous!" he was muttering. "How could you possibly have done it? Answer me! Why should you want to do it?"

She was the stronger of the two now. Strengthened by the selfless passion of sacrifice, she could speak to him soothingly, as to a beloved child:

"Geoffrey, I can answer all your questions — but listen first and I'll tell you how it happened."

She paused, making a rapid calculation. She could tell the truth right up to the moment when she had stood in the French windows of Blenkiron's study. Then would come a lie. Then the truth again. There was very little to invent.

"I think now that Blenkiron came to Rubington solely in order to plague me. The first afternoon he called here, he told me about Quentin's suicide, and his manner was — almost threatening.

"Last night, a few minutes after you had gone, he rang me up on the telephone. He reminded me that it was the anniversary of his son's suicide. He taunted me! He said he was going to have a private conversation with you. He asked me whether I didn't feel uneasy every time you and he were together."

"The man was a blackguard!" cut in Geoffrey. "What did you say to him?"

"Nothing. But I was frightened. I felt that he would tell you this time."

(*Continued on page 89*)

The Dollar

The daily actions of most of us are influenced by the messages received over the telephone, and yet few of us stop to think of the men and women, and the mechanisms, which help to make that daily service possible.

Maintenance, repairs, and the work of handling calls, must constantly be carried on in good times or in bad, and they must be paid for, in order that your telephone service may be continued.

The average dollar will buy to-day less than two-thirds of what it would buy before the war. This means that it costs, on the average, half as much again to buy most of the things that are necessary for keeping the country going; but the advance in telephone rates is far less than this average.

In fact, gauged by the present purchasing power of the dollar, telephone service in the country as a whole is costing the subscriber less than it did in 1914.

The Bell System generally has been able to meet higher commodity prices and increased wages by means of new economies in operation and the increased efficiency of loyal employees.

"BELL SYSTEM"

AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

One Policy, One System, Universal Service, and all directed toward Better Service

Cuticura Soap
—The Safety Razor—
Shaving Soap
Cuticura Soap shaves without mug. Everywhere 25c.

THE A.E. LITTLE SHOE
—has this message for you—slenderized ankles and pretty feet two.
See page 94

The Ideal Holiday Gift
Rest assured
Faultless
SINCE 1881
Pajamas and Night Shirts
"The NIGHTwear of a Nation!"

Who Has Been Getting 8%?

Thousands of investors have found, through their own experience, that it is an easy matter to get 8% on an investment, with never the loss of a dollar of their money, provided the investment and the investment banker are chosen with care. Wouldn't you attach a great deal of importance to what these people say?

"Getting Acquainted with Your Investment Banker" is the title of a booklet which reproduces numerous letters from men and women who have been getting 8% on their money right along. The booklet also gives the history and record of this firm. Mail the coupon for a free copy today and learn how to secure a liberal return on your money through Miller First Mortgage Real Estate Bonds, paying 8%.

8% Bonds of $100, $500, $1000
8% First Mortgages from $1000 up
Partial Payment accounts invited

G. L. Miller
BOND & MORTGAGE
Company

Florida's Oldest First Mortgage Bond House
407 Miller Bldg. Miami, Florida

G. L. Miller Bond & Mortgage Company,
407 Miller Building, Miami, Florida.
Dear Sirs:
Please mail me the booklet, "Getting Acquainted With Your Investment Banker," and descriptive circular of your latest issue of 8% First Mortgage Bonds.

Name.....

Address.....

City and State.....

$5,500 Returns $550 Yearly
$1,100 Returns $110 Yearly
$550 Returns $55 Yearly
$220 Returns $22 Yearly

Invested in a Finance Corporation
Established 1913

—Enjoying unusual confidence.
—Lending money on good security on the soundest basis known to bankers.
—Under strong management, with an enviable 9 years' record.
—Business, assets and earnings growing steadily, with the solid expansion of the company's service in many cities as its popularity and funds increase.
—An opportunity to share in a substantial portion of the profits.
—Bondholders have received a total return of 88 per cent. and for the past six years 11 per cent. per annum.

Over a Quarter Century of experience in finance and business management is behind our recommendation of this investment. Use coupon below for details.

Clarence Hodson & Co
ESTABLISHED 1893 — INC.
SPECIALIZE IN SOUND BONDS YIELDING ABOVE THE AVERAGE
135 Broadway - New York

Send me Descriptive Circular L-7.

Name.....

Address.....

INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITIES

There are many desirable securities on the market today that can still be purchased at comparatively low prices. Before making your purchases do not fail to consult the Financial Department of McCLURE'S.

Thirteen per Cent

By Paul Tomlinson

WE have frequently made the statement in these articles that virtually all new enterprises are speculative, and that people who invest their money in the securities of new enterprises should realize that they are speculating and be prepared to assume the risks involved. Statistics testify to the truth of this statement. Figures show that over periods of fifteen years, out of every hundred new businesses started, eighty-seven fail and only thirteen prove successful. In other words, the chances are nearly seven to one against the securities of a new enterprise proving good investments.

It does not seem reasonable to suppose that any one who has money to invest wants to put it into something that he suspects will prove a failure, for that means the loss of his money. The careful investor therefore — and the wise man is careful — buys securities that, as far as he is able to judge, are safe as to principal and on which the regular payment of interest or dividends is assured. That is to say, he does not invest in speculative securities. An extremely wise method of avoiding one of the largest classes of speculation is to let the stocks and bonds of new enterprises severely alone.

What makes new enterprises speculative? Why is it that only thirteen per cent of new enterprises prove successful? Well, in the first place, a new thing is usually an untried thing, and no one can ever feel certain about the outcome of an experiment. In most cases a new enterprise is under the direction of inexperienced managers, and the management of any business is in large degree responsible for its success or failure.

An Exchange of Wares

EXPERIENCE is one of the most efficient of teachers, which recalls the old story of the two men who became partners. One put in money and the other experience; and when the partnership dissolved a short time later, the man who contributed money had experience, but his erstwhile partner had the money. Thousands and thousands of inexperienced investors trade their hard-earned savings for experience every year. It is a tragic circumstance, and while it may be laid to the doors of greed, stupidity, and gullibility, as well as to inexperience, the money is gone just the same.

Millions of dollars would be saved for legitimate enterprises every year if small investors would just draw the line at unseasoned securities, even if

McClure's Financial Booklet

Tenth Edition

This Financial Booklet is intended for McClure readers who wish general information about financial, insurance and investment subjects. Many readers have written that it is invaluable to them. Requests for this booklet during the past year have assumed such proportions that the Financial Department is obliged to charge a nominal sum of 35 cents a copy to partially cover the cost of printing and mailing. This book will enable you to avoid many of the pitfalls that a new investor is apt to encounter.

Partial List of Contents

How the Financial Swindler Works
How to Avoid Worthless Stocks
Safe Investments for Little Sums
Safe Investments for Larger Sums
How to Choose a Broker
How to Send Money to a Broker
List of Sound Bonds
Six Per Cent and Safety
Bonds, Stocks and Mortgages
List of Sound Stocks
A Safe Plan for Buying Stocks on Margin
The Partial Payment Plan
Investments Readily Convertible into Cash
How Big Investors Place Their Funds
How to Analyze a Bond
How to Care for Securities and Prevent Their Loss and Destruction
How to Figure the Real Return on Your Money
First Principles of Life Insurance
Investment Opportunities of the War.

Booklet will be sent for 35 cents in stamps. Address all communications to McClure Financial and Insurance Department, 80 Lafayette St., New York.

they should still rush into other speculations.

Many new enterprises are merely copies of others already established. Whenever a company makes an outstanding success in any line of business, companies trying to emulate its success spring up like mushrooms on all sides. And, like mushrooms, they usually are short-lived.

Because a certain talking-machine company has earned enormous profits for its stockholders is no guaranty that other talking-machine companies will be able to do the same for their stockholders. As a matter of fact, the first company's success probably makes it all the more difficult for those that follow. And the greater its success the greater the difficulties for the others. The reason for this is apparent. The more successful a business is and the wider its product is distributed, the better it is known, the more firmly intrenched it becomes, and the stiffer the competition for any other concern assuming to offer competition.

Nevertheless, the promoters of fake enterprises and all the wild-cat companies that are constantly appearing use the success of other companies as one of the strongest arguments for the success of their own ventures. Their reasoning is entirely faulty and based upon false premises. It is just as reasonable to argue that because a lawyer has become a United States senator all young men starting out in the profession of law will some day be senators, too. Remember that only thirteen per cent of new enterprises prove successful.

Wanted—Facts and Figures

It is an unfortunate circumstance that the majority of people who lose money in worthless investments are the ones who can least afford to lose. Experienced investors demand facts when they are considering the purchase of securities; a glib-tongued salesman or promoter has slight influence upon them, unless he can back up his talk with concrete facts and figures. They are more interested in what a company has done than in what the salesman says it is going to do. Earnings for the past five or ten years are the very best indication of what may be expected in the five or ten years to follow. They demand to know about earning; they inquire about the equity behind each share of stock outstanding, the bonded debt, the working capital, and the total capitalization.

In the case of a new enterprise it is impossible to find out about earnings, for, not having operated, there are no earnings, or the time of operation has been so brief as to afford no real basis on which to judge.

Inexperienced investors, therefore, will save themselves remorse as well as money if they will investigate the earnings of a company before buying its securities, and make a hard-and-fast rule never to buy unless earnings are sufficient to cover interest and dividend requirements with an ample margin over and above.

New enterprises attract people because they seem to hold out the possibility of larger profits than the established businesses. In most cases the earning capacity of the latter is pretty well known, and, while their securities may offer a good yield, they do not seem to have the possibilities of the new ones. And the glib salesman and the promoter emphasize this point. Why put your money into Liberty Bonds and get only four per cent on your investment, when by buying this stock you can get ten times that return? That is the way they argue.

Further, they dwell upon the benefits accruing to those who "get in on the ground floor," and in this connection they once again remind the prospective purchaser of the fabulous profits shared by the original stockholders of certain of our big corporations.

The point to remember, however, is that virtually every business at its inception is speculative, and, while certain of them turn out extremely well, the vast majority, eighty-seven per cent, prove to be absolute failures, and of those that succeed the majority enjoy only moderate success. No one should invest in new enterprises, therefore, unless his eyes are wide open to the risks he is running; and further, and just as important, no one should undertake risky investments unless he is financially in a position to face the possibility of the loss of the money involved.

Questions and Answers to Financial Inquiries

Q. Please give me the titles of books that will enable me to analyze securities by a study of their financial statements and balance sheets.

A. "Investments," by Jordan, and "Balance Sheets and How to Understand Them," by Torey-English, we believe are suited to your purpose. The larger bookshops probably all have them, or at least will be glad to order them for you.

Q. I should like to have you give me the names of five bonds that you consider good investments.

A. We regard the following as meeting your requirements:

New England Telephone Company 5's — 1952
United States Rubber Co. 5's — 1947
International Paper Co. 5's — 1947
Virginian Railway 5's — 1962
Great Northern Railway 5's — 1952

Q. Please give me full information about the Royal Dutch Oil Company.

A. The Royal Dutch Company for the Working of Petroleum Wells in Netherlands, India, was organized in 1890 in Holland. Originally a local enterprise of the Dutch East Indies, the company developed international importance when, in 1902, it became affiliated with the Shell Transport and Trading Company, of London, and the de Rothschild petroleum interests of Paris.

The combine, in addition to extensive East Indies possessions, owns exclusive or controlling interests in important fields in Rumania, Russia, Egypt, Panama, Mexico, Persia, and the United States. The Royal Dutch Shell combine

The South's Answer

The South answers readily the investor's question about the astonishing growth of its industries. It answers the question about development still to be done through the use of new capital. The South makes plain the reason why it can pay high interest on funds put into permanent facilities to house its population.

Secured by adequate property values in income-earning buildings, Caldwell First Mortgage Bonds pay 7 per cent.

Write for our booklet, "The South's Answer"

Yield: 7%
Maturities: 2 years and upward
Denominations: $100, $500, $1000

CALDWELL & CO.

Specialists in Southern Municipals and First Mortgage Bonds

412 Union St., Nashville-Tenn.

New York Chicago Detroit St. Louis
Cincinnati New Orleans Knoxville Chattanooga
Birmingham

Public Utility SECURITIES

OUR COUNSEL AND *recommendations* to investors are based on many years' experience in the financing and upbuilding of public utility properties.

Intimate and successful association with these industries over a long period affords an authoritative equipment for the broad service which we render.

A new edition of our Booklet, "Scope and Service," is of value to those interested in utility securities.

Ask for Booklet BQ108

H. M. Byllesby and Co.
INCORPORATED
208 South La Salle Street, CHICAGO
NEW YORK 111 Broadway
BOSTON 14 State St.

Building Boom

swells the earnings of electric light and power companies—their securities are favorites of the shrewd nvestor.

Especially interesting information is offered in our "BOND TOPICS" on these desirable securities.

Ask for booklet CL-200

A·H Bickmore & Co.
111 BROADWAY, N.Y.

BONDS

Of the Cities of the United States

MUNICIPAL BONDS, including obligations of our States, offer the man and woman of modest means an investment opportunity which probably will not be paralleled in this generation.

FOR—

SAFETY—No form of investment excells good municipal bonds. With interest and principal payable directly from taxes, these bonds—a first lien on all taxable property—are obligations prior to the first mortgages on the real estate within the city.

MUNICIPAL BONDS
Yield 4% to 6%

Send for list M. 84

Farson, Son & Co.

Members New York Stock Exchange

115 Broadway, New York

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC. REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, OF McCLURE'S, PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT NEW YORK, N. Y., FOR OCTOBER 1ST, 1922.

State of New York, } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared William A. Dawson, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the McCLURE'S and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are:
Publisher—McClure Publishing Co., 80 Lafayette Street, New York City.
Editor—S. S. McClure, 80 Lafayette Street, New York City.
Managing Editor—S. S. McClure, 80 Lafayette Street, New York City.
Business Manager—William A. Dawson, 80 Lafayette Street, New York City.

2. That the owners are: (Give names and addresses of individual owners, or, if a corporation, give its name and the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of the total amount of stock.)
McClure Publishing Company, 80 Lafayette Street, New York City.
S. S. McClure, 80 Lafayette Street, New York.
George L. Storm, 522 5th Avenue, New York.
Joseph Kaufman, 303 Jay Street, Brooklyn, New York.
McGlinn & Company, 61 Broadway, New York. The partners of which are:
William J. McGlinn, 61 Broadway, New York.
J. Russell Butler, 61 Broadway, New York.
Alex. J. McConnell, 61 Broadway, New York.
Chas. A. Zubrod, 61 Broadway, New York.
F. M. Lupton, Publisher, (Inc.) 80 Lafayette Street, New York. The stockholders of which are:
Moody B. Gates, 80 Lafayette Street, New York.
Mrs. Julius P. Balmer, Evanston, Ill.
E. H. B. Watson, 80 Lafayette Street, New York.
Joseph A. Moore, Bronxville, N. Y.
John C. Morrison, 80 Lafayette Street, New York.
Warren C. Agry, Evanston, Ill.
Eugene B. Peirsel, Chicago, Ill.
Evans, Stillman & Company, 60 Broadway, New York City. The partners of which are:
Howard A. Plummer, 60 Broadway, New York.
Walter N. Stillman, 60 Broadway, New York.
Robert W. Morgan, 60 Broadway, New York.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

WILLIAM A. DAWSON, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 19th day of September, 1922.

Elmer S. Chatfield,
Notary Public of Kings County,
Certificate filed in New York County, 68.
(My commission expires March 30th, 1924.)

owns the entire capital stock of the Shell Company of California, Roxana Petroleum Company, Ozark Pipe Line Corporation, and Matador Petroleum Company. These interests have been consolidated with those of the Union Oil Company of Delaware.

The outstanding capitalization is: Priority shares 4½ per cent cumulative, 28,500,000 florins ($11,457,000); preference shares, 4 per cent, 1,500,000 florins ($603,000); ordinary shares, 321,457,000 florins ($130,190,065). The shares traded in on the New York Stock Exchange are known as New York shares and represent an exchange basis of 3 for 1 sub-share of 100 florins par value.

On December 31, 1921, the company had current assets of 133,593,428 florins, against current liabilities of 4,123,110 florins. Surplus account at the end of 1921 stood at 83,468,259 florins. Net assets applicable to the 570,000 shares of ordinary stock and 1,500 shares of preference stock amounted to 104,098,178 florins after allowing par for all classes of stock, or the equivalent of 182.15 florins per share. For the year ended December 31, 1921, the company had a balance for dividends of 104,098,178 florins, compared with 129,450,364 the preceding year. On June 30 of this year the directors declared a final dividend for 1921 of 16 per cent, which, with an interim dividend of 15 per cent paid in January, made a total of 31 per cent for the year, compared with 40 per cent in 1921 for 1920.

Note to Readers.—There are literally thousands upon thousands of different securities offered for sale. It is, of course, impossible to have ready information about more than a small percentage of them, and if the security in point is not dealt in on any of the recognized exchanges or included in the standard sources of financial information, it is possible that we can not obtain information about it without a special and perhaps costly investigation. Persons who write about such securities will understand if we offer them little assistance. We are always happy to help our readers with their financial problems, and stand ready at all times to do everything we can for those who write to us. It is, however, impossible for us to venture any opinion about the future course of prices, or to give any advice concerning speculations.

All inquiries will receive prompt and careful attention. Correspondence is treated as personal and confidential and is answered in full by mail. Interesting questions relating to subjects of general interest will be published. Address, Financial Editor, McCLURE'S *Magazine, 80 Lafayette St., New York City.*

Lincoln the Comforter

(Continued from page 13)

out of the window to a hotel across the square, and told me to go there and remain until I could resume my journey.

As I stepped out into the snow and turned my back on that friendly face, I little thought I had made the acquaintance of the one great figure that would illumine the pages of American history in the nineteenth century.

I was well cared for at the hotel, and the next day continued my journey, reaching my home in due time, having walked about eight hundred miles in thirty days.

[*The following is recorded by Charles T. White*]

In the late 'fifties Captain Greene was a journeyman printer in Springfield.

"Greene," said Lincoln to him on the street one day, "I've got to ride out into the country to-morrow to draw a will for a woman who is believed to be on her death-bed. If you haven't anything else to do I'd like to have you go along."

The invitation was promptly accepted. Arriving at the house, the woman was found to be near her end. After the signing and witnessing of the will the woman turned to Lincoln and said, with a smile:

"Now I have my affairs for this world arranged satisfactorily. I am thankful to say that long before that I have made preparation for the other life I am so soon to enter. Many years ago I sought and found Christ as my Saviour. He has been my stay and comfort through the years, and is now near to carry me over the river of death. I do not fear death, Mr. Lincoln. I am really glad that my time has come, for loved ones have gone before me and I rejoice in the hope of meeting them so soon."

Lincoln, evincing sympathy in every look and gesture, bent toward her and said: "Your faith in Christ is wise and strong; your hope of a future is blessed. You are to be congratulated on passing through life so usefully, and into the life beyond so hopefully."

"Mr. Lincoln," she said, "won't you read a few verses out of the Bible?"

A member of the family offered him the family Bible. Instead of taking it, he began reciting from memory the Twenty-third Psalm, laying emphasis upon "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me." Still without referring to the Bible, Lincoln began with the first part of the fourteenth chapter of John:

"Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me."

After he had given these and other quotations from the Scriptures, he recited various familiar comforting hymns, closing with "Rock of Ages, cleft for me."

While Lincoln was reciting the last stanza a look of peace and resignation lit up the countenance of the dying woman. In a few minutes more she passed away.

The journey back to Springfield was begun in silence. It was the younger man who finally said:

"Mr. Lincoln, I have been thinking that it is very extraordinary that you should so perfectly have acted as pastor as well as attorney."

When the answer to this suggestion finally was given — and it was not given at once — Lincoln said:

"God, and Eternity, and Heaven were very near to me to-day."

(*Continued from page 85*)

"It was true, then, that you and his son——?"

A moan broke from Aileen. This from Geoffrey—Geoffrey!

"I can prove nothing," she flung at him proudly. "As things are now, I shall leave you to believe what you like on that point"—her voice broke, then steadied again—"as long as you do not believe I have only been pretending to love you."

"The past is buried," muttered Geoffrey. "It has become as nothing beside this horror. What did you do then?"

She could see that the truth would not help her at this point. To mention Quentin Blenkiron again would be to drive Geoffrey back to the knowledge that her story was a concoction. "*You can never find Quentin Blenkiron, however hard you try.*"

"Aileen, what did you do then?"

"Oh, I lost my head!" she cried. "And suddenly I thought *I* would go to Mr. Blenkiron's house—I would be there when he told you his story, and I would deny it. So I slipped on a coat and took the car out."

"What time was this?"

Aileen had been expecting that.

"I could not say, exactly. At a rough guess I should say about half an hour after you had left."

Never did a felon lie so craftily in his defense as Aileen Buckram lied in her self-accusation.

"Well! You drove to the house. What then?"

"I knocked on the door—I rang first, but no one answered me either time. I could see the light in the study where you were sitting. I thought the servants must be out, so I went round and tapped on the French window. I could feel that it wasn't fastened, so I pulled it back.

"You were lying unconscious on the floor, and Blenkiron was bending over you." Aileen paused.

"Go on!" whispered Geoffrey.

She crossed the room and dropped on the sofa, with her elbows on her knees. Her strength was ebbing, and she needed it so much! Here would come a pure invention, and she must be most careful to make it dovetail with what Geoffrey already knew.

"Blenkiron stood away from you and bowed to me. 'Good evening, Mrs. Buckram,' he said. 'I was about to impart a little confidence to your husband. He has fainted. The poor fellow is over-tired, no doubt. But there, he will come to presently and I can resume my narrative. I fear he has not yet grasped the full point. Pray be seated while I loosen his collar.'

"I said, 'I will attend to him. You sha'n't touch him!' He bowed again and—and walked toward his safe. The door was open; I suppose he was going to shut it. It seemed probable that he was going to get that photograph out first, though. Then—I don't know—something came over me! I was bending over you, and I put my hand in your pocket and took out the revolver, and I—"

Her voice broke at exactly the right point.

"And then? And then, Aileen?"

Trade Mark Registered

WURLITZER

200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING

Professional and Amateurs Praise Wurlitzer Instruments

"I am proud to be the owner of one of your new cornets. The tone, tune and valve action are positively superior to any I have experienced in all my years of cornet playing."

Harry L. Jacobs
(Soloist with Sousa's Band, Brooke's Marine Band, Chicago Grand Opera)

"If I could not get another like it, my Wurlitzer saxophone could not be bought from me for $200.00."

J. Russel David,
Rockford, Ind

"Without your credit system it would have been impossible for me to own this beautiful instrument."

Arthur L. Samp,
Madison, Wis.

Any Musical Instrument

On Trial

WURLITZER will send you *any instrument* for a week's trial in your own home. No obligation to buy—no expense for the trial—you do not risk a penny

Wurlitzer instruments are known the world over for artistic quality and excellence of workmanship. Used by the greatest musicians, bands and orchestras. The house of Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments for over 200 years.

Easy Payments

Payments are conveniently arranged in small monthly sums—a few cents a day will pay. All instruments to you at lowest factory prices. Special combination offers on complete musical outfits—velvet lined case, all accessories, self-instructor, etc—everything you need at practically the cost of the instrument alone.

Send for New Catalog!

The greatest musical catalog ever published! Over 3,000 articles—every known instrument described and illustrated—many of them shown in full colors.

Wurlitzer has stores in over thirty cities, but no matter where you live, Wurlitzer is no farther than your nearest mail box. Send the coupon today!

Copyright 1922
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1499
117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati —329 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
120 W. 42nd St., New York—250 Stockton St., San Francisco

Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full descriptions of every known musical instrument, also details of the Wurlitzer Free Trial Easy Payment Plan. No charge, no obligation.

Name.....

Address.....

.....
(State musical instrument in which you are interested.)

She Found A Pleasant Way To Reduce Her Fat

She did not have to go to the trouble of diet or exercise. She found a better way, which aids the digestive organs to turn food into muscle, bone and sinew instead of fat.

She used *Marmola Prescription Tablets*, which are made from the famous Marmola prescription. They aid the digestive system to obtain the full nutriment of food. They will allow you to eat many kinds of food without the necessity of dieting or exercising.

Thousands have found that *Marmola Prescription Tablets* give complete relief from obesity. And when the accumulation of fat is checked, reduction to normal, healthy weight soon follows.

All good drug stores the world over sell *Marmola Prescription Tablets* at one dollar a box. Ask your druggist for them, or order direct and they will be sent in plain wrapper, postpaid.

MARMOLA COMPANY
253 Garfield Bldg., Detroit, Mich.

THE WEBSTER

Forty West Forty-fifth Street
New York
Next door to the Harvard Club

VISITORS from out of town will find the Webster inviting and convenient. Especial attention will be given and moderate prices quoted, particularly for suites of two and three rooms.

John P. Tolson, *Proprietor*

MADONNA AND CHILD *Raphael*
Artotype, 13x17, Hand Colored $2.00

The Perry Pictures

The Perry Pictures

Reproductions of famous masterpieces—More than 2200 subjects listed, and 1600 illustrated, in the Perry Pictures Catalog we send on receipt of 15 cents in stamps. For twenty-five years The Perry Pictures have been recognized for artistic merit and they are known in every civilized country in the world.

Box 119
MALDEN, MASS.

Dialogs, Monologs, Musical Comedies and Revues, Minstrel Opening Choruses, Darky Plays. Catalog FREE. **PLAYS** Vaudeville Acts How to Stage a Play Make-up Goods
T. S. DENISON & CO., 623 So. Wabash, Dept. 64 CHICAGO

She raised her head, her eyes closed.

"The moment I had fired I realized what I had done, and I was terrified. I expected a servant to come and raise the alarm. But no one came. Then I thought of getting you away, and myself too. I put the revolver back in your pocket, and then, somehow, I got you to the car. The weight was awful! How I managed it I don't know, but I got you home and into the spare room. You know the rest.

"You believe me now, don't you, Geoffrey?"

"God help us both, I do believe you!"

His face dropped into his hands.

CHAPTER 7

THE minutes passed and still there came no words from him—only now and again a convulsive shudder and the quick catch of the breath that was breaking her heart and destroying her courage.

She touched him on the shoulder.

"Geoffrey."

"Just a minute!" he said thickly. "Forgive me, Aileen. I've been playing the coward. The whole world has been turned upside down in a few minutes. I'm all right now. How wonderfully composed you are! And you have killed a man."

So at last he believed it—and she knew that now only the most unanswerable proof could dislodge the belief; and that proof must brand her as a liar.

"We have to decide what to do," he said.

"I am in your hands, Geoffrey. Don't you think — you had better — let me give myself up?"

"No," he groaned. "Not that. We must think of something together."

"You musn't involve yourself, Geoffrey."

"Involve myself!" he echoed, and she winced at his laughter. "How much of myself is there left to involve?" He was silent for a moment, then: "I swore that I would love and cherish you, Aileen. I suppose the modern English for 'cherish' is 'protect.' I can protect you, and I intend to do so."

"You don't love me any more, then?"

He looked at her. She saw in his eyes what he could not bring himself to say. She choked back hysterical laughter. To save Geoffrey from death, she had killed love!

"You must stop here and bluff it out," Geoffrey went on presently. "We must carry on exactly as if nothing abnormal had happened. In a few minutes I am going to town — simply for that reason. Before I go," he went on, "tell me everything that happened — the small things, I mean. Where were the servants when you were taking out the car? They must have heard the engine."

"I don't think they did," answered Aileen. "You can't hear from the kitchen."

He asked her other questions. She could have screamed with relief when at last he left the house.

As the gates closed behind him she realized that she had told him nothing about the bag containing the "loot" from Blenkiron's safe. There was no reason for keeping its existence from him. They had simply not touched upon it. She would tell him when he came home. But in the meantime she must get rid of it.

The jewelry would be easy. A small hole in an obscure part of the garden would hold it. As for the papers — she could, of course, burn them. No, no — that was the very last thing she could do! The destruction of those papers that had belonged to Joseph Blenkiron might cause injustice to others. There might be documents that could not be replaced.

A dozen plans leaped into her brain, only to be discarded. Then she saw a way.

She went to the garage and took out the car. A few minutes later she was on the road to Rubington.

CHAPTER 8

IT was late afternoon before Aileen returned. She left the car in the road, with a vague idea of going to the station later to meet Geoffrey — she must keep up appearances. Then she saw that Geoffrey was on the door-step, waiting for her.

It was nearly an hour and a half before his regular time. He thrust the evening paper into his pocket as he advanced.

He greeted her with a false buoyancy, but he did not kiss her. He led the way immediately into the little morning-room.

"Aileen, a most astounding thing has happened!" he burst out. "God knows where it will lead. Just as I was going out to lunch, Brazier rang up —"

"Who's Brazier?"

"A man I've been with in one or two cases — I thought I'd mentioned him. Apparently he was Blenkiron's solicitor some years ago — certainly at the time when you were in his employment."

"Oh! I don't remember his name," said Aileen. "Soames & Soames were Mr. Blenkiron's solicitors."

"A man like that has half a dozen solicitors." Geoffrey's voice held irritation. "That is not the point. Brazier has Blenkiron's will."

"Yes?" murmured Aileen.

"Blenkiron's will leaves all his property without reserve to — you."

The room swam round Aileen. "But surely ——" Then her brain cleared a little. "Of course, I remember now. When Mr. Blenkiron made his extraordinary proposition to — to let his son pay attentions to me — part of the inducement he offered was that he had left his entire property to me. But I took it for granted that it would be upon condition that I married Quentin."

"The will is unconditional," said Geoffrey, his voice cold. "I can't attempt to explain it. The point is, what are we going to do about it?"

"It's simply awful!" said Aileen. She had dropped into an arm-chair. "Can't I — can't I refuse the legacy?"

"One can refuse a legacy, of course. But — I don't think that's going to do much good, Aileen. You see, it — it supplies a motive for the crime."

Aileen's hand went to her throat. She became aware that her husband was asking her whether she had seen the paper.

"No — no, I haven't."

"It'll help us to figure things out," he explained, avoiding her gaze. "There has been a string of the most extraordinary coincidences. To begin with,

Blenkiron's cook received a wire in the afternoon saying that her mother, who lives at Reading, was dying. The telegram was a hoax — but it got the cook out of the way. It appears that the only other servant, Jarvis, a sort of butler, was drugged. Blenkiron opened the door to me himself, explaining that his servant was drunk; but the paper says he was drugged. On top of all that, there's been an orthodox burglary — the safe was cleaned out, apparently."

Aileen stumbled to her feet.

"Yes, yes," she said hurriedly. "It was I who cleaned it out."

"*You!* You cleaned out —?"

"I didn't have time to explain this morning," she hurried on. "Don't you see? I wanted to make it seem that a burglary had been committed. The safe was open, and so I put everything that was in it in the old kit-bag — the one in the car. After you had left this morning I bought a deed-box and put all the papers out of the safe into it, and then I went on the river, and I dropped the box to the bottom — under that tree where we used to have tea at Staines. I thought if the police began a search —"

"Good Lord!" muttered Geoffrey.

"Wasn't it the best thing to do?" she asked anxiously.

"Yes — oh, yes; quite the best thing to do," he answered, with such bitterness that she shrank miserably away from him. "Aileen, I was fool enough to think that I understood you, more or less. I don't understand anything about you. In this terrible undertaking you behave with a coolness, a foresight, a daring, and a presence of mind that the most hardened criminal might envy. Naturally, I'm not complaining." He laughed harshly. "I suppose I'm — thankful that you are so clear-headed. All the same, your very clear-headedness has landed us in a fresh dilemma."

Her dry lips framed a question. He moved impatiently.

"You don't see? To me it's pretty obvious. Old Blenkiron made that will under the stress of an emotional desire that you should marry his son. Probably he meant to tell Brazier to destroy it. Possibly he forgot. But it is almost certain that he made another will — which would, of course, invalidate the first. And that will is probably in the deed-box that you have dropped in the river. We shall have to go right away and get it out."

Aileen caught her breath.

"That would be madness!" she protested. "We could never explain how we got hold of the will!"

"We shall have to, somehow," he retorted coldly. "There must be some means of forwarding it anonymously to the proper quarter. If by protecting you I am conspiring in doing wrong to some one else, then, even for the sake of the memory of our love, Aileen," — his voice broke and he turned away, — "I must stop protecting you. I can't — I simply can't let a third person suffer."

"I will get the deed-box back," said Aileen dully.

Both started as the telephone bell rang.

"It's probably the police," said Geoffrey grimly. He strode to the telephone. "Hullo? . . . Oh, it's you, Brazier."

There was a long silence, then:

The Best Possible Christmas Gift

Give your Family and Friends Magazine Subscriptions. They are All-Year-'Round Presents that are Always Welcome.

You may not only solve your Christmas Gift problem, but you'll save money by taking advantage of the bargain combinations listed below, which our special arrangements with the publishers of standard magazines enable us to offer you. If the group of magazines you want is not listed, write for our price. You'll find it to be the lowest price authorized by the publishers. An appropriate Gift Card, bearing your name as donor, will be sent to each person for whom you send us a gift subscription. Gift Cards will reach subscribers on Christmas Day.

Club No. D247
McClure's Magazine $3.00
American Magazine 2.50
Regular Price, $5.50 — **Both for $5.00**
No additional Canadian postage

Club No. D214
McClure's Magazine $3.00
Youth's Companion 2.50
Regular Price, $5.50 — **Both for $5.00**
No additional Canadian postage

Club No. D204
McClure's Magazine $3.00
McCall's Magazine 1.00
Regular Price, $4.00 — **Both for $3.10**
No additional Canadian postage

Club No. DB9
McClure's Magazine $3.00
People's Home Journal 1.25
Regular Price, $4.25 — **Both for $3.50**
No additional Canadian postage

Club No. D207
McClure's Magazine $3.00
Woman's Home Companion 1.50
Regular Price, $4.50 — **Both for $4.00**
No additional Canadian postage

Club No. D244
McClure's Magazine $3.00
Radio News 2.50
Regular Price, $5.50 — **Both for $4.25**
Price to Canadian addresses $4.75

Club No. D210
McClure's Magazine $3.00
Modern Priscilla 2.50
Regular Price, $5.50 — **Both for $4.35**
Price to Canadian addresses $4.60

Club No. D213
McClure's Magazine $3.00
Review of Reviews 4.00
Regular Price, $7.00 — **Both for $5.50**
No additional Canadian postage

Club No. D228
McClure's Magazine $3.00
Scribner's 4.00
Regular Price, $7.00 — **Both for $6.00**
No additional Canadian postage

Club No. D227
McClure's Magazine $3.00
Harper's Magazine 4.00
Regular Price, $7.00 — **Both for $6.50**
No additional Canadian postage

Club No. D216
McClure's Magazine $3.00
Century 5.00
Regular Price, $8.00 — **Both for $7.00**
Price to Canadian addresses $7.60

Club No. D241
McClure's Magazine $3.00
Cosmopolitan* 3.00
Good Housekeeping* 2.50
*Both to one address
Regular Price, $8.50 — **All for $7.25**
Price to Canadian addresses $8.25

Club No. D243
McClure's Magazine $3.00
Collier's Weekly 2.50
Regular Price, $5.50 — **Both for $4.50**
Price to Canadian addresses $7.00

Club No. D237
McClure's Magazine $3.00
Metropolitan 3.00
Regular Price, $6.00 — **Both for $4.75**
No additional Canadian postage

To facilitate handling orders, mention number of club you want.

Remit by Money Order, Express Money Order or Registered Letter. Address all orders to

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
80 Lafayette Street, New York

Restore One Lock and Prove It

Mail the coupon for free trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer and test as directed on a single lock. See for yourself how it restores the perfect, beautiful natural color. Learn how easy it is to apply, how clean and dainty.

Then when you know you take no risk using this scientific laboratory preparation get a full size bottle from your druggist or direct from me. But make the test first. This insures the safety of your hair.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer is a clear, colorless liquid, clean as water. Easily applied with a comb, no interference with shampooing, nothing to wash or rub off.

Mail the coupon

Don't wait—prove at once how your gray hair can be restored easily, safely, surely.

Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer

Mary T. Goldman, 2243 Goldman Bldg., St. Paul, Minn.
Please send me your FREE trial bottle of Mary T. Goldman's Hair Color Restorer. The natural color of my hair is
jet black..... black or dark brown..... medium brown..... very light brown, drab or auburn.....
Name .....
Address .....
Please print your name and address

The Thrill of Controlling Others!

You can do it. Make a hit with people at sight. Make them do what you want. Revel in the thrill that comes from influencing people. Get ahead—get more money—quickly!

SOME men attract attention wherever they go. Influential men and women flock around them. Rich opportunities are showered upon them. They get ahead quickly and prosper.

YET other men of equal or greater ability are held down to underpaid jobs and the ordinary in life. Simply because they let the world bluff them out of money and benefits which are rightfully theirs.

TO get ahead quickly you've got to assert yourself and demand your rights. You've got to have nerve. It's easy when you know certain mental principles. Use of these principles gives you invincible courage, dash and intrepidity which sweeps everything before it—gets you what you want—and makes people view you with amazed admiration. You can dominate other people instead of being dominated by them.

HOW to do it is clearly told in "NERVE," a remarkable 6-volume pocket-size Course by William G. Clifford. Nothing to study or learn. You can apply at once the powerful methods it gives you. You will immediately be thrilled with invincible courage—given great power over men and women—quickly be pushed ahead to rich success. Thousands have done and are doing it. So can you.

You Can!

- favorably impress people at sight;
- gain self-assurance;
- be at ease with "big" people;
- win your way into select circles;
- gain an impressive manner;
- get "big money" quickly;
- overcome nervousness in meeting people;
- prevent people from bluffing you;
- hold the "master hand" at all times.

All this—and more—is clearly told in "NERVE" as you will quickly see to your great profit and delight.

MERELY write us asking that "NERVE" be sent to you. Send no money. The complete Course, in six attractive pocket-size volumes, goes to you immediately in a plain package. Simply pay the postman $2 plus postage and the complete Course is yours. If you are not delighted, return the Course within five days and your $2 will instantly be refunded.

Send No Money

(If it is more convenient for you to remit with order, send us $2 and we will prepay postage.

This is a Special Quick-Action Offer. We may be compelled to withdraw it at any moment. So send for "NERVE" now—before it is too late! Fairfield Publishers Inc., Dept. 4, 110 West 40th Street, New York City.

THE A.E. LITTLE SHOE

has a message for you.

See page 94

PATENTS - TRADE MARKS
PROCURED - REGISTERED

A comprehensive, experienced, prompt service for the protection and development of your ideas. Booklet of information, advice and form for disclosing idea, free on request. RICHARD B. OWEN, 43 Owen Bldg. Washington, D. C. or 2276-Y Woolworth Bldg., N. Y.

"Well, look here, old man, I can tell you that my wife will raise no objection. As a matter of fact, I've just told her about the legacy — and she didn't like it at all. She'll be positively relieved. . . . What? . . . Oh! Well, if you like, we'll both run up at once to your office. . . . Oh, you're speaking from home? . . . Well, if you like . . . Right-ho, then you'll be here in about twenty minutes."

Geoffrey hung up the receiver.

"I tried to put him off, but I couldn't."

"But why is he coming here?"

"He saw Goodamore before he left his office. Goodamore is another solicitor Blenkiron employed. Goodamore told him that he knew for certain there was another will in existence and that he intends to enter a caveat — that means apply to the court to prevent it giving probate to the first will — while a search is made and a reward offered for the return of the latest will. They're assuming, of course, that it was stolen. Well, they can dodge the caveat if we don't put in your claim. But as he — Brazier — is nominated as executor of Blenkiron's will, he must have your personal consent to holding up your application for probate. That's what he's coming here for."

"What am I to say to him?" demanded Aileen helplessly.

"Just assure him that you're willing to do what he suggests," answered Geoffrey. "You can explain that you don't like the idea of inheriting money from Blenkiron. It won't seem unduly strange to him — coming from a woman. Now, look here —" Geoffrey passed his hand wearily over his brow — "what do you usually do at this time? We *must* carry on just as usual."

"I'll change my frock," said Aileen, and dragged herself up to her room.

As she finished dressing, a car drove up to the house. She heard voices in the drawing-room as she went downstairs, and unaccountably her pulses throbbed as if warned of impending danger. She had to force herself to open the door and enter.

"Dear, let me introduce Mr. Brazier. Brazier — my wife."

Aileen raised her eyes to the stranger. It was Quentin Blenkiron.

Chapter 9

A LITTLE cry escaped her as she crouched back against the door.

"Aileen, what on earth's the matter?" asked Geoffrey. "Are you ill?"

"It's nothing — a slight faintness—"

"I think I can explain," said Brazier. "I should have asked you to warn Mrs. Buckram. My appearance has given you a shock, I fear, Mrs. Buckram."

The voice was courteous. "I don't understand," said Geoffrey irritably.

"They say that every man has a double," said Brazier. "That's probably untrue — but it's true in my case. I have the doubtful fortune to be more or less of a physical replica of poor old Blenkiron's son, who died two years ago in — er — rather tragic circumstances. Mrs. Buckram, I believe, knew the young man, and no doubt was startled at seeing me. I'm profoundly sorry, Mrs. Buckram."

"You are quite right, Mr. — Brazier," Aileen heard herself saying. "That is exactly what happened. But — won't you sit down?"

"Well, of all the — it's a most amazing coincidence!" said Geoffrey. "Didn't it — wasn't it awkward when you saw Blenkiron?"

"It was," admitted Brazier. "We did not meet very often. After his son's death I kept clear of him."

Geoffrey looked at Aileen.

"Well, you've shaken up my wife, anyway!" Geoffrey said. "Look here, old man, if you don't mind, just have a stroll round the garden with me and give her time to get over it."

"No, it's unnecessary. Please don't bother," said Aileen weakly.

"Come on," said Geoffrey, urging Brazier through the French windows.

"I feel the most objectionable outsider. I remember once when —" His voice died away.

Aileen dropped on the divan, her head between her hands. She wanted to scream — to rush into the garden after him and cry, "There is the real slayer of Joseph Blenkiron!"

And the next step? Geoffrey would put her to bed and send for a doctor.

"*There is not so much as a stroke of the pen left of Quentin Blenkiron.*"

Quentin Blenkiron's double!

They were approaching the house again. Aileen stepped into the garden to meet them.

"I have quite recovered now, Mr. Brazier," she said evenly.

Chapter 10

AILEEN settled herself on the divan with her back to the window.

"As far as I can gather, your husband has told you all the essential facts, Mrs. Buckram," Brazier began. "There's this will in my custody, made in your favor by the late Mr. Blenkiron. As you know, Mr. Goodamore, who has done a good deal of Mr. Blenkiron's business in the last few years, states that he drew up another will comparatively recently. If this will can be produced, the one in my possession is, of course, waste paper."

"Yes, I understand that quite clearly," said Aileen. "The whole thing is very unpleasant to me, and I could never think of taking Mr. Blenkiron's money. My husband tells me that it is possible to refuse a legacy, and I intend to do so. Isn't that sufficient?"

"Almost sufficient," replied Brazier. "It will not, however, excuse me from the duty, as executor, of applying for probate. It will be necessary for you to write me a letter stating your reason."

"I will write it now," said Aileen, "if you will dictate it, Mr. Brazier. Geoffrey, we'd better have a light, dear."

Geoffrey switched on the light and began to pull down the blinds. Brazier placed a chair so that he spoke directly to Aileen as she sat before her writing-table. He dictated a formal request to himself to refrain from applying for probate for the will.

"And now for the reasons," he said. "Shall I go on, or will you write them?"

"Go on, please," said Aileen.

"'The will in question was made — by Mr. Blenkiron —'" Brazier paused, and then: "'— at a time when I intended to marry his son.'"

Win $5,000

$10,000 Bank Guarantee

Producers and Consumers Bank
PHILADELPHIA, PA.

To the Public:

E. J. Reefer has deposited $10,000 in this bank to be used in awarding all the prizes in the "C" letter contest.

This Bank guarantees that no part of this $10,000 will be used for any purpose until all the prizes have been paid by E. J. Reefer.

Very truly yours,
PRODUCERS AND CONSUMERS BANK
by Benj. B. Bowman, Treasurer.

Sam Ross Did!

19 year old Samie Ross, Hackensack, N.J., who won $5,000 in a former Reefer Contest.

Mrs. Young Got $5,000

Mrs. B. R. Young of Girard, Pa., another winner of a $5,000 Reefer Contest Prize.

LARGE PICTURE SENT ON REQUEST FREE

How Many Objects in This Picture Can You Find Beginning with the Letter "C"

There is Cap, Cornet, Cane. How many more can you find? Write them down and send them in as soon as possible. See how easy it is. Everything is in plain sight. No need to turn the picture upside down. This is a game of skill. Effort and perseverence will win.

Costs Nothing to Try!

If you send in your list of "C" words and the judges decide your list is the largest which correctly names the visible objects beginning with "C", they will award you first prize in whatever column you qualify. If your list is the second best list, they will award you one of the second prizes, etc. Get started *right now!*

Win the $5,000 Prize!

You do not have to buy anything to enter this contest and win a prize!

If the judges decide your list of "C" words is best and you have not ordered anything, you will win first prize of $50

If you send in a $1.00 order for either Washing Tablets or "More Eggs" Tonic, and your list is awarded first prize, you win $250

If you send in a $2.00 order for either product, and your list wins first prize, you get . $600

But if you send in a $5 order for either product and you are awarded first prize, you get $5000

(Study the Prize List)

$10,000 in Prizes!

	If no order is sent	If a $1 order is sent	If a $2 order is sent	If a $5 order is sent
1st prizes	$50	$250	$600	$5000
2nd prizes	35	100	250	1250
3rd prizes	30	60	125	500
4th prizes	25	50	75	375
5th prizes	15	35	50	250
6th to 10th prizes, each	10	25	40	100

Every prize in every column will be awarded. 40 prizes in all, totaling $10 000 will be paid.

Besides there are 36 other cash prizes. Every prize in every column will be awarded. 40 prizes in all, totaling $10,000 will be paid. Second prize in column 4 is $1,250. Third prize $500, etc. Just think of it—40 chances for you to win.

$600 Extra for Promptness! Your word list may be mailed any time up to Feb. 15, but for every day before Feb. 15 that your order is received, a special prize of $10 for each day (not exceeding $600) will be added if you win the $5,000 prize. Send order today and word list later.

Win All You Can! Be sure to send your order for $5 worth of Washing Tablets or "More Eggs" Tonic if you wish to qualify your list of words for the $5,000 first prize and the other prizes in the 4th column of the prize list. Don't delay sending in your order. Get the extra prize for promptness. Send your order today.

Goods You Get Either one of these products may be ordered to qualify in this contest, but combination orders will not be accepted.

OBSERVE THESE RULES

1—Any one excepting our employees and their relatives, may enter this contest. There is no entrance fee of any kind.

2—All word lists must be received through the mail by E. J. Reefer, 9th & Spruce Sts., Philadelphia, Pa., and envelopes must be postmarked by post office closing time, February 15, 1923.

3—Contestants who have sent lists or orders before February 15th will be qualified for the higher prizes, provided orders are received through the mail, postmarked on or before February 28th.

4—Only English words will be counted. Obsolete, hyphenated or compound words will not be counted. Only the singular or the plural of a word may be used, but both singular and plural will not count. Each article or object can be given only one name. Single words made up of two separate words or objects, such as teaspoon, teapot, or teatime will not count. Webster's International Dictionary will be the final authority. Where several synonyms are equally applicable to an object shown in the picture, a person submitting any one of such synonyms will be given credit for one word only.

5—The largest list of words which correctly name visible objects beginning with the letter "C" will receive first prize, and so on down the list of prizes. The winning list will be made up from among the words submitted by the contestants, and not comprised by any predetermined list of words selected by the judges as being the "correct" or "master" list.

6—For each wrong word a percentage will be deducted from the total number of correct words.

7—Two or more people may co-operate in answering the puzzle. However, only one prize will be given to any one household or any one group.

8—You must use only one side of paper. You must number each page and object in a consecutive rotation. Your full name and address must be written on each page in the upper right hand corner. An enlarged picture will be furnished free upon request.

9—The final decision will be made by three judges entirely independent of and having no connection whatever with the E. J. Reefer Company. They will judge the answers submitted and award the prizes at the end of the contest. Each participant entering the contest agrees to accept the decision of the judges as final and conclusive, without argument or question. All answers will receive full consideration, whether or not merchandise is purchased. At the close of the contest, when all lists have been graded, the lists winning first prize and correct list determined by the judges and the names of the prize winners will be published and a copy of such list and prize winners' names and addresses will be sent upon request to any participant who sends us a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

10—An additional prize of not over $600 for promptness, as specified above, will be awarded.

11—In case of ties for any prize offered, each tying contestant will receive full amount of the prize so tied for.

Washing Tablets

Take all the back-breaking work out of washday.

Just use one tablet to a tub of water. Soak the clothes and rinse. Results will delight you. So simple and easy! Blues at the same time it cleanses. No wear on the daintiest garments. Dirtiest clothes come out whiter than ever before, with only 15 minutes work. No boiling. No toiling.

Family size, prepaid . . **$1** Economy size, prepaid . . . **$2** Jumbo size, containing as much as seven $1 pkgs. **$5**

"More Eggs" Tonic

A scientific poultry tonic, used by half a million poultry raisers with great success to increase egg production during Fall and Winter. A highly concentrated preparation. Makes rich, red blood. Helps the digestive apparatus. Sharpens the appetite and helps prepare for healthy egg production. Does not contain one particle of bran, or grit, or any filler.

Two $1 pkgs. Prepaid . . **$1** Five $1 pkgs. Prepaid . . **$2** Economy size, or 20—$1 pkgs. Prepaid . . **$5**

Start Now!

Send in your order today. Think of the extra prize money for promptness! Qualify for the biggest prizes. $50 or $5,000 — which do you want?

FREE

Everyone, sending for a large size picture will receive, fully prepaid, a sample package of a world famous, exquisitely scented, high priced Complexion Powder. Send for it.

E. J. Reefer, Dept. 1499 9th and Spruce Sts. Philadelphia, Pa.

No goods bought during this sale are subject to exchange, refund, approval or C. O. D.

"Wonderful!!"

That's what is said after sick, aching, burning feet have been fitted to the

New

A.E. LITTLE SHOE

Arch Supporting Suspension Conditioning

Very often the pain does not stop with the feet alone, but is also felt in the legs and back. The A. E. Little Shoe is the result of 25 years' concentrated effort on one subject—the first important improvement in shoe making for 35 years. Ask those who wear them and hear them say "Wonderful" *That's All.*

Ask your doctor. Ask your shoe dealer. Send to the factory for further information.

A. E. LITTLE COMPANY

The Makers of **SOROSIS**

The Shoe with Millions of Friends

WOMEN'S FACTORY: LYNN, MASS.
MEN'S FACTORY: BROCKTON, MASS.
CHILDREN'S FACTORY: NEWBURYPORT, MASS.

New York Store: 449 Fifth Avenue
Brooklyn Store: 450 Fulton St.

Whooping Cough

Asthma, Spasmodic Croup, Bronchitis Coughs, Influenza

A household remedy avoiding drugs, Cresolene is vaporized at the bedside during the night. It has become in the past forty years the most widely used remedy for whooping cough and spasmodic croup.

When children complain of sore throat or cough, use at once.

Vapo-Cresolene
Est. 1879

Send for descriptive booklet 71A

For Sale by Druggists

THE VAPO-CRESOLENE CO.
62 Cortlandt St., New York
or Leeming-Miles Bldg., Montreal Canada

FLORIDA

Fruitland Park land owners, not land men, desiring new settlers, offer you the opportunity of acquiring orange groves in this lake-jewelled highland section for only $140 an acre. Those in earnest write for book of actual photos and easy payment plan. BOARD OF TRADE, Room 310, Fruitland Park, Florida.

District Salesmen Wanted, all or spare time. Earn $750 to $2000 yearly. We train the inexperienced. NOVELTY CUTLERY CO. 5 Bar St., Canton, Ohio

"Oh, but that is not accurate," said Aileen. Their eyes met, and hers held firm. "I never intended to marry Mr. Quentin Blenkiron."

"I'm sorry," said Brazier. "I'll rephrase it — let me see, now: 'was made by Mr. Blenkiron — in the *belief* that I would marry his son Quentin.' Is that accurate, Mrs. Buckram?"

"Yes, I think Mr. Blenkiron believed it — at the time," she answered, and completed the sentence.

"I think we must add a little to make it plain," said Brazier. "May I go on?"

"Please."

"'In view of the fact that Mr. Quentin Blenkiron is dead —'" dictated Brazier.

Again their eyes met.

"Is that necessary?" asked Aileen.

"I think that you should give a clear indication that you recognize that fact. I don't press the point, of course —"

"It makes no difference," said Aileen, and wrote.

"'Dead,'" continued Brazier, "'— and, further, in view of my marriage to another, I feel that it is only by an oversight that the testator failed to destroy this will.'

"Splendid, Mrs. Buckram! That will save you from any publicity."

Aileen inserted the letter in an envelope and handed it to him. Brazier was on his feet.

"Who is the beneficiary?" asked Geoffrey.

"Goodamore didn't say," replied Brazier. He turned to Aileen.

"Well, Mrs. Buckram, I have no excuse for intruding any longer."

Aileen had made her resolution. She was afraid of this man — horribly afraid — and she must conquer that fear, or her plan to save Geoffrey might be brought to naught.

"But do stay to dinner," said Aileen.

"Really, I — it's most kind of you —"

"You'll disappoint us both if you refuse," said Aileen, and Geoffrey seconded the invitation somewhat perfunctorily.

"In that case — many thanks," said Brazier.

Chapter 11

At dinner Aileen chattered lightly and merrily. Whatever Quentin Blenkiron might be planning to do, he should learn that the timid, exasperated girl whom he had persecuted was as dead as Quentin Blenkiron, and that he was pitting himself against a cool, resourceful woman. She was also watching Geoffrey. He was barely keeping up his end of the conversation.

"We'll have coffee in the drawing-room when you come," she said to Geoffrey, as she rose.

Alone in the drawing-room, she tried to plan what her next move should be in regard to Quentin. At present the only workable theory of his appearance seemed to be that he had successfully assumed the identity of a solicitor named Brazier. What, then, had become of the original Brazier?

"*There is not so much as a stroke of the pen left of Quentin Blenkiron.*"

He had made no attempt to alter his appearance. He spoke lightly of his being the double of Quentin Blenkiron. That must mean that he had already survived the test of meeting those who had known Quentin Blenkiron.

GET THIS WONDERFUL RING. If You Can Tell It From a Genuine Diamond Send It Back

These amazing, beautiful CORODITE diamonds positively match genuine diamonds in every way—same blazing flash and dazzling play of living rainbow fire. They, alone, stand the diamond tests, including terrific acid test of direct comparison. Lifetime experts need all their experience to see any difference. Prove this yourself.

Wear a Corodite Diamond 7 Days Free

Make this test. You risk nothing. Wear a genuine Corodite and a diamond side by side on the same finger for 7 days. If you or your friends can tell the difference, send it back; you won't be out a single penny. That's fair enough. If you keep the ring, the price printed here is all you pay. No installments. Remember, Corodites alone have the same cutting as genuine stones.

No. 1	Ladies' Tiffany Style 14K Gold S. Ring	$2.84
No. 2	Gents' Heavy Belcher 14K Gold S. Ring	$3.48
No. 3	Gents' Massive Hexagon Gypsy Ring	$4.27
No. 4	Ladies' Hand-Carved Basket Setting, plat. finish	$3.26
No. 5	Ladies' Tiffany Orange Blossom Engraved	$3.54

Carat size gems. Beautiful mountings of most modern design. Choice of gold or latest white platinum finish. Unqualified 20-year guarantee. Handsome art-leather case free with each ring.

SEND NO MONEY Keep your money right at home. Just send name, address and number of ring wanted and size as shown by slip of paper, fitting end to end around finger joint. Your ring will come by return mail. When ring arrives deposit amount shown above with postman. If you decide not to keep ring after 7 days' wear, send it back and your money will be immediately returned. Send today.

E. RICHWINE CO.
333 S. Dearborn St., Dept. 240, Chicago, Illinois
Sole Importers Genuine Corodite Diamonds

Easy Steps to Great Accomplishment

Elizabeth Towne
Editor of Nautilus

Develop self-confidence,
Express attractive personality,
Convince others in truth,
Win friends,
Work out your ideals,
Attain your ends.

YOU CAN DO IT, as thousands of others have, through New Thought. "The Eight Psychological Principles of Success" will give you the easiest, simplest way to attain business and social success.

For 10 Cents we will send you not only the above booklet, but a month's trial of NAUTILUS MAGAZINE of New Thought, Elizabeth Towne and William E. Towne, editors. Personal experience articles which show how New Thought can transform life, feature each issue. Send 10 CENTS now and we will include "The Gist of New Thought."

The Elizabeth Towne Co., Inc., Dept. Y-74, Holyoke, Mass.

Learn of the public's demand for songs suitable for dancing and the fine opportunities offered new writers as a result of greatly changed conditions which are described fully and obtainable only in our booklet, "Song-writer's Manual and Guide," SENT FREE on request. Submit your ideas for songs to us at once for free criticism and advice. We revise poems, compose music, secure copyright and facilitate free publication or sale of songs. Knickerbocker Studios 215 Gaiety Bldg. N.Y.

Our "Club" Offers Save Money

for you on your magazine subscriptions. Send us a postal card request for our price on any list or combination of magazines.

Address McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y.

GO INTO BUSINESS for Yourself Establish and operate a "New System Specialty Candy Factory" in your community. We furnish everything. Money-making opportunity unlimited. Either men or women. Big Candy Booklet Free. Write for it today. Don't put it off!
W. HILLYER RAGSDALE, Drawer 99 EAST ORANGE, N. J.

Her speculations were cut off as the door opened and the subject of her thoughts entered the room alone.

"Your husband told me to thrust myself upon you," he said easily. "He — er — is engaged."

Aileen looked surprised.

"You must not be alarmed, Mrs. Buckram. It means nothing. The merest formality, I assure you."

"I am not alarmed, Mr. Brazier," said Aileen, with an uneasy laugh. "What is the mystery?"

"It's a superintendent of the police," answered Brazier. "Your husband, I understand, was with Blenkiron last night?"

Bluff, thought Aileen; but to what end? To the end of breaking her nerve?

"You know very well whether he was there or not," she said suddenly. "Why have you come here, Mr. Blenkiron?'"

The effect of her words was startling. She had expected a cynical laugh. Instead there came into her guest's eyes a look of consternation.

"My dear Mrs. Buckram!" he gasped. "Do you still believe — that is, I thought— Let me ring for a maid! I fear you are not well."

"I am perfectly well. Please answer my question. What do you hope to gain by this elaborate pantomime?"

Brazier looked frightened. He glanced from the door to the bell.

"Oh, ah, yes — pantomime!" he said with studied vacuousness. "Quite so! I — er — I'm afraid my presence distresses you. I — I think I'd better go."

Aileen was puzzled. He had given a perfect picture of an embarrassed man who believes his hostess the victim of an hallucination. It did not deceive her — yet she wondered at its object.

"There is no need for you to go," she said. "My husband would require an explanation from you that might be difficult to give. If you prefer to go on pretending rather than talk with me frankly, I don't mind. I shall treat you as Mr. Brazier until I can prove to the world that you are Quentin Blenkiron."

"Quite so! Ha, ha! That's the best plan." His laugh was clever — absolutely the laugh of a thoroughly embarrassed man.

"Exactly," said Aileen. "And we can carry on very well without your pretending to treat me as a lunatic. Will you smoke, Mr. Brazier?"

She handed him a box of cigarettes. Brazier thanked her and lighted one.

"It's quite hot to-night," he remarked, "but you can never tell with an English spring!"

For the second time that night, Aileen wanted to scream, but she said something about spring evenings.

Geoffrey was no more than a few minutes. He came into the room with a forced cheerfulness.

"Well, I'm still a free man!" he said. "But it seems probable that I shall have to attend the inquest, day after to-morrow."

"I wish you luck," said Brazier. "And now I must run off. Good night, Mrs. Buckram, and thanks very much."

Geoffrey saw his guest out, came back to the drawing-room, and closed the door.

"What about the police?" asked Aileen.

Genuine

BAYER

BAYER

ASPIRIN

SAY "BAYER" when you buy. Insist!

Unless you see the "Bayer Cross" on tablets, you are not getting the genuine Bayer product prescribed by physicians over 23 years and proved safe by millions for

Colds	Headache
Toothache	Rheumatism
Neuritis	Lumbago
Neuralgia	Pain, Pain

Accept only "Bayer" package which contains proper directions.

Handy "Bayer" boxes of 12 tablets—Also bottles of 24 and 100—Druggists.

Aspirin is the trade mark of Bayer Manufacture of Monoaceticacidester of Salicylicacid

PATENTS If you have an invention write for our Guide Book, "How to Get a Patent." Send model or sketch and description and we will give our opinion as to its patentable nature. RANDOLPH & CO., Dept. 50, WASHINGTON, D. C.

PATENTS Write for free Illustrated Book and "Record of Invention Blank." Send model or sketch and description for free opinion of its patentable nature. Highest References. Prompt Attention. Reasonable Terms. Victor J. Evans & Co., 750 9th, Wash., D. C.

Extra Money for Christmas

Men and women in all cities may earn a substantial amount of extra money by securing new and renewal subscriptions for McCLURE'S MAGAZINE before Christmas. Every year more and more magazine subscriptions are ordered as Christmas gifts—and few gifts are more acceptable.

Write at once for terms, particulars and sample copies.

You may take orders for all magazines as our representative. Address

FRANKLIN WHITE
Subscription Manager,
McCLURE'S MAGAZINE
80 Lafayette Street, New York, N. Y.

Let Diamonds say Merry Xmas

FOR A FEW CENTS A DAY

NO MONEY DOWN

12 kt. White Gold, 7 perfect cut, blue-white diamonds set in platinum. Looks like 3 carat solitaire. *Special No. 61* Only $59.50

Premier Cluster, 7 carefully matched blue-white diamonds set in platinum. Looks like 3 1-2 carat solitaire. *Special No. 71* Only $69.50

THE startling diamond values pictured can be yours without risking a single penny. Each item is ideally suited for a charming Christmas gift. Your selection sent on your simple request without a single penny down. If you don't agree that it is the biggest bargain you ever seen, return at our expense. If you keep it, pay at the rate of *only a few cents a day.*

YEARLY DIVIDENDS

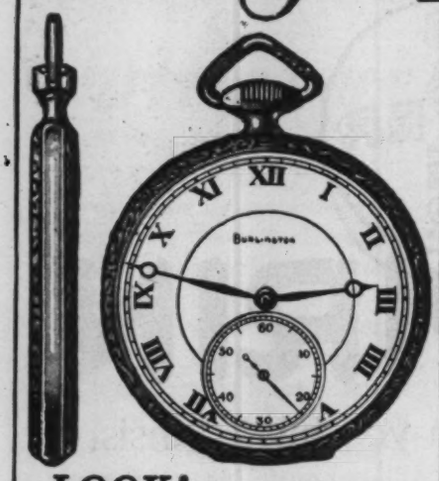
You are guaranteed 8 Per Cent. yearly increase in value on all diamond exchanges, also, 5 Per Cent. bonus privilege.

MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK FREE

The Greatest Bargains in America are pictured in our new MILLION DOLLAR BARGAIN BOOK. Send for your copy today to Dept. 1499. See these bargains. Special Discount of 15 per cent on cash sales this month.

J.M.LYON & CO.
2-4 Maiden Lane N.Y.
In Business Nearly 100 years

21 Jewel Burlington



LOOK!

Adjustable to the Second
Adjusted to Temperature
Adjusted to Isochronism
Adjusted to Positions
21 Ruby and Sapphire Jewels
25 Year Gold Strata Case
Your Choice of Dials—
(Including Montgomery R. R. Dial)
New Ideas in Thin Cases.

Only $1.00 Down

Only One Dollar Down will buy this masterpiece of watch manufacture. The balance you are allowed to pay in small, easy monthly payments. The Burlington — a 21-Jewel Watch — is sold to you at a price much lower than that of other high-grade watches. Besides, you have the selection of the finest thin model designs and latest styles in watch cases. Don't delay! Write for the FREE Watch Book and our *Special Offer* today.

Write

While this Special Offer Lasts

Get the Burlington Watch Book by sending this coupon. Find out about this great special offer which is being made for only a limited time. You will know a great deal more about watch buying when you read this book. You will be able to "steer clear" of the over-priced watches which are no better. Remember, the Burlington is sent to you for only One Dollar down, balance in small monthly payments. Send the coupon for watch book and our special offer Today! Do not delay one minute!

Burlington Watch Co., Dept. 1159
19th St. and Marshall Blvd., Chicago, Illinois
Canadian Address: 62 Albert St., Winnipeg, Man.

Please send me (without obligations and prepaid) your free book on watches with full explanation of your $1 down offer on the Burlington Watch.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

"Nothing much at present!"

"Hadn't you better tell me what passed?"

"I suppose I had," he said after a pause. "We shall have to keep each other posted about everything, so that we can lie consistently. Well, here are the main points:

"First, he knew that I went to old Blenkiron's house last night. The telephone people told him, I suppose. That means they'll probably be able to tell also that Blenkiron rang you up after I had gone. We must remember that."

"That's easy," said Aileen. "I'll say he rang up to know if you'd started, and if not would you bring certain papers. You must tell me what the papers might be."

Geoffrey laughed unpleasantly. "Quite right!" he said. "Say that he asked you whether I had the Morpham agreement. I told the policeman that I had been there on business at Blenkiron's request; that Blenkiron admitted me himself, saying his servant was drunk; that we talked for an hour or so; and that I left him, going out by a window." He paused. "I'm getting good at this lying game, don't you think?" he asked. "That bit about the French windows — I actually had the foresight to remember that there might be more foot-marks than could be accounted for by a plain burglary."

Loathing for the task to which he had set his hand was manifest in his voice and every gesture. "Now, the next item in this delightful program is to get back that deed-box. I'll come with you tomorrow and help you."

"No." Aileen shook her head decidedly. "It's too early to go on the river, and if you came it might attract suspicion. I told Hawkins, the boatman, that I was determined to practise early because I wanted to win the ladies' punting in the regatta. It passes for a silly woman's whim. I must go alone."

"Can you manage it?" he asked.

"Ask me that when I've failed."

He dropped on to the sofa and pulled out his pipe. She watched him furtively. The filling of the after-dinner pipe had been a ritual in the happy life that was now so far away. When the pipe was alight she would sit beside him, and he would put his arm round her and listen lazily while she told him of the trifling incidents of the day. With her whole soul she longed to creep up to him and lay her head on his shoulder and sob out her weakness and her fear!

The pipe was alight. He was gripping the bowl, staring grimly in front of him.

"I have a headache, Geoffrey. I think, if you don't mind, I'll go to bed."

"Right-ho! Good night."

"Good night, Geoffrey."

On the landing upstairs, she went first to the spare room to see that everything was arranged for his comfort. Then she went to the room that had become her own.

"Who crosses a Blenkiron digs a grave."

Already a grave had been filled — by her wifehood.

Chapter 12

IN his determination to make everything seem as normal as possible, next morning Geoffrey went to the office at his usual time. Before he went he

Fame, Cuisine, Location

THERE are three illustrious features of the Waldorf-Astoria: Its *fame* as a scene of great functions, its *cuisine*, under a famous maitre d'hotel, and its *location* on Fifth Avenue.

The prestige of the Waldorf-Astoria is reflected to its guests. To enjoy its hospitality is a distinction and always a pleasant remembrance.

Reservations by wire or mail

The Waldorf-Astoria
Fifth Avenue 33d and 34th Streets, New York
L. M. Boomer, President - Roy Carruthers, Managing Director

Eat and Be Well!

A condensed set of health rules—many of which may be easily followed right in your own home, or while traveling. You will find in this little book a wealth of information about food elements and their relation to physical welfare.

Control Your Weight Without Drugs or Tiresome Exercises

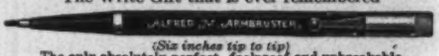
Effective weight control diets, acid and bland diets, laxative and blood-building diets, and diets used in the correction of various chronic maladies.

The book is for FREE circulation. Not a mail order advertisement. Name and address on card will bring it without cost or obligation.

HEALTH EXTENSION BUREAU
284 Good Health Building
Battle Creek, Michigan

BIGGEST VALUE IN THE WORLD

The Write Gift that is ever remembered



(Six inches tip to tip)

The only absolutely perfect, foolproof and unbreakable

AUTOMATIC PENCIL

(finest quality eraser), with a sharp point ever ready to write right, including **GILT ENGRAVED NAME, STEEL CLIP and ONE DOZEN EXTRA LEADS.** Comes in artistic flowered box at the popular price of **50c**

Mailed prepaid Parcel Post Insured. Send Check, Money Order, Cash or Stamps. UNION PENCIL CO., INC., 407 Broadway, Dept. F, New York City. Liberal discount to Banks and Business Houses.

Teach Your Child at Home by Our Novel Plan

and give him practically the same educational advantages he would have were he in attendance at the best private day school. Write, Calvert School, 8 Chase St., Baltimore, Md.

NORTHWESTERN Military and Naval Academy, Endowed. Lake Geneva, Wisconsin. The distinctive advantages and methods offered by this College Preparatory School will prove of interest to discriminating parents.

Col. R. P. Davidson, President.

FREE PLANS—Stop daily grind. Silver mirrors, reunish headlights, tableware, etc. Outfits furnished. Established 1886.
CLARENCE SPRINKLE, Dept. 44, Marion, Indiana.

reminded her of the paramount necessity of recovering the box containing the will.

To recover the box might be simple. But where could she take it to examine the contents? To be discovered with it would mean instant arrest. To find a safe hiding-place for it was as impossible to-day as it had been yesterday. Moreover, she must herself examine everything in the deed-box. Among those papers, in the light of her special knowledge, there might be some indication of the movements of Quentin Blenkiron. There might be something that led to the real Brazier.

That would be a separate line of investigation. She dared not touch it yet.

At two o'clock she put on comfortable tweeds, and motored over to Staines, to the boat-house where their punt was kept. She took with her the kit-bag, weighted with stones. It had been heavy yesterday — with the weight of the deed-box.

"Good afternoon, ma'am," the boatman greeted her, with a grin. "Going to try again?"

"It's very good practice battling with the current," said Aileen brightly. "It's heavy work, of course, but I can keep her pretty steady when I have a bit of ballast. I'll have the old bag in again, if you'll lift it for me."

The man brought the punt to the landing-stage, secured it, and then placed the kit-bag to steady the bows. Aileen stepped into the punt and took the pole, ready to push off.

"Oh, you might give me a boat-hook," she said. "I shall want a rest, and it's rather difficult to hold her up with the pole when a strong stream's running."

"Right you are, ma'am! Hold on."

Aileen waited. If a man had asked for a boat-hook in a punt, she reflected, the boatman would suppose that he wished to fish for a dead body. A young woman with a rippling laugh could ask for anything — and it was merely accounted a woman's whim. The boat-hook in place, she pushed off.

In twenty minutes she was in line with the chestnut tree. The tow-path was deserted. She drove across stream. Here on many a Sunday afternoon she and Geoffrey had dreamed away the lazy hours. Here, twenty-four hours before, she had sunk the water-tight deed-box. She had marked the spot — immediately under the crumbling post that supported wire no longer barbed — about three feet from the bank.

She moored the punt, took up the boat-hook, and waited. Silence everywhere, save for the distant hammers of an anvil! She crouched on the cushions and sank the boat-hook. It slipped into soft mud. She moved it a little to the right — then to the left. She pushed the punt a little farther out, groped again.

"The current can't have taken it," she muttered. "There's no current at that depth." It was some seven feet.

Perhaps it had slipped a little — yet she had tested it at the time and it had seemed on firm ground. She shifted the punt a little and groped again with increasing apprehension.

Suddenly she started, every nerve tense, as she heard a twig snap on the land. Dread clutching at her heart, she looked up. An ill-visaged man looked down on her — and grinned.

(To be continued)

W. L. DOUGLAS

$5 $6 $7 & $8 SHOES FOR MEN AND WOMEN

are actually demanded year after year by more people than any other shoe in the world

BECAUSE: For style, material and workmanship they are unequaled.

Protection against unreasonable profits is guaranteed by the price stamped on every pair.

Years of satisfactory service have given them confidence in the shoes and in the protection afforded by the W. L. Douglas Trade Mark.

W. L. DOUGLAS shoes are put into all of our 110 stores at factory cost. We do not make one cent of profit until the shoes are sold to you. It is worth dollars for you to remember that when you buy shoes at our stores

YOU PAY ONLY ONE PROFIT.

No matter where you live, shoe dealers can supply you with W. L. Douglas shoes. They cost no more in San Francisco than they do in New England.

COMPARE our $7.00 and $8.00 shoes with any $10.00 or $12.00 shoes made.

If not for sale in your vicinity, send for free catalog.

TO MERCHANTS: If no dealer in your town handles W. L. Douglas Shoes, write today for exclusive rights to handle this quick selling, quick turn-over line.

Boys Shoes $4.00 & $4.50

W. L. Douglas name and portrait is the best known shoe Trade Mark in the world. It stands for the highest standard of quality at the lowest possible cost. The name and price is plainly stamped on the sole.

W. L. Douglas

President
W. L. Douglas Shoe Co.
150 Spark St., Brockton, Mass.

DEAFNESS IS MISERY

I know because I was Deaf and had Head Noises for over 30 years. My invisible Antiseptic Ear Drums restored my hearing and stopped Head Noises, and will do it for you. They are Tiny Megaphones. Cannot be seen when worn. Effective when Deafness is caused by Catarrh or by Perforated, Partially or Wholly Destroyed Natural Drums. Easy to put in, easy to take out. Are "Unseen Comforts." Inexpensive. Write for Booklet and my sworn statement of how I recovered my hearing.

A. O. LEONARD
Suite 237, 70 5th Avenue - - New York City

TYPEWRITERS
We Save You 50%

FREE TRIAL—EASY TERMS

Your choice of all STANDARD MAKES, UNDERWOOD, ROYAL, SILENT L. C. SMITH, Self-starting REMINGTON, etc., Rebuilt, by the Famous "Young Process," Guaranteed good as new. Lowest cash prices. Time payments or rentals with special purchase privilege. Largest stock in U. S. Write for special prices and terms.

YOUNG TYPEWRITER CO., Dept. 423, CHICAGO

How I Won Back My Child's Heart

IF YOU are a mother you know what it means when suddenly there creeps into your heart the fear that your child is growing away from you. How terrifying to feel that this chubby little being is reaching out beyond our love! Day by day I felt my child grow away from me. I saw little signs I felt would lead to things I dreaded in other children—disobedience, wilfulness, selfishness, disrespect, ill-temper and jealousy. But then a happy moment brought the secret that won back my child's heart. I heard from a friend whose children we admired about the Parents Ass'n, an organization of 30,000 parents. My friend said:

"There is now a scientific method in child training, which really shows you how in your home to correct disobedience, wilfulness, untruthfulness, and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to serious consequences. The new method removes the cause—not by punishment or scolding but by confidence and cooperation along lines amazingly easy for any parent instantly to apply. It is also endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradle to 18 years."

This system, put into an Illustrated Course for busy parents has meant much to me and is producing such remarkable results for thousands of parents all over the world, that I want you to send for the Free Book of the Parents Association, "New Methods in Child Training." It describes this new system and the work of this organization. A letter or a postcard will bring this book to you. Why don't you send for it, without obligation, at once?

PARENTS ASSOCIATION, Dept. 6812 Pleasant Hill, Ohio

DIAMONDS-WATCHES
ON CREDIT

Loftis Perfection Diamond Ring
Blue white, perfect cut Diamond. Ring is 14-K Solid Gold.
$50
"Sylvia" Ring. Blue white, perfect cut Diamond. Ring is 18-K Solid White Gold.
$125
Loftis Solitaire Diamond Cluster Ring. Blue white, perfect cut Diamonds set in platinum. Ring is 14-K Solid Gold.
$100

Rectangular Wrist Watch. 18-K White Gold, 17 Jewels. $39; 15 Jewels 14-K, $32.

Genuine Diamonds
For Christmas Gifts

We Import Diamonds direct from European markets and sell direct to you by mail. Our Diamonds are magnificent blue white, perfect cut gems. Our immense BUYING POWER is a great saving to you. Why pay more than LOFTIS asks?

SEND FOR CATALOG There are over 2000 illustrations. Select as many articles as you wish and have all charged to one account. Sent prepaid for your Free Examination. Catalog explains everything. Liberty Bonds Accepted. CREDIT TERMS on all articles: One-fifth down, balance divided into equal payments within eight months.

LOFTIS BROS. & CO. Since 1858
THE OLD RELIABLE ORIGINAL CREDIT JEWELERS
DEPT. G-862,
108 N. State St., Chicago, Ill.
Stores in Leading Cities

$2 Brings this 2K Size Genuine Diamond Ring

$2.00 brings this genuine diamond ring for 10 days' free trial. Seven perfectly cut, blue white diamonds set in ALL PLATINUM by a patented process resembling a 2 Karat single diamond. The likeness is amazing.

No Red Tape—No Delay

Send only $2.00 and ring comes to you charges paid. After 10 day trial, pay balance $4.65 per month for 10 months. Price only $48.50. **If not satisfactory after trial, return it and your deposit will be refunded. 10 months to pay on everything.**

FREE. Write today for ROYAL catalog of Diamonds, Watches, and Jewelry. Thousands of Gift suggestions shown in our $2,000,000.00 stock. Address Dept. 954.

ROYAL DIAMOND & WATCH CO.
35-37-39 Maiden Lane-New York

"I'm a low-down wolf," said the Llano Kid, "and the devil may have sent me on this trail instead of God, but I'll travel it to the end!"

Follow the Llano Kid's trail. It will lead you into Valdo's gambling house on the Rio Grande. You will see a shooting affair between a high-blooded youth of the cow-ranches and the Llano Kid, who feared neither devil or angel.

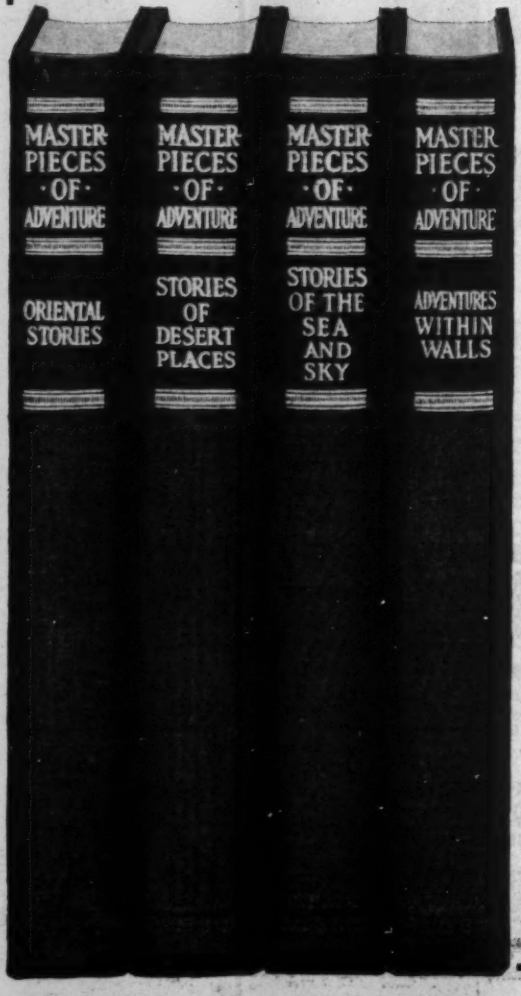
You will flee with the Llano Kid from a sheriff's posse, and take ship with him for a haven of fugitive men in South America.

You will see the Llano Kid's trail winding into a maze of intrigue, with a Yankee consul playing the part of tempter and villain, and you will plunge with him into a surprising situation that will take away your breath.

The Llano Kid is one of O. Henry's most picturesque heroes. He appears in the story "A Double-Dyed Deceiver" which is one of many yarns just as exciting in the four-volume set "Masterpieces of Adventure" now offered to you.

Masterpieces of Adventure

Each of the authors has dipped his pen into magic ink and given you the weirdest tales imaginable, of love, hate, adventure! Jack London — Poe — Dickens — Washington Irving — Thomas Hardy — de Maupassant — Bret Harte — Balzac — and other master story tellers bring you their best — when you mail the coupon.



It has taken years of hard work and a great deal of money to compile the most exciting love and adventure stories ever written — by authors whose works will live forever! Just read the list of authors and titles on this page, and you will realize the wealth of mystery, romance and action that is crammed into the four beautiful volumes which you can inspect FREE for FIVE days, if you mail the coupon below.

Complete List of Authors

Robert Louis Stevenson	Charles Dickens	Byron E. Veatch	W. H. Hudson
O. Henry	Leonidas Andreiyeff	Edgerton Castle	Frank Norris
Washington Irving	Nathan Parker Willis	Stephen Crane	W. Clark Russell
Anton Checkhov	H. G. Dwight	Selma Lagerlöf	Donn Byrne
Honoré de Balzac	Sir Hugh Clifford	Bret Harte	Henryk Sienkiewicz
Edgar Allan Poe	Jack London	Thomas Hardy	Guy de Maupassant

Send No Money

Five Days' Free Inspection

No Library is complete without a series of exciting wholesome adventure stories — the kind that relax — mail the coupon!

Mc12-22

McCLURE'S BOOK DEPARTMENT

80 Lafayette Street **New York, N. Y.**

Please send me on approval, charges paid by you, the complete 4 volume set "Masterpieces of Adventure." If I keep the books I will send you $1.50 in 5 days and then $1.00 a month for 4 months. (Total cost $5.50.) Otherwise I will within 5 days return the books at your expense.

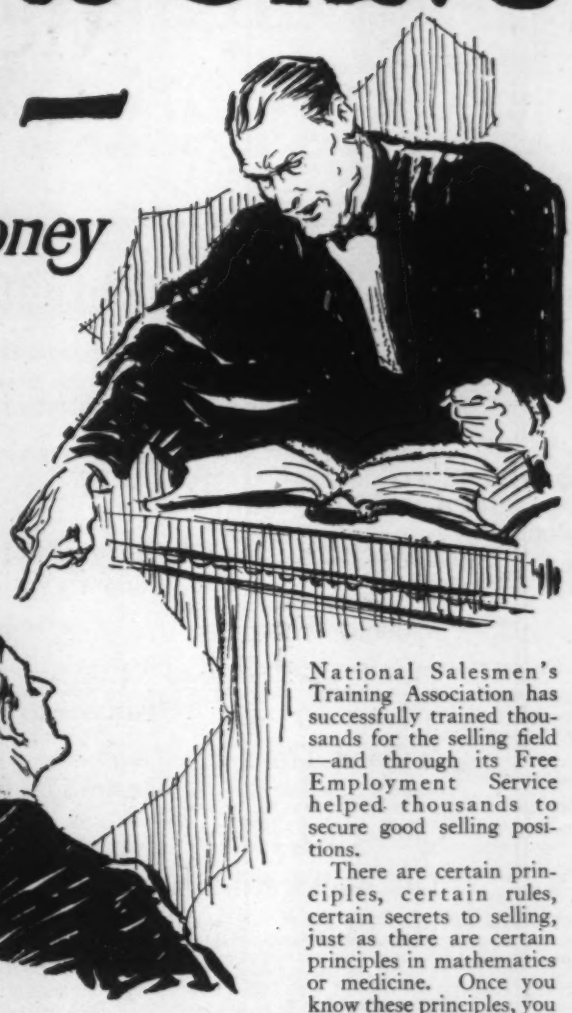
Name .....

Address .....

If you wish to pay cash send $4.95 upon acceptance of books, and thus save 10%.

It's a Crime to Slave for Low Pay—

When It's So Easy To Earn Big Money



If You Are Making Small Pay, Then You Ought to Investigate This Simple Plan that Has Shown Thousands a Way to Magnificent Earnings

It is little short of an actual crime for a man to struggle along trying to make ends meet, when he can easily step into a position with better pay and unlimited opportunities for making money.

The sentence for a crime of this kind is "a lifetime of drudgery." Trying to make ends meet is a much harder task than making from three to ten times as much money as you are now making. For you can just as easily take advantage of the experience of countless others who, in one swift stroke, have jumped from small pay in blind-alley jobs to incomes of anywhere from $5,000 and up a year.

One has but to learn the actual facts to prove that it has been done, is being done, and will continue to be done by those who have initiative enough to investigate a plan that will relieve them of a "life sentence" of drudgery and disappointment.

A whole book could be filled with stories equally amazing of men who have taken this new, quick road to big pay. Nor is there anything exceptional about these men. They were once in the same circumstances that you may be in now. They were discouraged, tired of working for small pay, and disgusted with their prospects. And then, as though by a touch of magic, they were earning salaries that they had never dared hope for.

To-day these men, and thousands of others like them, know the thrill of independence. They are making big money. As to their work, each day is like a fascinating adventure. For they have entered a new field—a field that they had never dreamed of as theirs—one that is not only the most interesting, but the best paying branch of all business—selling.

National Salesmen's Training Association has successfully trained thousands for the selling field—and through its Free Employment Service helped thousands to secure good selling positions.

There are certain principles, certain rules, certain secrets to selling, just as there are certain principles in mathematics or medicine. Once you know these principles, you can quickly make good in the selling field.

And through the National Demonstration Method you gain actual experience in overcoming sales problems of all descriptions while studying in your spare time at home. Then, through the N. S. T. A. System of Electives, you get specific instructions in how to sell the line or lines you want to handle. In other words, the proved selling plans of master salesmen in all lines are laid before you. Step by step you are taken through every phase of selling, and secrets of selling that have made millions of dollars are unfolded to you in a manner so simple and easy as to be immediately grasped by any one. Then, there is the Free Employment Service at your disposal when you are qualified and ready.

These Men Investigated and—

As an office worker in Detroit, Mr. B. H. Voss slaved away for $125 a month. But he saw his one big opportunity — grasped it — and increased his pay to $500 a month.

From the hardest kind of work as a farmhand, George W. Kearns, of Oklahoma City, grasped the same opportunity. The following extract from one of Mr. Kearns' letters gives an idea of how his earnings have increased: "Last week I cleared $306, and this week $218." And Mr. Kearns earned $60 a month previously.

To-day, Mr. J. L. DeBonis, of Chicago, is now enjoying magnificent earnings. Before investigating this money-making opportunity, he was earning $16 a week as a clerk.

When Charles Berry, of Winterset, Ia., decided that it was a crime to slave for low pay, he was earning $18 a week. And then the very first month he earned $1,000.

Earns $1,562 in Thirty Days

"My earnings for the past thirty days are $1,562 and I won second prize in March, although I only worked two weeks during that month." — C. W. Campbell, Greensburg, Pa.

Earned $1,800 in Six Weeks

"My earnings for March were over $1;000, and over $1;800 for the last six weeks, while last week my earnings were $356. I travel eleven months out of the year, working five days each week.

The N. S. T. A. dug me out of a rut where I was earning less than $1,000 a year, and showed me how to make a success."—J. P. Overstreet, Denison, Tex.

$1,000 in One Month

"After ten years in the railway mail service I decided to make a change. . . . My earnings during the past thirty days were more than $1,000."—W. Hartle, Chicago, Ills.

Earned $524 in Two Weeks

"I had never earned more than $60 a month. Last week I cleared $306, and this week $218."—Geo. W. Kearns, Oklahoma City, Okla.

A Foolish Notion About Salesmen

For some reason the average man imagines that, in order to make good in selling, he must be a "born" salesman. Nothing could be further from the truth. There is no such a thing as a "born" salesman. The men mentioned in this advertisement once never even thought of entering the selling profession. They would have laughed at even a suggestion of becoming salesmen. Yet, thousands of clerks, machinists, bookkeepers, factory hands, firemen and farmhands, today, are making big money in the selling field through the simple plan you are invited to investigate.

Secrets that Make Master Salesmen

No matter what your former earnings may be, you can quickly learn the secrets of selling that have put thousands into the big-pay class. For the past fifteen years the

Book on "Modern Salesmanship" Free

Without cost or obligation, we will gladly mail you a copy of a very interesting book, "Modern Salesmanship." In addition to many interesting facts about salesmanship, it will also give you full information as to how you can become a high grade salesman. No matter what you may think now, this book will prove to you that it's a crime to slave for low pay when magnificent earnings are within easy reach. There is no obligation, so just fill the coupon and mail it to-day.

National Salesmen's Training Association
Dept. 81-A **Chicago, Ills.**

National Salesmen's Training Association,
Dept. 81 A, Chicago, Ills.

Send me FREE your book, "Modern Salesmanship," and proof that I can become a Master Salesman. Also send me list of lines with openings for salesmen.

Name .....

Address .....

Age .....Occupation .....

Volume 54 Number 11

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

MOODY B. GATES
President
E. H. B. WATSON
Vice-President

WILLIAM B. COOK
Treasurer
CHARLES B. LONGYEAR
Secretary

S. S. McCLURE
Chairman of the Board

Contents *for* January, 1923

		Page
Man in You (*A Story*) Illustrations by Oscar F. Schmidt	Dixie Willson	11
Two Poems: Devachan; In the Garden	M. St. Clare Byrne	18
Coué and Children	Ruth Danenhower Wilson	19
Fifteen Dollars (*A Story of the Ghetto*) Illustrations by J. Henry	Mildred Cram	25
Muscle Shoals	Samuel Crowther	31
The Train-Robbers (*A Secret Service Story*) Illustrations by L. F. Wilford	Major C. E. Russell	39
A Good Time (*A Story*) Illustrations by Robert Garret Thew	Marjorie L. C. Pickthall	44
Choice (*A Poem*)	Winifred Gray Stewart	48
The Backward Child and the Prodigy	Ruth Danenhower Wilson	49
The Blunders of Vladimir (*A Story*) Illustrations by G. Bolin	Harry Carr	54
Theodore Roosevelt at Work With pictures by Henry Reuterdahl	Rear Admiral William Sowden Sims	61
France To-day—Sketches from the Note-Book of	Henry O'Connor	67
A Glimpse of Abraham Lincoln	Colonel W. J. Anderson	71
Ballade	F. Z. Heuston	72
Snowflakes (*No Two of Them Are Alike*)	Robert H. Moulton	73
An Emergency Operation (*A Short Story*) Illustrations by Theodore Van Gorp	Delia Austrian	76
The Woman Accused (*Second instalment of the Detective Serial*) Illustrations by O. J. Gatter	Roy Vickers	78
Marketability (*Financial Article*)	Paul Tomlinson	90

Cover Design by Earl Christy

Published monthly. Entered as Second-Class Matter, February 19, 1917, at the Post Office at New York, under the Act of March 3, 1879. Entered as Second-Class Matter at the Post Office Department, Canada. Entered at Stationers' Hall, London. Copyright, 1922, by McClure Publishing Company, New York. All dramatic, moving picture and other reproduction rights reserved.

Subscription terms: In the United States, Canada, Mexico, Cuba, and American Possessions, $3.00 per year. In all other countries in the Postal Union, $3.50 per year. An order blank with the magazine is notice that your subscription has expired.

McClure's assumes no responsibility for the loss of manuscripts submitted, but all due care will be taken to insure return of those with which postage is enclosed.

McCLURE PUBLISHING COMPANY, 76-88 Lafayette Street, New York

A New Way to Health and Strength

Photographed by Lejaren Hiller

"Day by day, in every way, I am getting better and better"

Every Day Brings More Reports of Remarkable Self-Cures Effected Through the Pages of This Book.

ANYBODY Can Apply COUÉ'S Method of AUTOSUGGESTION With Amazing Results in the Building of Body and Mind.

EMILE COUÉ

The Sensational Achievements of Coué in Europe are Now Being Duplicated in America by Many People After Merely Reading This Book.

Miraculous Cures Are Accomplished WITHOUT EFFORT! There is None of The Straining or Forcing of The Mind as Required by Some Methods of Self Treatment.

ALL THE WORLD is speaking about Emile Coué, the modest French chemist, who cures the most obstinate diseases without medicines, surgery, diet, exercise or any other standardized healing system. Rheumatism, asthma and even paralysis and spinal deformity have been cured through his methods. Minor ailments of all sorts yield so readily as to challenge belief.

The amazing thing about his methods is that it is so simple to follow his personal instructions that anyone can apply them immediately after one reading. They consist of *a few simple rules* which have been thoroughly tested by thousands who have found them to be completely effective, in regaining or fortifying health, rebuilding human bodies, awakening undreamed of powers, and creating new life.

Men and women in every walk of life who have read this book and tested Coué's ideas personally, have willingly testified to its remarkable qualities. **Luther Burbank,** the great thinker and famous botanist, was so profoundly impressed that he wrote as follows: —"*Emile Coué merits our joyous admiration, universal love and immortal thanks for his wonderful emancipation proclamation contained in his book.*"

A Few Unsolicited Testimonials Taken From the Scores that Reached Us

"I have cured myself of stomach trouble of long standing by application of Emile Coué's method as explained in his book. Mr. L. A. H., Riversburg, Pa."

"I suffered for years from neurasthenia which involved the entire digestive tract. At last I have found what I consider the permanent cure for neurasthenia and that is by following the wonderful method taught by Emile Coué.

Mr. W. K. C., Barnesville, Ohio"

"Words cannot explain my happiness and joy. The doctors have been wanting to operate on me for nine years for a growth in the neck of my bladder . . . after receiving Emile Coué's book and applying his methods, all the inflammation is gone and the growth is also going away. I was having serious trouble with my eyes, which has also almost gone.

Mrs. A. B. C., Quincy, Ill."

"For years I had a spinal curvature and I had given up hope of a cure, two or three bones being misplaced, making a hollow in the back. I hardly know how to explain it. I am very thankful to Dr. Coué to find that my spine is straightening and the hollow has filled out.

Mrs. F. D. G., Poplar Hill, Md."

"Emile Coué's method is the most effective of any I have tried. In its simplicity it works wonders. I cannot begin to express the torture of my body and mind which I suffered. Now, I am happy to say I am well and at peace.

Mrs. J. D. T., Charleston, W. Va."

Thousands of lives have been made richer in every respect by this book. Many who have been sick for long periods have been cured. Those who are in average health have found the secret of remaining so and building themselves up to a greater physical well-being. Some who were sound physically, but mentally and spiritually disturbed, have found peace in the pages of this book. Countless numbers of people are freeing themselves from the terrors of lurking ill-health, despondency, mental inertia and failure. **YOU** CAN BENEFIT by Coué's teachings no matter what the circumstances in which you find yourself. There is always room for improvement and some of the remarkable things accomplished by Coué's method of autosuggestion for those who were skeptical at first, are almost incredible.

What Is Autosuggestion?

Emile Coué has made the discovery that it is not the will which controls our lives, but our imagination. He has demonstrated again and again in his clinic that through the subconscious or imagination, we can direct forces in ourselves which will contribute powerfully to our regeneration. His greatness lies in the fact that he has **taken this idea away from the complexities of science** and presented it in such a simple fashion that it can be understood immediately and applied with ease.

Coué Takes No Fees

Your guarantee of the sincerity of Emile Coué is that he accepts no fee for his treatment. Whether rich or poor, all may come to his clinic at Nancy, France, and despite his 69 years, he works sixteen hours a day, giving treatment to all people, some of whom come from thousands of miles away. To all he gives his message—that within each of us is a powerful element—the subconscious, which can counteract all physical, spiritual and mental ills. He impresses upon everyone that all he can do is to show them how to use this element directly and effectively for one's own good.

And that is what he does in his book. He has written in the simplest language his own personally-uttered instructions as to just how you can apply his methods to yourself and, if you wish, your family and your friends. No will power, personality or high education are necessary. Coué expressly states that there should be **no effort** put forth. And herein is the secret of the great success of his method which he calls Conscious Autosuggestion. Coué discovered exactly the RIGHT THING TO DO to set to work these great forces in the subconscious which mould the body and control the source of health and everything that goes to make a full and worthwhile life.

And he tells YOU how to do this yourself at any or all times without help from anybody else in his remarkable book

Self-Mastery
Through Conscious
Autosuggestion

This book contains a complete exposition of his theories, methods and amazing cures and gives in detail, step by step, word for word, just what you should do to get immediate and complete benefits from his system.

This Book Teaches YOU

—How to eliminate injurious habits.
—How to strengthen the memory.
—How to acquire self-confidence.
—How to gain poise.
—How to overcome fear and worry.
—How to correct nervous disorders.
—How to conquer discontent.
—How to apply curative suggestion.
—Hints on child training.
—Autosuggestion explained.
—How to correct infirmities.
—How to acquire happiness and contentment.
—How to rectify chronic disorders.
—How to become more successful.
—Coué's miraculous cures explained.
—Why imagination is stronger than Will power.
—The simple secret of health and happiness.

When people of the rank and importance of **Lord Curzon,** Foreign Minister of Great Britain, and **Countess Beatty** who can afford the best of medical attention sought out Coué last summer and were cured completely by him of serious illnesses there must be truth and power in autosuggestion as contained in Coué's methods, especially when these people out of gratefulness made public announcement of the fact and gave Coué full credit for their cures.

Dr. Frank Crane, whose judgment on matters is read daily by 2,000,000 people said of Coué: "He helps people get well by Autosuggestion."

Henry Ford, the great captain of industry and apostle of common-sense, said in a recent interview: *"I have read Coué's Philosophy. He has the right idea."*

Emile Coué worked twenty years before he was recognized. Now he is only anxious to have his proven ideas reach the greatest number of people and in that way contribute to their continuous and permanent well-being. That is why we have intentionally brought out his book at such a price that it is easily within the reach of all.

Only $1.00 makes this book and all its possibilities for your health, happiness and success your permanent possession. His book gives you the full benefit of his methods just as if you were receiving his personal treatment in his own clinic.

Send for this book NOW! Mail the coupon below.

American Library Service
500 Fifth Ave., Dept. 30A
New York City

The American Library Service
Dept. 30A, 500 Fifth Ave., New York

You may send me Coué's Method. "Self-Mastery Through Conscious Autosuggestion," postpaid. I enclose $1.00 in full payment.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

☐ (Check here if you wish genuine leather, for which send $1.75.)

A Jury of Representative Readers Thus Pass Judgment on the New McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

We print below letters that form only a fraction of the evidence available to show that McCLURE'S MAGAZINE, under its new ownership, has resumed its historic place as a vital and constructive magazine, a powerful force in American life and literature.

McClure's seems to have struck a note all of its own. Personally I read every line of it and always marvel how each number maintains the high standard of the previous ones.

O. C. ROACH,
New York.

The new McClure's is just as interesting, just as wide in its appeal and just as broad in its literary attributes as was the original magazine, and I can't forbear writing to tell you just how good I think it is.

H. COY GLIDDEN,
Chicago, Ill.

I think the new McClure's is a splendid magazine. It offers a diversity of reading matter that is at once satisfying and valuable. I do not know of any magazine that I like better for personal reading.

FRANK HERMES,
New York.

I have been an enthusiastic booster for McClure's since Mr. S. S. McClure took over the editorship of the magazine. Since that time it has become more interesting with each new issue.

I have been especially interested in the Henry Ford story, and with the stories under the heading "Heart of America" by Mr. Farquhar, but all the stories and articles in the magazine are so interesting that it is hard to give preference to any particular feature. If you keep on as you have been you will be in the lead as far as magazines are concerned.

FRED L. POMEROY,
Long Island City.

I have followed with genuine interest the remarkable growth and improvement in McClure's Magazine for the past nine months or so. Give us more stories like The American Secret Service series, which I have found to be most interesting.

C. R. HUFFMAN,
Chicago, Ill.

I assure you it has given me great pleasure to read McClure's from month to month, especially Mr. Ford's story, the Secret Service Story and the serial you have been running. I have found them all very entertaining and I notice the family have taken very kindly to the magazine.

T. H. FITCHETT,
Baltimore, Md.

McClure's is certainly 100% more interesting and valuable than it has been for a good many years, and it should gain considerably in circulation and advertising value.

The writer has heard many comments about the series of American Secret Service Stories, and has caught representatives of other magazines buying McClure's especially for these stories.

J. D. MITCHELL,
Boston, Mass.

Wholesome American life in all of its interesting phases is reflected monthly in

McCLURE'S MAGAZINE

S. S. McCLURE, Editor
NEW YORK

New Beauty Clay a Godsend— Says Marion Davies

"Facing the camera every day under a battery of glaring lights is not exactly flattering to the complexion. It shows up every pore, every little blemish. I have found, though, that Domino Complexion Clay quickly draws every impurity from the pores and gives my skin a fine, smooth, delicate transparency. It is really quite wonderful, and I know it must be a Godsend to girls and women with blemished skins. I am glad to recommend it."

Marion Davies

(Now starring in "When Knighthood was in Flower")

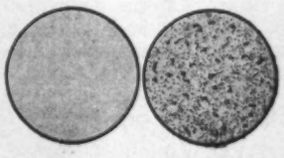
Courtesy Ira L. Hills Studio

WAY back in the days when Queens and Princesses wove real fairy-tales of their own, when love and romance turned the pages of history, there was nothing quite as important as a beautiful complexion. Every little princess had a "beauty doctor" all her own—and even the ladies-in-waiting had exquisite peaches-and-cream complexions!

Marion Davies, portraying the sweetest love story that history has ever known, realized the importance of a flawless complexion. As "Mary Tudor" in the photoplay that is a world wide sensation, Miss Davies not only acts her part superbly, but stirs her audience with the remarkable delicate beauty of her complexion—the pearly sheen that makes her skin seem almost transparent.

The brilliant actress scores again in "When Knighthood was in Flower."

And Domino Complexion Clay, the wonderful magnetic clay for beauty, scores again in proving itself to be an astounding beautifier—a discovery that will give to any girl or woman a fine, smooth, attractive complexion!



Sifted 3 Times Through Silk!

Domino Complexion Clay is as smooth and plastic as the finest cold cream you have ever used. It is sifted 3 times through silk to render it silken-smooth in texture. You will love to use it. If you have used any other clay, you will particularly enjoy Domino Complexion Clay—not only because of the magnetic qualities which have made it famous, but for the smoothness and creaminess which make it so pleasant to use.

Only One Genuine Domino Complexion Clay

There are many clays and mud-packs on the market—but only one genuine Domino Complexion Clay. It required a great deal of study and experiment before this new magnetic clay was discovered. It is made from a secret formula. It is sifted three times through silk. It is as fine and smooth as a cold-cream—yet it contains magnetic qualities which transform the most blemished and unsightly complexion into radiant beauty in one short half-hour!

Like Marion Davies, you will find that Domino Complexion Clay draws every impurity from the facial pores—lifts away every little blemish. It is like unmasking new beauty. You apply the clay with the tips of your fingers. In a few moments it dries and hardens into a fragrant mask. There is a cool, tingling feeling as every tiny pore is freed of the poisons that clogged it, as the pimple-heads and blackheads are lifted away and absorbed.

The clay-mask is removed in 30 minutes. With it you remove all the poisons that stifled your pores, all the dust, dead skin and impurities that covered up the true beauty of your skin. And a complexion of startling new beauty will be revealed—beneath the old complexion will be found a new one of fresh, clear, radiant beauty!

Use it When You Want to Look Your Best

Have you ever examined your skin closely under bright sunlight? Try it some time. You will see how dust and dirt bury themselves deeply into the little pores, and how impossible it is to remove these particles of dust through ordinary washing and creaming. Even ordinary clays cannot do what Domino Complexion Clay does. Each particle of this remarkable clay is like a tiny magnet that forms contact with the clogged-up pores and draws every bit of dust and impurity to the surface.

Examine your skin again, some time, after you have clayed your complexion the Domino way. See how smooth and clear the texture is, how free from enlarged pores, blackheads or blemishes of any kind. You'll want to use Domino Complexion Clay always!

Wouldn't you like to try this marvelous clay at our expense? If you are not delighted with it—just as delighted as Marion Davies whose radiant beauty is thrilling thousands every day—the test of it will cost you nothing whatever. We just want you to try Domino Complexion Clay—to see for yourself how beautiful it makes the complexion in one short 30-minute treatment.

Send No Money Coupon Brings Full-Size Jar

A large supply of Domino Complexion Clay, freshly compounded, is now ready for shipment. While it lasts, a full-size jar will be sent without money in advance, to anyone requesting it.

Be sure to get *your* jar before the supply is exhausted. You need not send any money. Just clip and mail the coupon to us at once. When your jar arrives give the postman only $1.95, plus a few cents postage, in full payment for a full size $3.50 jar. You have the guaranteed privilege of returning it if, after a fair test, you are not delighted with results in every way.

We urge you to act without delay. Thousands will send for Domino Complexion Clay on this special free-to-your-door offer, and many may be disappointed. Why not clip and mail the coupon NOW, while you are thinking of it?

There is only one genuine Domino Complexion Clay you know, and this is your opportunity to try it and see it transform your complexion. Are you going to let the chance slip by?

$10,000 Bank Guarantee

Domino House guarantees that every word in this announcement is true, and that Domino Complexion Clay will positively do all that is claimed for it. If it fails to do so, the full purchase price will be refunded at once, without question. To protect every user a special deposit of $10,000 has been placed with the Producers and Consumers Bank of Philadelphia. Domino Complexion Clay must do what we say it will—or your test of it costs you nothing whatever. This $10,000 guarantee protects you.

Are you going to mail the coupon today? The jar of Domino Complexion Clay will be in your hands in a day or two. Domino House, Dept. 1151, 269 So. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Domino House, Dept. 1151,
269 So. 9th Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

You may send me a $3.50 jar of Domino Complexion Clay. I will give the postman only $1.95 (plus few cents postage) on arrival. Although I am benefiting by this special, free-proof, reduced price offer, I am retaining the guaranteed privilege of returning what is left of the Clay and you agree to refund my money if, after a fair test, I am not delighted with results. I am to be the sole judge.

Name .....

Address .....

If you wish, you may send money with coupon and save postage. (Price outside U. S., $2.10 cash with order.)

Science Discovers the Secret of Caruso's Marvelous Voice

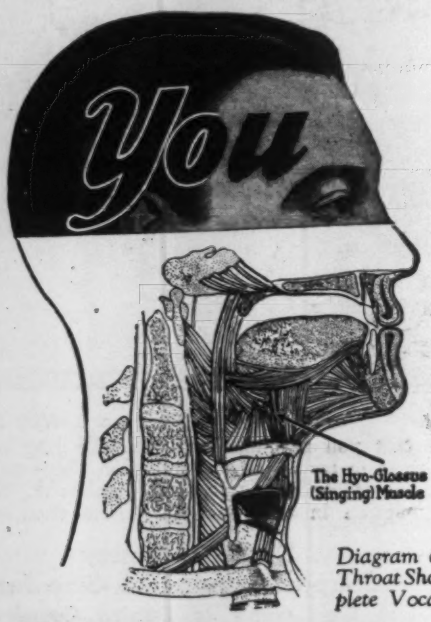


Diagram of the Normal Throat Showing the Complete Vocal Mechanism.

Caruso's Throat and Yours

Why is it that the humble peasant boy of Italy became the greatest singer of all time? This diagram of his throat will show you. Caruso's marvelous voice was due to a superb development of his Hyo-Glossus muscle. Your Hyo-Glossus muscle can be developed too! A good voice can be made better — a weak voice become strong — a lost voice restored — stammering and stuttering cured. Science will help you.

Diagram of Caruso's Throat Showing the Superb Development of his Hyo-Glossus Muscle.

We Guarantee— Your Voice Can Be Improved 100%

EVERY normal human being has a Hyo-Glossus muscle in his or her throat. A few very fortunate persons—like the late Caruso—are born with the ability to sing well. But even they must develop their natural gifts. Caruso had to work many years developing that muscle before his voice was perfect. Whether your voice is strong or weak, pleasant or unpleasant, melodious or harsh, depends upon the development of your Hyo-Glossus muscle. You can have a beautiful singing or speaking voice if that muscle is developed by *correct* training.

Prof. Feuchtinger's Great Discovery

Professor Feuchtinger, A. M.—descendant of a long line of musicians—famous in the music centers of Europe, Munich, Dresden, Berlin, Bayreuth, Vienna, Paris and Florence, for his success in training famous Opera Singers—discovered the secret of the Hyo-Glossus muscle. Dissatisfied with the methods used by the maestros of the Continent who went on year after year blindly following obsolete methods, Professor Feuchtinger devoted years of his life to scientific research. His reward was the discovery of the Hyo-Glossus, the "Singing Muscle."

Professor Feuchtinger went even farther into the Science of Singing. He perfected a system of voice training that will develop *your* Hyo-Glossus muscle by simple, silent exercises right in your own home.

Grand Opera Stars Among His Students

Hundreds of famous singers have studied with Professor Feuchtinger. Over 10,000 happy pupils have received the benefits of his wonderful training.

There is nothing complicated about the Professor's methods. They are ideally adapted for correspondence instruction. Give him a few minutes each day. The exercises are silent. The results are sure.

The Perfect Voice Institute guarantees that Professor Feuchtinger's method will improve your voice 100%. You are to be your own judge—take this training—if your voice is not improved 100% *in your own opinion*, we will refund your money.

A Beautiful Voice for YOU

You do not know the possibilities of your voice.

If you want to sing—if you have always felt that you could sing but lacked the proper training because you had not the time nor the means to study—here is your chance. Professor Feuchtinger's course will improve your voice 100%. You can now learn to sing at a very small cost and in the privacy of your own home.

If you want to improve your speaking voice—if you stammer or stutter—Professor Feuchtinger will help you.

Professor Feuchtinger's Book "*Voice Culture*" Free

Send us the coupon below and we'll send you FREE this valuable work on the Perfect Voice. Do not hesitate to ask. Professor Feuchtinger is glad to have us give you this book and you assume no obligations whatever by sending for it.

You will do yourself a great and lasting good by studying this book "Voice Culture." It may be the first step in your career. Do not delay. The number of these books is limited. Send for "Voice Culture" today.

Perfect Voice Institute

1922 Sunnyside Ave., Studio 2851, Chicago, Ill.

Perfect Voice Institute

Studio 2851, 1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

Please send me FREE Professor Feuchtinger's book "Voice Culture." I have put X opposite the subject that interests me most. I assume no obligations whatever.

☐ Singing ☐ Speaking ☐ Stammering ☐ Weak Voice

Name .....

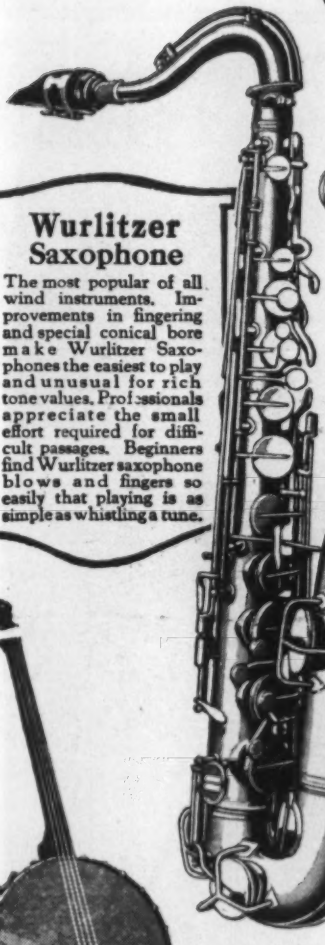
Address.....

..... Age.....

Trade Mark Registered

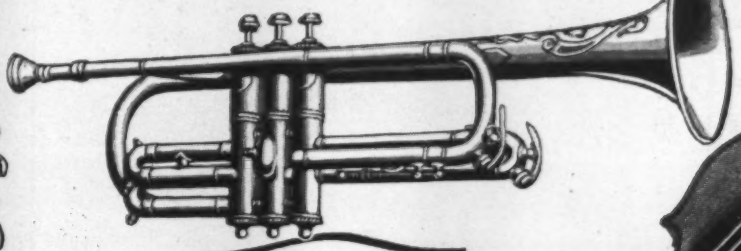
WURLITZER

200 YEARS OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENT MAKING



Wurlitzer Saxophone

The most popular of all wind instruments. Improvements in fingering and special conical bore make Wurlitzer Saxophones the easiest to play and unusual for rich tone values. Professionals appreciate the small effort required for difficult passages. Beginners find Wurlitzer saxophone blows and fingers so easily that playing is as simple as whistling a tune.



Wurlitzer Cornet

Noted for accurate pitch and clear, even tones in both soft and loud playing. Valve pistons individually ground to insure smooth, easy action and absence of leakage. The Wurlitzer Cornet is the standard of all brass instruments. Once "lipping" is mastered very little practice is required to play simple band music.

Wurlitzer Violins

The Wurlitzer collection of Old Violins is internationally famous. Wurlitzer modern violins are made by experts, and accurately patterned after Stradivarius, Guarnerius, and other famous models. We especially urge young people to take up the violin. Practice is necessary, but simple music and orchestra work comes very quickly

Wurlitzer Stringed Instruments

Wurlitzer banjos, guitars, mandolins, ukeleles in all their various forms, are made by expert stringed instrument builders. They are assembled with particular attention to close fit at all joints, to give true vibration and full resonance. Stringed instruments are the easiest of all for beginners to "pick up"—some can become good players almost without effort.

Any Musical Instrument

On Trial

WURLITZER will send you *any instrument* for a week's trial in your own home. No obligation to buy—no expense for the trial—you do not risk a penny. Wurlitzer instruments are known the world over for artistic quality and excellence of workmanship. Used by the greatest musicians, bands and orchestras. The house of Wurlitzer has made the finest musical instruments for over 200 years.

Easy Payments

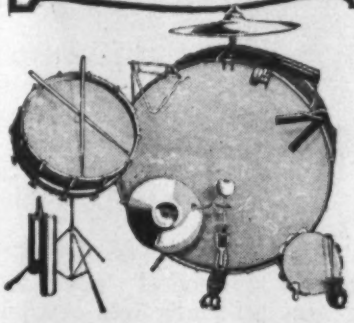
Payments are conveniently arranged in small monthly sums—a few cents a day will pay. All instruments to you at lowest factory prices. Special combination offers on complete musical outfits—velvet lined case, all accessories, self-instructor, etc.—everything you need at practically the cost of the instrument alone.

Send for New Illustrated Catalog!

The greatest musical catalog ever published! Over 3,000 articles—every known instrument described and illustrated—many of them shown in full colors. Wurlitzer has stores in over thirty cities. No matter where you live, you can buy Wurlitzer instruments direct by mail the same as at any of the stores. Send the coupon today!

Wurlitzer Trap Drum Outfits

Wurlitzer drums are noted for their snappy, brilliant tone. Every conceivable drummer's trap is included in the Wurlitzer outfits — cymbals, triangle, whistles, bells, tom-tom, wood blocks—nothing is lacking. A sense of rhythm usually means that playing the trap drums will be almost instinctive.



Wurlitzer Trombone

The favorite of professional bandsmen. Tone remarkable for sonority and clearness, absolutely pure in all registers. Slides are drawn to a great hardness and perfect line, insuring easy action and perfect intonation. A popular instrument for "jazz" and dance music, as well as in bands.

Copyright 1928
The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.

The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co., Dept. 1491

117 E. 4th St., Cincinnati — 329 So. Wabash Ave., Chicago
120 W 42nd St., New York — 250 Stockton St., San Francisco

Send me your new catalog with illustrations in color and full descriptions of every known musical instrument. Also tell me how I may have any instrument for free trial in my own home, and may pay for it in easy installments. No charge, no obligation.

Name.....

Address .....

.....

(State musical instrument in which you are interested)